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THE BOOKMAN

A LITERARY JOURNAL.

VOL. IV. SEPTEMBER, 1896. No. 1.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

The London *Literary World* got its colours mixed the other day. It spoke of Mr. Crockett's forthcoming novel, *The Grey Man*, to be published in the autumn, as *The Green Man*.

❀

It was under the trees of the ten-minute-old campus of the University of C——, but these two pretty feminine creatures were younger still. They were just becoming intimate. They had nice, serious foreheads, sensible shoes, well-bred noses, and smoothly disposed indigenous hair. And said one to the other, said she: "What degree are you studying for?" And the other replied: "Why, a Ph.D., of course. You know it takes a year longer, but I wouldn't wear any other gown for worlds. Those trimmed sleeves are too sweet for anything."

Who says the New Woman isn't as *weiblich* as ever?

❀

The Lower Life is the title which Mr. Francis Gribble has chosen for his new novel, which deals with the world of the Stock Exchange. Mr. Gribble's thesis is that speculation destroys in a man all his "sentimental possibilities." His hero is a poet who takes to dabbling in stocks, and makes a success of the experiment.

❀

Mr. Frederic Jesup Stimson, whose new novel, *King Noanett*, is reviewed on another page, is a man just past the prime of life, who nevertheless wears his years well. His literary reputation up to the present rests more on his legal works, which are well-known authorities in law, rather than in fiction, although under the pen-name of "J. S. of Dale" he has published more than half a dozen of stories. But with the appearance of *King Noanett* he has won a new reputation for himself, and when all his other books are forgotten, this one will be read with delight in the homes of the common people. Mr. Stimson is a well-known lawyer in Boston, and most of his work in fiction has been done as recreation. Yet though composed during his hours of relaxation, he has been seriously engaged upon his latest work for the last five years. All the world loves a lover, and *King Noanett* is bathed in the atmosphere of the tender passion. But it is pure, unstrained, and ethereal; and far from being of the earth, earthy, it pervades the book like a spiritual presence. We are not afraid to predict that *King Noanett* will take its place in the hearts of the people with such books as *Lorna Doone* and *The Little Minister*.

❀

The full-page illustrations by Mr. Henry Sandham deserve a word of commendation, for it is seldom that we are favoured with illustrations that furnish a reflex of the author's intention. Mr. Stimson and Mr. Sandham, we understand, have worked together, and their sympathetic contact has been catching. For the last picture in the book, "The Vision at the Dawn," the author and the artist spent a whole day together on the Upper Charles, identifying the spot where Pomham was taken captive. It is an actual landscape, and is thus described in the novel: "I saw the country far to the north of us. . . . I came out on a mossy rock that topped the ridge through which the river broke; and here, to the south, I saw many miles of meadow, across which the upper river lay winding like a silver ribbon in the twilight." A portrait and autograph of Mr. Stimson appeared in our June number.

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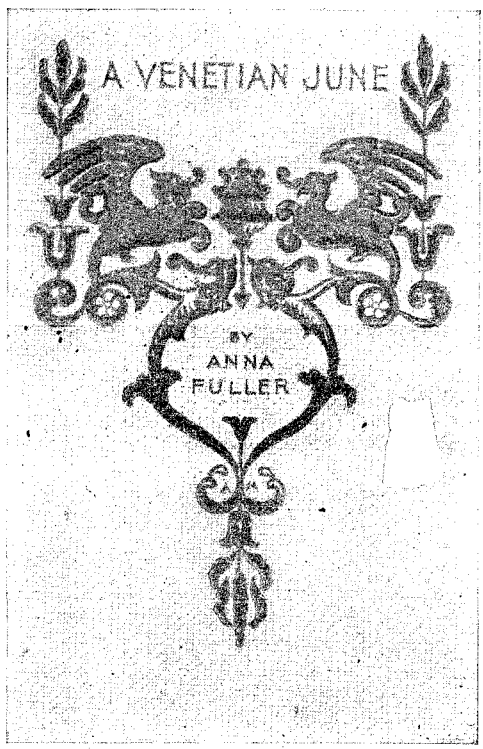
Messrs. Lamson, Wolffe and Company will publish during September a volume entitled *Ex-Libris*, by Charles Dexter Allen. The fac-similes of book plates will be printed from copper plates, and the edition will be limited to eight hundred copies, fifty of which will be bound in vellum or leather.

❀

The accompanying fac-simile of the cover design of *A Venetian June*, which



is noticed on another page, is by Miss Alice C. Morse, a young artist who has been at work among the publishers for some time. Miss Morse is by no means a new designer, having drawn cover designs for the "Thumbnail Series," published by the Century Company, and Harper's "Odd Number Series," and having obtained a diploma and medal at the World's Fair exhibition for her covers. Her work in grotesque was tested two years ago in the decorations used in the curious little volumes containing translations from the weird ghost tales of Paul Heyse. Miss Morse is a graduate of the Cooper Union, where she took a prize in life drawing, and she is also an adept in designing for stained-glass windows and embroidery. While working away during the past few years she has kept up her studies, and so is abreast of the newest of the new artists. Last summer she spent in Brittany, where she extended her studies, but this summer she has been unable to get away on account of her engagements.

❀

Uncle Tom's Cabin was not the first anti-slavery novel. There was Hildreth's *Archy Moore*, which got so far as to be reprinted in England, but attracted comparatively little attention. Miss Martineau also, both in her little story of "Demerara," and in her novel, *The Hour and the Man*, had made slavery her theme. It follows that the subject did not wholly account for the book's success. At the same time the fact that a most mediocre story published immediately after and called *The Lamplighter* had an immense circulation, shows that there may have been something favourable in the conditions of the time.

❀

We notice with a degree of interest that Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company are bringing out a uniform edition of the late Mrs. Beecher Stowe's works. Especial interest will be taken in the limited large-paper edition, for every copy of which the publishers were fortunately successful in securing Mrs. Stowe's autograph early in this year. We have been somewhat surprised to note that in all the comments which her death has called forth, the merits of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* have been allowed absolutely to obscure the beauty and depth of charm of much besides that she has written. It is true that few, if any women among all who have lived, have accomplished a greater work by the writing of one book, for it was *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, more than any cause, that broke the fetters of the slaves. The book itself is full of genius, a Spagnoletto book, as Macaulay called it. But *The Minister's Wooing*, *The Pearl of Orr's Island*, especially the touching, noble, and profound *Old Town Folks*, are among the best gifts contributed to literature in America, and it is to us quite inexplicable that, in the present rage for idylls, such works have been overlooked—works so tender, so accomplished, so religious. We should not

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dream of putting any American novelist near her with the single exception of Hawthorne. The history of literature shows that resurrections are very rare, yet we cannot but think that there is a future for some of the neglected books of Mrs. Beecher Stowe. Her character was in keeping with her works, although she had the weaknesses of the Beecher family, the weakness in her case being an inordinate love of gossip, which appears in her silly *Sunny Memories*, and in her thoroughly unwholesome Byron publications. That she repeated the story told her by Mrs. Byron cannot be doubted, but those who know most discredit the tale, although an extremely able writer in the *Saturday Review* accepted it, and supported it in articles which have seldom been surpassed for their trenchant vigour. The true reason of the separation very probably lies in another and a quite different direction, and we must wait a few years before the story is told. It is a story which will profoundly affect various reputations and positions, but it leaves Byron more human a great deal, and more pardonable than Mrs. Stowe's did.

❀

We hear, by the way, that the first volume of Mr. Henley's edition of Byron, to be published by Mr. Heinemann, will be of peculiar interest, and will contain something like one hundred pages from the pen of the editor.

❀

Mrs. Manningham Caffyn's new story, *A Quaker Grandmother*, touches the sex problem slightly; but is in a different vein to *A Yellow Aster*. It is a story of to-day, containing many bright passages and an interesting narrative. It will be published early in the autumn.

❀

According to present arrangements, Messrs. Cassell of London will publish Mr. J. M. Barrie's *Sentimental Tommy*, now running in *Scribner's*, on October 17th, when it will probably appear in this country from the press of the Scribners.

❀

One reader of *A Lady of Quality* has asked Mrs. Burnett a pertinent question, despite the fact that she dismisses it lightly: "What would Little Lord Fauntleroy think of Clorinda?" His lordship being by this time, doubtless, a precociously serious youth, perhaps in college, with "views" on art, morals, and life (such as that kind of youth is sure to have), must be inexpressibly shocked, if not at the sort of person Clorinda was morally, then at the sort of person she came to be artistically. Mrs. Burnett's conception—we suppose she intends her study of Clorinda to be taken seriously and not ironically—is that of a woman secretly unchaste in maidenhood, who, when her discarded and hated lover threatens to interfere with a desired marriage, and is killed by her too hasty blow with a loaded riding-whip, puts the whole transaction out of her life as completely as she puts her victim's body out of the way of discovery when she walls it up in a subterranean vault. The deed is never discovered, except by an apparently hypnotised and dying sister, who can hardly be considered to count; it is not confessed, except to that sister, who absolves from further confession; it is unatoned for, except as Clorinda takes special pains to seek out and help other victims of the lover whom she slew. Yet Clorinda carries that stained and bloody past with its ghastly secret into an ideal marriage, and proves herself an ideal wife and mother—in short, "lives happy ever after."

❀

In the main, popular discussion of Clorinda has laid the stress in the wrong place; on what she was rather than on what she became—how she "turned out." This is the smug conventionalism of the question—as Mrs. Burnett conceives it, and so lightly dismisses it—What would Little Lord Fauntleroy think of Clorinda? The real difference goes far deeper. It involves a radical departure from the doctrine of possible consequences. Is the great problem of the universe—"washing Lady Macbeth's little red, right hand," as some one has defined it—to be set aside so easily? Was the Old World's point of view superfluously serious from the Garden of Eden to the Greek tragedies? Have we moderns been fooled by Hawthorne and George Eliot, by Hardy and Hall Caine? Is Nemesis a superstitious survival, or is Clorinda a psychological *non-sequitur?*

❀

The *Athenæum* reviewer who recently made a sensation by trouncing *Tom*

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Grogan as "rubbish," as illustrating the "vacuity" of the author, his "vanity" and "weakness of mind," and the folly or worse of an eminent firm of publishers of putting their name to such "trash," has not been allowed to pass unchallenged even in his own country. Mr. L. F. Austin, that brilliant and caustic critic of the London *Sketch*, comes to the rescue. Here is what Mr. Austin writes: "Finding this terrific onslaught in the sedate *Athenæum* on a story called *Tom Grogan*, I turned to the offending volume with not a little curiosity. In a pretty long experience I have never read a book which called for such sweeping censure, and I expected of Mr. Hopkinson Smith's story a unique sensation of iniquity. . . . I have followed the vicissitudes of Tom Grogan with sympathy and admiration. Where is the 'vacuity,' what is the meaning of 'vanity' and 'weakness of mind'? The *Athenæum* reviewer says that such a book is condemned by the 'Old World's standard of literature and life.' It is pained, no doubt, by the unfamiliar technical terms employed by American workmen engaged in building a sea wall. Mr. Hopkinson Smith is not a great literary artist; he writes 'loaned' when he means 'lent,' and I wish he wouldn't, but he is a born story-teller; his characters are all alive, and *Tom Grogan* is a fresh and exhilarating piece of work. It is not fiction of the first order, but to denounce it in the style of the *Athenæum* reviewer is one of the strangest freaks of criticism that I can remember. I hope our friends over the water will not judge the 'Old World's standard' by this surprising explosion of an unaccountable animus." *Tom Grogan*, we may say, has been one of the most popular novels of the year, and is still enjoying a large sale.

❀

The first thirteen chapters of Mr. Arthur Morrison's new East End story, *A Child of the Jago*, will be published serially in the *New Review*, beginning with the August number. They constitute an episode which is, in a sense, complete. Messrs. Methuen have secured the British book-rights, and the book, which is not yet quite finished, and has been retarded by unexpected delays, will appear in the autumn. It is because Mr. Morrison is desirous of the publication of the book this year that no more of the story will appear serially.

❀

Mrs. Gertrude Atherton has almost finished her story for boys. This will be a revelation to her friends, so full is it of all the dashing adventure which appeals to the heart of the boy. The scene of the story is Old California, in the days before the gringo came.

❀

Mr. Fisher Unwin, who is the son-in-law of Richard Cobden, has reprinted Mr. John Morley's biography of Cobden in two volumes. The Macmillan Company will publish the work shortly in this country. Mr. Morley's biography is not remarkable, but it contains much material of great interest, and it bears out what Mark Rutherford says of Richard Cobden: "He was the most perfect gentleman that ever sat in the House of Commons."

❀

On page 201 of the August *McClure's* Mr. W. T. Stead, in his article on Glad-

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stone, is made to say: "Mr. Bright used *to lay* awake for hours thinking out his subjects." Did Mr. Stead really make this vulgar verbal error, or was it transformed when passing through the hands of the American compositor? The latter is more likely, as it is only too common in our speech; but then the reader should have caught it.

❀

A new novel by the Rev. W. J. Dawson, the most ambitious piece of work he has yet written, entitled *The Story of Hannah*, has been appearing in the pages of the *Sunday Magazine* since the beginning of the year, and will be published this autumn in book form by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company. As vances the circle of his readers widens, and he begins to have an international reputation. His *London Idylls*, published last autumn by Messrs. T. Y. Crowell and Company, had a large sale in England, and recently his stories have been appearing in some of our foremost periodicals. An article from his pen on "The Religion of Robert Louis Stevenson" appears in this number.

From a drawing from life by Mr. Percy F. S. Spense.

❀

The portrait which we give of Stevenson is one that has never been printed before, and was drawn from life by Mr. Percy F. S. Spense, and is herewith reproduced by the courtesy of Mr. Dawson. Some of our readers will also be interested in Mr. North's article, printed in this same number, in which has been compiled for the first time a bibliography of Stevenson. The British Museum has lately acquired, among other rare modern books, Stevenson's second production, *The Charity Bazaar*, privately printed at Edinburgh; also his *Not I* and *Moral Emblems*, printed at his private press at Davos in 1881.

It is rather curious that almost on the very day when the first instalment of Mr. Coulson Kernahan's story of the Irish-American dynamiter, Captain Shannon, appeared, the very man from whom he took the idea of the story, James Tynan, who was known as "Number One," should have issued a manifesto in America. And in many points the very wording of Tynan's manifesto is similar to Captain Shannon's manifesto, which appears in the *Windsor Magazine* for July (now, by the way, out of print). It is all the more curious for the fact that "Number One" has otherwise not been heard of for a long time.

❀

There is evidently a revival in interest

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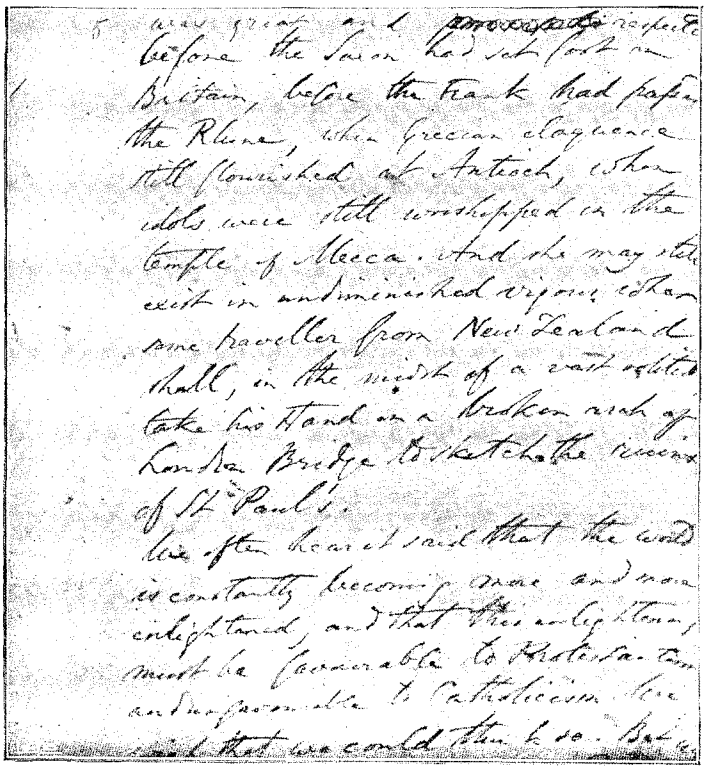

FAC-SIMILE OF THE PAGE OF MACAULAY'S MANUSCRIPT CONTAINING THE FAMOUS NEW ZEALAND PASSAGE.

in Irish conspiracy, for Mr. Tighe Hopkins's article on Kilmainham Prison, which appeared recently in the *Windsor Magazine*, where it attracted much notice, is to be reissued as a book, and with much interesting fresh matter. Both books will be published in the autumn by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company.

❀

Mr. Louis Becke, who is at present in Australia, has collaborated in a new book with Mr. Walter Jeffery. It is to be called *The Deserter*.

❀

Will Miss Ida M. Tarbell, the author of *Madame Roland*, recently published by the Scribners (and a very able and interesting biographical study it is), please explain the following passage, which appears in a letter written by Madame Roland to Bancal about 1790? "If I can give a little time this winter to English," she says, "I shall read Macaulay's *History*. I shall leave the historian only for the novel of Rousseau." Of course Macaulay the historian was not born until the century following. We do not find that Macaulay's father, Zachary, was the author of any historical work, and Madame Roland could hardly have referred to what he may have written in regard to the abolition of slavery, which can scarcely be described as history.

❀

Speaking of Lord Macaulay, the accompanying fac-simile of the page of his original manuscript containing the famous New Zealand passage, which occurs in his essay on Von Ranke's *History of the Popes*, may be of interest to our readers. The complete manuscript of the essay is in the possession of Messrs. J. Pearson and Company, dealers in autographs, manuscripts, and rare books, Pall Mall Place, London. Mr. Wheeler, the acting manager of the firm, complains to a London *Sketch* representative that all the good autographs and manuscripts go to America, and that there are practically no buyers and no collectors in England. Neither the French nor the Germans buy English manuscripts, they go chiefly to New York, Philadelphia, and Chicago. "Boston is *dilettante*," says Mr. Wheeler; "it talks, but does not buy."

❀

Our attention has been called to an article on "Prices Paid to Authors," which was published a short time ago in the New York *Sun*, and in which the writer says of Mrs. Humphry Ward's *Sir George Tressady*, now running in the *Century Magazine*, for the serial rights of which eighteen thousand dollars is said to have been paid, that "large as the sum may seem at first thought, it is relatively small; it is much smaller than the other sums paid for the product of other literary workers. Thus Scott got forty thousand dollars for

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Woodstock, and Moore got three thousand guineas for *Lalla Rookh*; Anthony Trollope received in all three hundred and fifty thousand dollars for his various works." Forty thousand dollars is more than eighteen thousand dollars, to be sure, but eighteen thousand dollars is not all that Mrs. Ward will receive. For both serial and book rights she will probably be paid nearer sixty thousand than forty thousand dollars. It has been estimated that for the three novels, *Robert Elsmere*, *David Grieve*, and *Marcella*, she has been paid over two hundred thousand dollars. Anthony Trollope, according to this writer, received three hundred and fifty thousand dollars for his works. There are few more prolific writers than Anthony Trollope. Harper's catalogue gives seventeen books bearing his name as author, and to have been paid three hundred and fifty thousand dollars for seventeen books is not so great an achievement as to have been paid over two hundred thousand dollars for three books.

❀

From an excellent *causerie* on the question, "What makes a novel successful?" by Claudius Clear, we extract the following pertinent passages. Referring to Mrs. Humphry Ward's past popularity, the writer says: "Mrs. Ward, I still think, has faculties which would have given her a good place in the second rank of novelists. With that she was not content, and she forced herself into the front by writing treatises on religion and socialism and morality in the guise of fiction. She had a considerable miscellaneous knowledge of those themes, and a good measure of the skill that belongs to the first-rate newspaper specialist. In this way she met the needs of people who were uncomfortably aware that there were things in the air and in the *Nineteenth Century* which they ought to know, but didn't. I question, however, whether even Mrs. Ward will be able to keep up the game. The Americans are said to be very weary of her last book, and people are now generally aware that she has nothing of real value to say on any controverted subject; while as to the utter worthlessness of her later books as literature, there is a general agreement.

❀

"The power of telling a story," he goes on, "is not necessarily the literary gift, but it is a gift of great rarity and great price. It may exist where there is no culture, no taste, no genius, no wit, and no humour. Dr. Conan Doyle has it, and so has Mr. Rider Haggard. I have not been able to read Dr. Doyle's latest books, but in some of the earlier ones he showed this power in an eminent degree. You had not read four sentences when you were in the current of the stream, and anxious to know how things happened. This power of story-telling may or may not be accompanied with that of plot construction. It usually is. Whoever can construct a good plot, and can tell his story simply and directly, is independent of all the critics. He will always be able to command a great public."

❀

Claudius Clear touches a vital point in the permanency of literature when he says: "A great, perhaps the greatest element in writing that appeals to the people is a religious faith. By this I do not mean an exact theological creed exactly expressed. I doubt whether people care for the religious novel, and I am sure they do not care for the unsympathetic religious novel, where things are laid down hardly and definitely. What they do like is the consideration of life under the steady assumption of the great religious truths. They like to have life drawn for them by one who believes that there is a God behind it and heaven above it. Then it becomes possible to look unshrinkingly on all its pain, to see its pleasures slipping, and yet to feel content, to know that all it yields is in the nature of a promise, and to feel the peace that comes from the assurance that the promise is going to be kept. The noisiness of sceptics and their disproportionate power in the literary class is apt to mislead. I have no doubt that the heart of the country is as religious as it ever was, and probably more religious. It answers with a thrill to any genuine manifestation of belief in a writer who has the other necessary gifts. Of course, I am not saying that any religious person can write fiction. Far from it. But I do say that if a novelist, otherwise thoroughly equipped, is profoundly imbued with religious faith, he has an immense advantage. He not only secures more readers, but he takes a deeper grip of those he has. He influences their lives and he lives in their memories, and is regarded by them

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A NOVEL EXHIBITION OF DECADENT LITERATURE.

even with a strong personal affection. It is quite certain that there is a demand for religious fiction of the kind I have been describing which is not at all satisfied by the present supply. It is wonderful how very few works of fiction show a genuinely religious spirit. I find that many writers who are orthodox members of churches and have never challenged Christianity, bring nothing of its suffusion into their work, while many have deliberately made up their minds to leave the subject alone both in fiction and out of it."

❀

Mr. William Doxey of San Francisco has in preparation for publication in the autumn a series of folk-lore stories of the South of France, entitled *Tales of Languedoc*, by Professor Samuel J. Brün, of Stanford University, and a book of short stories by Emma Frances Dawson, the title of which will probably be *An Itinerant House*. Both books will be illustrated by Mr. Ernest Peixotto, whose work in the *Lark* we have already had occasion to commend. Miss Dawson's stories have a strong local colour, and Mr. Ambrose Bierce says of her, that "in all the essential attributes of literary competence she is head and shoulders above any writer on the coast;" which certainly piques our curiosity and assures prompt attention for the book when it appears.

❀

Our readers will remember that in our July number we described a Stevenson window in Mr. Doxey's book-shop in Market Street, San Francisco. Mr. Doxey, who is a man of novel enterprise and ideas, has succeeded this with an exhibition in his window of decadent literature, a picture of which appears herewith. As an admirer of Stevenson Mr. Doxey is, of course, no disciple of decadence, and we treat the whole matter as in the nature of a huge joke. Still it is no joke, but a serious sign of the times, for Mr. Doxey has brought home to the man in the street, as nobody else has done, the existence of decay, or what passes for decay in literature and art. He has arrayed in that weird window of his all sorts and conditions of modern writers and artists. He has recruited his "cohort of the damned," as Kipling has it, from nearly every country in Europe. By far the most interesting aspect of the question is the number of *fin de siècle* journals that have sprung up during recent years. They began with *The Yellow Book*, which sprang into life April 12th, 1894, the first imitation of which in America was the *Chap Book*, published by Messrs. Stone and Kimball, and which appeared just a month later than the Bodley Head quarterly. Since then nearly every State has had its decadent periodical. Far and away the most amusing, the

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most curious of the whole series, is the *Lark*. It was brought into existence in May of last year. It is the *reductio ad absurdum* of decadence, and is a good-humoured burlesque of the whole movement. It is a sixteen-page, ten-cent monthly, printed on a kind of paper more useful for holding tea than type. It ridicules the eccentricities of typography by printing prose as if it were verse. Its illustrations are exactly like the primitive woodcuts of three hundred years ago, and it cultivates the gentle art of nonsense-verse to perfection. Mr. John Lane, we believe, is to publish an English edition of the *Chap-Book*. Why not, we would suggest to Mr. Doxey, find an English publisher for the *Lark?*

❀

Gelett Burgess

Gelett Burgess, whose discarded first name is Frank, comes of Puritan stock, and was born in Boston about thirty years ago. He is a descendant of one Tristam Burgess, who silenced by his sarcasm Randolph of Roanoke; and is also a relative of Edward Burgess, the designer of cup defenders. Mr. Burgess was graduated from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in 1887 as a civil engineer. He then travelled abroad, and being a man of many talents, has since been an instructor in the University of California, a clever designer of book-covers and title-pages, and is better known as the editor of the *Lark*, where his versatility has been tested successively over the pen-names "Richard Redforth," "Lewis G. Holt," and "James F. Merioneth." A devoted disciple of the Tusitala, he is pronounced by his friends to be "a saturated solution of Stevenson," and his style everywhere shows his worshipful study of his master. He is a favourite and friend of the family, and it is partly due to Mrs. Stevenson's advice and inspiration that he has turned his attention to literary work. The Stevensons dubbed him with another name, a Samoan one, "O le Lupe."

❀

In the field of fixed forms Mr. Burgess is very clever, and nearly all of the elusive French follies, from a sestina to a triolet, have been successfully treated by him. Perhaps, however, he has put his best work into the Vivette stories; charming, detached bits of a unique im-

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agination, now pitched in ideal Arcadian forests, now in nineteenth-century romances, but always crisp and original in manner and matter. The nonsense rhymes and cartoons of the *Lark*, also due to his pen and pencil, perhaps find their only rivals in the jingles and drawings of Edwin Lear. It is often asked if the *Lark* is to be taken seriously. It ought not be taken at all, except by those who know intuitively its intent.

❀

Mr. Harold Frederic's new story, entitled *March Hares*, in which he was allowed to masquerade his authorship under the assumed name of "George Forth" only for a short time in England, is to be published immediately by Messrs. D. Appleton and Company. We understand that Mr. William Heinemann, of London, has issued an English edition of Mr. Cahan's story of the New York Ghetto called *Yekl*, which Mr. Howells has recently praised with his characteristic generosity to new writers.

❀

Messrs. Little, Brown and Company announce a new book of North American travel, *The Western Avernus; or, Toil and Travel in Further North America*, by Morley Roberts, to be illustrated by A. D. McCormack; also Salamon's unpublished *Memoirs of the Internuncio during the Revolution, 1790–1801*. *Les Études* says of these memoirs, "Without any premeditation, in quite an off-hand way, just as if he were merely chatting or telling a piquant anecdote, M. de Salamon causes a numerous gallery of scamps, rascals, tremblers, dastards, ingrates, and assassins to defile before us; then, with sudden changes of the scenes, a number of admirable figures—Marie Antoinette, Madame Elizabeth, and so many intrepid and faithful men and women of the people." The same firm has in preparation for the holidays Prosper Mérimée's masterpiece, *Carmen*, translated from the French by Edmund H. Garrett, with a memoir of the author by Louise Imogen Guiney, and illustrated with etched plates and vignettes from drawings by Mr. Garrett.

❀

Francis William Bourdillon, the author of one of the most lovely and also one of the most popular of the little songs of the present generation, "The Night has a Thousand Eyes," which first appeared upward of twenty-two years ago in the columns of the *Spectator*, has written a novel called *Nephelé*. It is a romance of cloudland—the cloudland of mystical, musical sympathies. We have no means of saying whether the event on which the story is founded—the spiritual attraction of two minds absolutely unknown to each other, through a kind of mystical inspiration—be possible or not. Mr. Bourdillon firmly believes in the higher meaning and significance of music, and with a faith which is almost spiritual manages to engrave his conviction on even the least musical of his readers. We notice that the *Spectator* has devoted a page to a review of the book, and we expect to have the pleasure of receiving it with the imprint of the New Amsterdam Book Company before our next issue goes to press. *Nephelé* is undoubtedly worthy of a kind reception, and we urge so rare a treat as its pages impart on the attention of our readers.

❀

The Sowers, by Henry Seton Merriman, receives deserved praise from Mr. James Payn. "From first to last," he says, "the book teems with interest. There have been few such good novels for years." This novel received a generous notice in our March number, and we are glad to see that so good a novelist and so skilled a workman as Mr. Merriman is coming into his own at last. In England over fifteen thousand copies of *The Sowers* have been sold since its publication in the spring, and it is at present the favourite book of the moment. "Henry Seton Merriman," we may say, is a pen-name for Hugh S. Scott. Some of his novels are: *The Slave of the Lamp*, *With Edged Tools*, which, by the way, is dedicated to Mr. James Payn; *The Grey Lady*, and *Flotsam*, which has just been published by Messrs. Longmans, Green and Company. Mr. Merriman would appear to be a much-travelled man, judging by the widely diversified scenes with which his stories deal. Already he has embraced Central Africa, Russia, and India in his itinerary. One of the surest signs of his increasing popularity is the fact that he is in demand as a serial writer. *The Grey Lady*, published by the Macmillan Company, appeared in the *Windsor*

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DRUMTOCHTY—THE VILLAGE.

Magazine last year, and we understand that the new novel upon which he is now engaged will be the leading serial feature in the *Cornhill Magazine* for 1897.

❀

Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company have just received from Mr. Clifton Johnson the first batch of photographic views of Drumtochty life and character, to be used in the illustrated editions of *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush* and *The Days of Auld Lang Syne*, now in preparation. These have proved to be much more interesting than was even anticipated. Mr. Johnson's work in the edition of White's *Selborne*, published by the Messrs. Appleton last Christmas, proved him to be no mere photographer, and in the series of pictures which he is now taking he shows fine eclectic and artistic tastes. To be sure, he has fallen upon a most picturesque subject, but it takes the eye of the artist to arrange and combine the points of view. We are permitted to reproduce five of these illustrations for the delectation of our readers who have enjoyed the *Bonnie Brier Bush* stories. The October number of *McClure's Magazine* will contain an interesting article on Ian Maclaren and Drumtochty, to be illustrated with new portraits, and pictures of the scenes where the stories are laid.

❀

The places of interest in Logiealmond (Logiealmond, of course, is Drumtochty) and the surrounding district are rather numerous, of first importance being the famous Sma' Glen, which contains the grave of the mysterious Ossian, marked by a stone which is over eight feet in height. The Glen has been associated with many important events in the history of Scotland, notably the capture of Montrose at the entrance of the Glen and the remains of an old Roman camp. In appearance the Glen is rather wild, and somewhat resembles the gloomy Pass of Glencoe. A mile or two to the east of the village is the famous Logie House, the Lodge of the Drumtochty stories. Its beautiful situation has been fully described in *Kate Carnegie*, which is now appearing serially in these pages. At this point the scenery is very fine, the river Almond glistening through the trees at the foot of the finely wooded slope. Between the village and Logie House is the Auld Kirk, surrounded by

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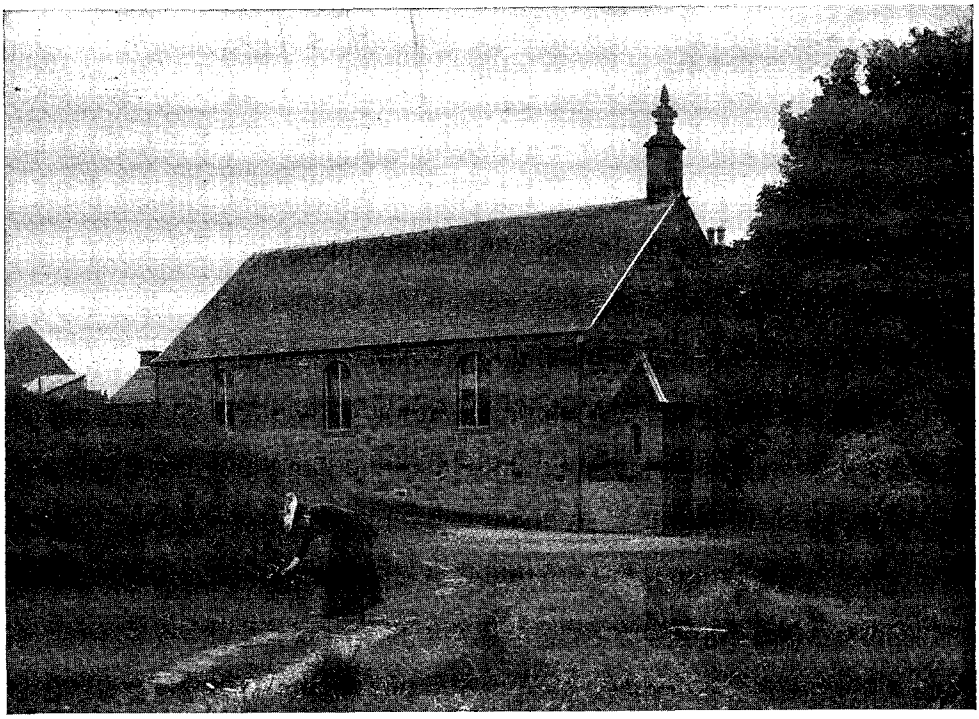

THE FREE KIRK OF DRUMTOCHTY, OF WHICH DR. WATSON (IAN MACLAREN) WAS AT ONE TIME MINISTER.

DR. WEELUM MACLURE'S HOUSE.

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THE FREE KIRK MANSE, DRUMTOCHTY.

GLEN URTACH.

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the parish kirkyard, the scene of so many interesting conversations in Ian Maclaren's stories. The Free Church standing at one end of the village contains the vestry, which is so minutely and humorously described in the opening pages of "His Bitter Shame." Upon the summit of Craiglea Hill, two miles distant, the country is visible for forty miles around. On a slope of this hill are glacier-marked boulders of interest to the geologist. All tourists and holiday-makers know how to go to Perth, but some information of the means of getting thence to Logiealmond will no doubt be appreciated. After leaving Perth for the Methven station, passengers change at Methven junction for Methven, where travellers will have an opportunity of making the acquaintance of the well-known guard of the Methven train, known as Peter Bruce in the *Bonnie Brier Bush*, but to his friends as "Sandy Walker." A conveyance may be had from one of the posting establishments to convey the visitor to Logiealmond, and in good weather the drive is a very enjoyable one, fir plantations lining the road almost the whole way to the village of Harrietfield, known locally as "the Fens." Here in Harrietfield figures the clachlan, where Ian Maclaren has made his characters live—Logiealmond being the name of the estate in which the village is situated.

❀

Mr. Johnson has a companion volume to his *New England Country* in the hands of Messrs. Lee and Shepard. The new book is entitled *Country Clouds and Sunshine*. Mr. Johnson asserts that "a pleasant New England village, not too far removed from a large town and the railroad, is the best dwelling-place in the world." He has been very successful in catching the spirit of rural New England life, and in presenting a series of pictures both with pen and camera. Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company are also using Mr. Johnson's excellent photographs to illustrate eight of Mr. John Burroughs's delightful out-door papers. Mr. Johnson and Mr. Burroughs have long been friends, and the author and artist have co-operated in making a book which will form an attractive panorama of the rural year. The papers which have been selected are "A Snow Storm," "Winter Neighbours," "A Spring Relish," "April," "Birch Browsings," "A Bunch of Herbs —Fragrant Wild Flowers and Weeds," "Autumn Tides," and "A Sharp Look-out." Mr. Burroughs himself writes an introduction to the book, which is entitled *A Year in the Fields*.

❀

Owing to the large and universal interest which has been taken in the eclipse of August 9th and 10th, we may expect to have an influx of literature on the subject. Among the first of these we notice *An Eclipse Party in Africa*, by Eben J. Loomis, of the United States Scientific Expedition to West Africa, 1889–90, with an introduction by Professor David B. Todd, chief of the expedition. The book is sumptuously gotten up and finely illustrated, and is to be published by Messrs. Roberts Brothers. Another book, which promises to be interesting, and which is to be published by the same firm is *Leaves from Juliana Horatia Ewing's "Canada Home,"* gathered by Elizabeth S. Tucker. The volume will contain letters from Mrs. Ewing, written in this country to friends in England, and will be embellished with illustrations by the author and fac-similes of Mrs. Ewing's colour sketches made while at Fredericton. Messrs. Roberts have also in the press a new novel, entitled *Some Modern Heretics*, by Cora Maynard, which they believe will attract some attention. The *Poems of Johanna Ambrosius*, translated from the twenty-sixth German edition by Mary J. Safford, which this firm has now in the press, will be published toward the end of September.

❀

The Poet Laureate's address on Burns at Irvine did not by any means satisfy his hearers, but it would have satisfied them much less if it had been delivered as originally written. It has been pointed out that two passages appeared in the London *Times* which were not found in any of the Scotch reports. They are as follows :

"He hoped he was not among the 'unco guid' or the 'rigidly righteous.' But one would have to fling morality to the winds, one would have to admire what was not admirable, and to extol what every man's conscience told him ought not to be extolled, were one to affirm that Burns the man deserved a statue in every Ayrshire market-place.

"No statesman, no soldier, no man of science with a private record like that of Burns, could

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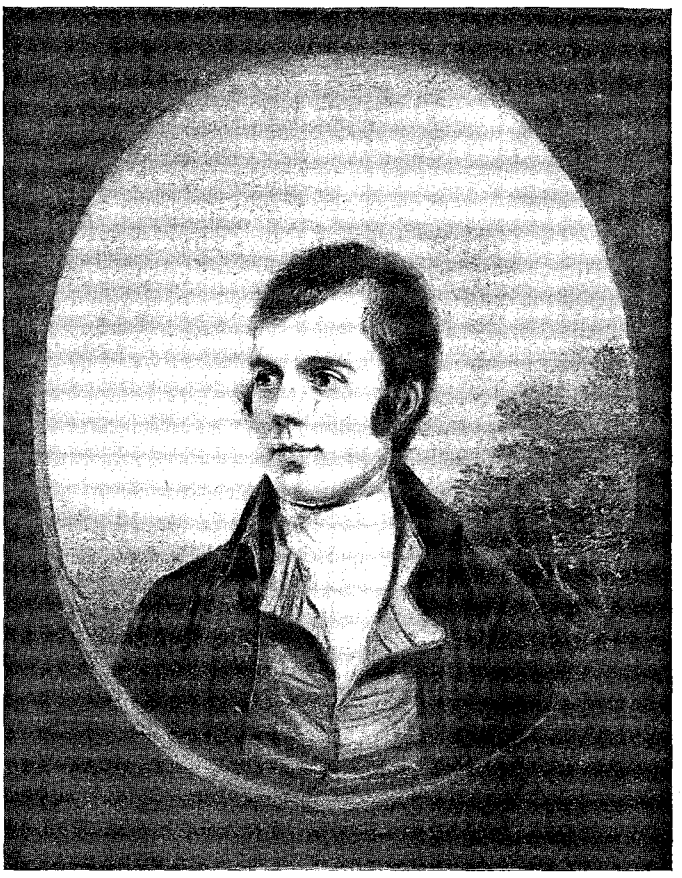
ever have become the darling of a nation as Burns was theirs."

Mr. Austen evidently thought it wise to suppress these sentiments when facing a Scotch audience.

❀

Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton has probably stated the case for the attitude of the American mind toward the Burns Centenary, when she said to an interviewer lately: "I am not sure that the average American has an intimate knowledge of Burns, but certainly no library would be thought complete without him. I rather think that the poet would, with us, come under the category of authors whom one has read in the past and feels one ought to read again, rather than of constant and familiar companions." The new editions of the poet's works, of his numerous biographies, and of Burnsiana in general, have come upon us like a deluge with the centenary of the poet's death, which was celebrated by public meetings in Glasgow and Dumfries on July 21st. The last Burns book is by the young Scotchman, Gabriel Setoun, a biography contributed to the "Famous Scots Series" published by the Messrs. Scribner. Mr. Setoun has written a sensible and pleasing summary of the poet's life and work, and with rare candour boldly states that Burns was never quite himself in "A Cotter's Saturday Night." The portrait of Robert Burns which we give is taken from the celebrated painting by Nasmyth, and is reproduced in heliogravure in the new edition of Chambers's *Life and Works of Robert Burns* in four volumes, published by Messrs. Longmans, Green and Company, and reviewed on another page.



Robt Burns

Mr. William Wallace, who has thoroughly revised the new edition of Robert Chambers's *Life and Works of Robert Burns*, for the Messrs. Longmans, is the assistant editor of the Glasgow *Herald*, and the brother of Dr. Robert Wallace, M.P. He is one of the ablest contributors to the *Spectator*, and at his best is inferior to very few British critics. It was his review of Mr. Barrie's *Auld Licht Idylls* in the *Spectator* which was the turning point in the fortunes of that book, and this is by no means the only service to literature of which Mr. Wallace can boast. He is known to be one of the most ardent lovers of Burns, and he has made the elucidation and rectification of the biography of the poet, more particularly in both the earliest and the latest periods, a special study for many years. He is known

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JEANNETTE L. GILDER.
From a photograph by G C. Cox.

also to be a total disbeliever in the doctrine that Burns's life in Dumfries was marked by moral decadence, and he has elaborated this view in the course of his revision of the work.

❀

Miss Jeannette L. Gilder, who with her brother, Mr. Joseph B. Gilder, is co-editor of our esteemed contemporary, *The Critic*, has been interviewed in London by a representative of the *British Weekly*. Miss Gilder was born at Flushing, L. I., but the best part of her girlhood was spent at Bordentown, N. J. Before she was nine years old she began to write, and she was early possessed with a desire to earn her own living. Her family was closely connected with journalism, and her father edited for some time a literary journal called *The Literary Register*, published in Philadelphia. Her favourite book as a girl was Benjamin Franklin's *Autobiography*. When she was little more than ten years old her first story, called *Kate's Escapade*, was printed in a cheap New York weekly, which Miss Gilder rather smiles at now. One of these days Miss Gilder intends to write a novel. She has all the ideas in her mind, but seems to find difficulty in setting the book a-going. She first became connected with the press through her brother, Mr. Richard Watson Gilder, editor of the *Century Magazine*. At the age of fifteen she wrote her first newspaper article, which was published in a paper started by her brother in Newark, N. J. The subject was "Salt," and Miss Gilder states that she fears she must have supplied most of her facts from an encyclopædia. Miss Gilder's academic course stopped short at the age of fourteen, but her quick and observant mind soon secured her a stock of information, and her newspaper training gave her a proficiency in her career which even a university course would not have afforded her. For some years she continued to dig away at daily journalism, writing for the New York *Tribune* over the signature of "J. L. Gilder," after which she spent six years on the staff of the New York *Herald* as literary, musical, and dramatic critic. Fifteen years ago, in conjunction with her brother, she started the *Critic*. Through her brother on the *Century* she was brought into touch with all the best writers in America, and lost no time in

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getting them on her side. Her model, so far as she has one, has been the *Athenæum*, with an added brightness of tone which she considers necessary to the tastes of the American public.

❀

Miss Gilder declares that she has never been ill during her life. She worked for nineteen years without a single week's vacation, and after that she went to Europe for three months. Her custom now is to visit London every second year, as she finds in this way she can best keep in touch with authors and writers, and can make valuable literary purchases. She has very little to do with literary agents, and goes direct to the publishers for her material. While in London she arranged for the publication of Mr. Gladstone's article from the *New Review* in an American journal. Miss Gilder's special department in the *Critic*, as is probably well known, is "The Lounger." She writes a good deal for other papers, especially for the New York *World* and the Chicago *Tribune*. Miss Gilder makes the startling statement, for a woman, that she has never worn evening dress in her life, and never expects to. Life she considers too short for fussing over dress. The other evening, when she was invited to a literary "At Home"—"I will go," she said, "if you will let me look on from behind a screen." Miss Gilder certainly bears no evidence of the fussing woman, and manifests few outward signs of her strenuous and indefatigable career. Every one in conversation with her finds her the most genial, good-humoured, and amusing of women. The portrait which we give of her has never been reproduced before, and is a striking likeness. Miss Gilder jocosely remarked that she had been saving it for her obituary, but she will forgive our anticipating that event, which we nope is a long way off yet.

❀

An amusing mistake creeps into an interview which a representative of the London *Sketch* had with Miss Gilder. Miss Gilder said that the penny popular papers in England reminded her of "Kellogg's patent insides," and quick to note the mystified expression of her interlocutor, she explained that these "insides" are worked up by an enterprising individual who supplies the same collection of light reading matter to a large number of papers. These are printed inside the paper in addition to its own local and foreign intelligence. Notwithstanding this explanation, the interviewer wrote it down "Patten's Insides" A clue to the mistake may be gained from a knowledge of the fact that whereas in America it is the usage to say pătent, in England they say pātent.

❀

Mr. Paul Leicester Ford has again recreated himself with a launch into fiction, and this time in a new vein. *The Great K. & A. Train Robbery*, Mr. Ford's new story, forms the complete novelette in the August *Lippincott's*. We happen to know how this story originated and found its way into print. Mr. Ford a short time ago was travelling by railway across the American Continent, and on the trip some lady companions suggested his writing a story to relieve the *ennui* of the journey. At first, Mr. Ford was sceptical; but the idea got hold of him, and in four days, reading it aloud as fast as it was written, he finished the draft of the story as it now appears in *Lippincott's*. He did not think of printing it, but his friends insisted upon preserving it as a souvenir of the trip, and so he finally submitted it to *Lippincott's Magazine*, with the success which the story warrants. The tale is preceded by the following dedication: "To my travelling companions on Specials 218 and 97 this endeavour to weave into a story some of our overland happenings and adventures is gratefully and affectionately dedicated." Mr. Ford has just finished a new story of 60,000 words, entitled *The Story of an Untold Love*, which in its delicate grace and exquisite delineation of a pure, unselfish affection is a further startling revelation of Mr. Ford's imaginative power as a writer of fiction. *The Honourable Peter Stirling* is now in its tenth thousand, and though published nearly two years ago is selling better to-day than ever.

❀

Messrs. Copeland and Day will publish shortly *More Songs from Vagabondia*, by Bliss Carman and Richard Hovey, with decorative end papers by Tom Meteyard, uniform with the first volume of *Vagabondia* verses. They will also publish a volume of *Gold Stories of the*

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Days of '49 in California, from the pen of Miss Minna Smith. The tenth volume of *The Yellow Book* will arrive during the month, and Mr. Chamberlin's two little volumes of selections from the "Listener" column of the Boston *Evening Transcript*, which were expected in the spring, will now be published at once.

❀

The Boston *Transcript* recently printed an article on "George Gissing, the Novelist of the Masses" (also reprinted in the August *Current Literature*), in which it was stated that since the appearance of *In the Year of Jubilee*, two years ago, Mr. Gissing "has published only three stories, *The Paying Guest*, *Sleeping Fires*, and *The Unclassed*." The inaccuracy of this statement is the more surprising because of the intimacy with the author which the writer displays. As a matter of fact, the titles should be *Eve's Ransom*, *Sleeping Fires*, both published by the Messrs. Appleton, and *The Paying Guest*, published by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company. *The Unclassed* far from being his last is really Mr. Gissing's first novel, but after being for some years out of print, it has been lately reissued in a new edition, both in England and America, Messrs. R. F. Fenno and Company being the publishers on this side.

GEORGE GISSING.

❀

It is interesting to know that *The Unclassed* was read by Mr. George Meredith in his capacity of reader to Messrs. Chapman and Hall. Mr. Meredith invited Mr. Gissing to meet the reader in the publishers' offices to talk over the work. Mr. Gissing did not know the reader's name, but was amazed by the extraordinary familiarity which he showed with all the details of the story, using no paper. He went over these details, suggesting all kinds of alterations, and leaving Mr. Gissing impressed with the conviction that he knew the story far better than the writer did himself. *The Unclassed* is too sombre a book to be popular; the subject is painful, and in most of the reviews we have seen has either been misunderstood or travestied with malice prepense; but in some respects we doubt whether the author has ever equalled it.

❀

We understand that "Martin J. Pritchard," the author of that extraordinary Messianic novel just published by Messrs. H. S. Stone and Company, entitled *Without Sin*, is the daughter of Lady Monckton. The book bears evidence of being printed hastily, and as it is likely to run into many editions, we send our corrected copy to the publishers with our compliments. Some of the misprints, which are numerous, are rather amusing; as, for example, when we read of the "two (*sic*) lost tribes of Israel."

❀

A few years ago, when Mr. Thomas Nelson Page's first volume of dialect stories was being reviewed by the press, the critic of a Western newspaper, in undertaking to do his own full share of justice to the subject, took occasion to congratulate the negro race in America upon the fact that at last an author of their own had appeared who would write of it as no white man ever could! Mr. Paul Lawrence Dunbar lives not far from the city in which Mr. Page was thus supposed to be an African; and he may have heard of the mistake and have resolved that in his own case nothing of the sort should happen. At least,

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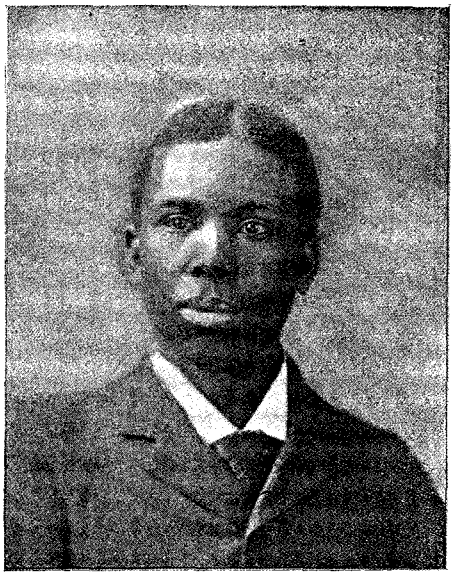
in putting out his volume of poems, entitled *Majors and Minors*, he has supplied a picture of himself, which can leave no one in doubt, that whatever Mr. Page may be, he, Mr. Dunbar, is a male being of the coloured race. Ordinarily, it is a mistake, of course, for a poet—or for a prose writer—to present his portrait until he is asked for it ; and we know one modest author who upholds that usually a request of this kind can come with perfect grace from posterity alone. In the case of Mr. Dunbar, however, there is some excuse for this pictorial misdemeanour ; for had his photograph been lacking, and had no hint of his racial identity been given by means of an author's or publisher's note—or by one of those Mæcean-like introductions by which some small writer of the day patronises the work of some other small writer of the day—it is safe to assert that the above-mentioned debonair critic of the West would have supposed him to be a white man. It is safe to assert, also, that accepted as an Anglo-Saxon poet, he would have received little or no consideration in a hurried weighing of the mass of contemporary verse.

❀

But Mr. Dunbar, as his pleasing, manly, and not unrefined face shows, is a poet of the African race ; and this novel and suggestive fact at once places his work upon a peculiar footing of interest, of study, and of appreciative welcome. So regarded, it is a most remarkable and hopeful production. If any other member of his race has attained any more flexible or obedient command over metrical form, in fitting the outer grace to the inner grace, any more varied shifting of the measures to suit the varying fancies, any broader sweep across some of the illimitable states of meditation, any deeper yearning for the great heights of the spirit, his work is not known to the writer of these lines, and he would be glad to know where it is to be found. There are three things illustrated in Mr. Dunbar's volume that will be of especial interest to the scientific students of his race : the negro's gift in telling a story, illustrated in the humorous and dialect pieces ; the negro's serious revelation of his passion of Love ; and perhaps of far greater importance just at present, the negro's sense of rhythm of verbal melody. Of the last, the entire collection of poems is a triumphant, well-nigh unerring demonstration. The verses called "The Poet and his Song" afford a good example of the author's perfect ease, his sincerity, his



Paul Laurence Dunbar.

sensitiveness to the outer world, his limited philosophy of life, and the sweetness and pathos in the temper of his race. We give three verses of the poem.

A song is but a little thing,
And yet what joy it is to sing.
In hours of toil it gives me zest,
And when at eve I long for rest ;
When cows come home along the bars,
And in the fold I hear the bell,
As Night, the shepherd, herds his stars,
I sing my song, and all is well.

* * * * *

My days are never days of ease,
I till my ground and prune my trees.
When ripened gold is all the plain,
I put my sickle to the grain.
I labour hard and toil and sweat
While others dream within the dell ;
But even while my brow is wet
I sing my song, and all is well.

Sometimes the sun, unkindly hot,
My garden makes a desert spot.
Sometimes a blight upon the tree
Takes all my fruit away from me ;
And then with throes of bitter pain
Rebellious passions rise and swell ;
But—life is more than fruit or grain,
And so I sing, and all is well.

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LIVING CRITICS.

IX.—Henry James.

HENRY JAMES.

When Mr. James writes fiction you scent the critic, and when he writes criticism you feel the novelist underneath. He is a student of human nature and of its manifestations rather than a dramatist of these; only, of course, he has the pliancy, the lightness, the geniality, the imagination which popular opinion refuses to the student. I mean no disparagement of his methods in fiction in saying that they are mainly those of the critic. They are used by him with exquisite results. I am not sure that he is the more likely to be a first-rate judge of literary matter, much of which is very different stuff from flesh and blood and human motives, beauties, and failings. But the general critical attitude of patient watching and waiting comes more naturally to him than to most novelists. Less, therefore, than in other writers who practise the two arts, do you find in him a change of method corresponding to the change of occupation. That which serves him in the art of his first choice serves him in the particular section of the other art where he is also first-rate. In the world of humanity and in the world of books he is in search of the same things, men and women. Of course, in so well-equipped a writer you find attention paid to style in its more outward sense, but disquisitions on such matters you get from others more abundantly, more systematically, and of a finer quality. The title of one of his critical volumes, *Partial Portraits*, exactly hits his aims, his interests, his powers, and his own modesty, in critical work. It is always the man or woman underneath the books whom he is seeking, when he writes of their books seriously. He has not always written seriously. Perhaps, in proportion to the bulk of his miscellaneous writing, he has reprinted too much good-natured comment on what approves itself to him little enough. Such essays are best left out of account. And in speaking of

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others, it is honest to say, though it may take the ground from under our feet, that some of them are nearly twenty years old, and Mr. James has had time to revise his judgments. His later studies show, however, that there has been a distinct continuity in his attitude. This attitude must be largely instinctive; but he must have reasoned the matter out for himself as well. He has little belief, for instance, in writers of real talent being influenced by contemporary opinion. "Criticism," he says, "does not much concern the artist himself," and, again, "literature lives essentially, in the sacred depths of its being, upon example." To this, however, he joins a high standard for the critic, who is serving the general cause of right thinking, and who, if he be worthy, represents "the knight who has knelt through his long vigil, and who has the piety of his office. For there is something sacrificial in his function, inasmuch as he offers himself as a general touchstone. To lend himself, to project himself, and steep himself, to feel and feel until he understands, and to understand so well that he can say, to have perception at the pitch of passion, and expression as embracing as the air, to be infinitely curious and incorrigibly patient." Such are the high demands he makes of those who would speak seriously on the outcome of other men's brains.

His own vigils have been especially devoted then to interpreting the personality of writers, by which, of course, I do not mean the narration of personal facts. This is the one salient feature of his critical method. The others are subordinate. "Make your writer a present of his own conditions," is an admirable maxim, which he is too warmly human to attend to with strict consistency; but from his genial position—"There is, in spite of a thousand narrow dogmatisms, nothing in the world that any one is under the least obligation to like"—I don't think he ever budges. His special quality and habit, subtlety and fine analysis, help him often in the understanding of imaginative writers; but to a repetition of such qualities in others he prefers strength and breadth. Perhaps—it is mostly in his less serious, his less conscientious work—he is too much given to letting people off. His reasoned, argumentative disapproval of the de Goncourts is about as far as he ever reaches in severity. Punctiliously fair as a rule, when he misrepresents there is a temperamental reason for it; it is never mere injustice The fault of his judgment of Baudelaire, is that he should have formulated one at all. It is not possible to speak profitably of what only repels one.

By his method of portraiture he has reached his best successes. Emerson is treated as if he were the character in one of Mr. James's masterly single-figure stories. Mérimée, Maupassant, De Musset, Balzac, Hawthorne are men when he has done with them, not volumes, nor styles, nor tendencies. One of his articles on Turgenieff is, considering who wrote it, a bit of rough journalism; yet no one else has suggested the essential qualities of the great Russian, a man "living in a spacious upper air, with the long Slav poetical ancestry in the background," his "windows open into distances," with an "air of knowing strange and far-off things." The picture of De Musset is as good, and yet it is so by an effort, for De Musset is not all sympathetic to his critic, who will not approve, and will not condemn, but judges him, not by words and conduct, and literally, divining his to be a case where the truth cannot be known unless looked at through a haze of poetry. This subtlety or charity, call it what you like, helps him on numerous occasions, notably in his explanation of what is called George Sand's fickle caprice, that she actually outlived her experiences, and had successive new births.

His method has its weaknesses. It tends to forcing the prominent features, to hardening the lines, to omitting what might tell against the direct expression of what the painter finds especially expressible. It is just to Mérimée, and it is just to Maupassant—in perhaps the best of all the essays, where Mr. James appears as the perfect translator. It is just to all the clear-cut persons. It is unjust to Gautier, to the very qualities in him that call for interpretation, and it does not fit Balzac's case very well. Here one may speak of a general misconception concerning Mr. James. At a time when modern French writers were not very widely read, he spoke of them familiarly. Then, although an American, Britons found little trace of the mental accent they detected in most of his countrymen. Neither did he

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seem of British mould. He was at home in several countries. His touch was light, he was swift in expression. All these things have given him a reputation for a cosmopolitanism which he does not possess and does not aim at possessing. His habit of mind is what, for want of a better word, I should call decidedly Teutonic. Not only has he a serious base, but he likes seriousness to be expressed in set terms and not merely implied. Again and again he makes the highest claims for English writers as superior interpreters of character, because "they know their way about the conscience." He looks on morality as "simply a part of the essential richness of inspiration." He will listen courteously to many things, but his enthusiasm is for those that "as a race we like best—the fascination of faith, the acceptance of life, the respect for its mysteries, the endurance of its changes, the beauty of action, the seriousness, above all, of the great human passion." His sturdy racial preferences are like a tonic to-day, when we are so afraid of being insular. But it must be said that in his criticism—there alone, and the inconsistency is remarkable—he makes the very English mistake of denying seriousness and some other kindred qualities, when they are only implied and not expressed. His astounding judgments—they were handsomely discounted by him, however—that Balzac was "as little as possible of a poet," because he took as material the sordid and the worldly, and that he was "morally and intellectually superficial," because he introduced cheap and inaccurate learning into his colossal work, must be put down to this habit of mind, which sends him still further astray when he deals with Gautier. "Gautier's poverty of ideas was great," he says. "His power was all material." The fact is that Gautier had the misfortune to be too fastidious an artist to write a commentary on his own visions. In his travel books he wrote reflections which his critic very justly calls Philistine. He did not know and would not learn the language of reflection. He dreamt his ideas into beautiful shapes. Mr. James has made a portrait of the French mind which is very appreciative, very fine, very forcible. Having drawn the picture, the matter is settled for him. But there is, maybe, a little more of the life of the spirit in Loti and his countrymen than he admits. It is an old contest. Some like the fable and cannot abide the moral, but these do not, therefore, deny or destroy it. We like the fable; but we have a national craving for the moral.

And if Gautier, Hawthorne, and Balzac leave work for other critics when Mr. James has done with them, he has given us a version of them marvellously true, within certain limits. There is no fumbling. Such as they appear to him, they appear to us. What he intends he performs. Indeed we are much tempted to adopt his versions definitely. Our additions, modifications, and shadings, which we indicate by smudges, we sometimes discover to be already suggested in his finely-wrought plan. Over and over again a phrase of his will recur to us, and sum up all the expressible truth on a subject, or lead inevitably to it. He says of Emerson that he had "the equanimity of a result;" of the *Comédie Humaine* that "it has a thousand faults, but it is a monumental excuse." He shows that Maupassant was not a pedantic artist, omitting the moral sense for art's sake, but a straightforward frank man who hadn't got it, and speaks of the same writer's "bird's-eye contempt" of mankind. He lays his finger on the real weakness of the De Goncourts, that these *raffinés* had not, after all, "mastered the whole gamut of the aristocratic sense." He calls to you to note the "aromatic odour of the book-room about Lowell." He says of Flaubert, "If he is impossible as a companion, he is deeply refreshing as a reference; and all that his reputation asks of you is an occasional tap of the knuckle at these firm thin plates of gold which constitute the leaves of his book." In these, and in scores of other instances, he is not merely the fine literary artist fastidiously carving and colouring. You feel he has, with more faithfulness than most, been keeping his vigils and fulfilling the vow he made, that in judging the works of another man's mind he would be "infinitely curious and incorrigibly patient."

Annie Macdonell.

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IN A COPY OF BROWNING.

Browning, old fellow, your leaves grow yellow,
Beginning to mellow as seasons pass.
Your cover is wrinkled and stained and sprinkled,
And warped and crinkled from sleep on the grass.

Is it a wine stain or only a pine stain,
That makes such a fine stain on your dull blue—
Got as we numbered the clouds that lumbered
Southward and slumbered when day was through?

What is the dear mark there like an earmark?
Only a tear mark a woman let fall,
As, bending over, she bade me discover,
"Who *plays* the lover, he loses all!"

With you for teacher, we learned love's feature
In every creature that roves or grieves;
When winds were brawling, or birds were calling,
Or leaves were falling about our eaves.

No law must straiten the ways they wait in,
Whose spirits greaten and hearts aspire.
The world may dwindle, and summer brindle,
So love but kindle the soul to fire.

Here many a red line, or pencilled headline,
Shows love could wed line to perfect sense;
And something better than wisdom's fetter
Has made your letter dense to the dense.

You made us farers and equal sharers
With homespun-wearers in home-made joys;
You sent the chary Contemporary,
To make us wary of dust and noise.

Long thoughts were started, when youth departed
From the half hearted Riccardi's bride;
For, saith your fable, great Love is able
To slip the cable and take the tide.

When Fate was nagging, and days were dragging,
And fancy lagging, you gave it scope,
(When eaves were drippy, and pavements slippy,)
From Lippo Lippi to Evelyn Hope.

When winter's arrow pierced to the marrow,
And thought was narrow, you gave it room;
We guessed the warder on Roland's border,
And helped to order the Bishop's Tomb.

When winds were harshish, and ways were marshish,
We found with Karshish escape at need;
Were bold with Waring in far seafaring,
And strong in sharing Ben Ezra's creed.

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We felt dark menace intrigue and pen us,
Afloat in Venice, devising fibs ;
And little mattered the rain that pattered,
While Blougram chattered to Gigadibs.

Or truth compels us with Paracelsus,
Till nothing else is of worth at all.
Del Sarto's vision is our own mission,
And art's ambition is God's own call.

We too have waited, with heart elated
And breathing bated, for Pippa's song ;—
Seen Satan hover with wings to cover
Porphyria's lover, Pompilia's wrong.

Through all the seasons, you gave us reasons
For splendid treasons to doubt and fear ;
Bade no foot falter, though weaklings palter,
And friendships alter from year to year.

Since first I sought you, found you and bought you,
Hugged you and brought you home from Cornhill,
While some upbraid you, and some parade you,
Nine years have made you my master still.

Bliss Carman.

WAS BENJAMIN FRANKLIN A PLAGIARIST?

In no instance, I think, has the deliberately planned result of a joke been greater than that of the famous Squire Bickerstaff's. The jest was practical and of a flavour to suit Sir Roger de Coverley or Squire Western rather than ourselves, but its excuse is in the end it served, which was to put an end to the old-fashioned astrologers' hold upon the people.

Swift is the writer to whom the original Bickerstaff squibs are in the main to be ascribed ; and his subtle and exquisite touch makes them one of the cleverest bits of fooling in all literature. But Swift was not alone. He had the help of Addison and Steele, Prior, Congreve —these and other wits. They together set all London laughing. It happened in 1708.

Upon Swift's shoulders then falls the onus of the joke. It may have been his recreation amid pamphleteering and the smudging of his ecclesiastical fingers with political ink ; or the product of those ineffable nights at Will's Coffee House or St. James's. Perhaps it was all these.

The jest had to do with almanac-makers and their predictions, and was directed against a chief pretender, one Dr. Partridge. He was an astrologer and a philomath, whom Pope refers to when he speaks of the translation of the raped "Lock" to the skies :

> "This Partridge soon shall view in cloudless skies,
> When next he looks through Galileo's eyes ;
> And hence th' egregious wizard shall foredoom
> The fate of Louis and the fall of Rome."

But Partridge suffered for his ilk. The English almanac was not in Swift's day, as in later times, a simple calendar with guesses about the weather. It was rather a "prognosticator" in solemn, dogmatic, and yet ambiguous phrase, of battle, murder, sudden death, and such horrors as are even now by our daily press deemed of vitalest importance. The science and prescience of the philomath was builded upon a supposed in-

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fluence of the stars and their movements upon the moral life of men.

In the seventeenth century the ascendancy of these charlatans had become alarming. They had not only the popular ear, but now and then a man like Dryden believed in them, William Lilly also. Nor did Sir Thomas Browne "reject a sober and regulated astrology."

At the beginning of the eighteenth century the scandal of their excesses was growing, and it was then that Swift came forward—just as Swift was constantly coming forward, in one instance to save Ireland the infliction of Wood's Halfpence, and again in protest against English restriction of Irish trade; his heart was always with the poor, the duped and undefended—it was then that Swift came forward with *Predictions* for the year* 1708. *Wherein the Month, and the Day of the Month, are set down, the Person named, and the great Actions and Events of next Year particularly related, as They will come to Pass. Written to Prevent the People of England from being farther imposed on by the vulgar Almanack-Makers.*

The signature, "Isaac Bickerstaff," Swift took in part from a locksmith's sign. The Isaac he added as a name not commonly in use.

"I have considered," he begins, "the gross abuse of astrology in this kingdom, and upon debating the matter with myself, I could not possibly lay the fault upon the art, but upon those gross impostors, who set up to be the artists. I know several learned men have contended that the whole is a cheat; that it is absurd and ridiculous to imagine the stars can have any influence at all upon human actions, thoughts, or inclinations; and whoever has not bent his studies that way may be excused for thinking so, when he sees in how wretched a manner that noble art is treated by a few mean, illiterate traders between us and the stars; who import a yearly stock of nonsense, lies, folly and impertinence, which they offer to the world as genuine from the planets, though they descend from no greater a height than their own brains. . . .

"As for the few following predictions, I now offer the world, I forebore to publish them till I had perused the several Almanacks for the year we are now entered upon. I found them all in the usual strain, and I beg the reader will compare their manner with mine: and here I make bold to tell the world that I lay the whole credit of my art upon the truth of these predictions; and I will be content that Partridge and the rest of his clan may hoot me for a cheat and impostor, if I fail in any single particular of moment. . . .

"My first prediction is but a trifle, yet I will mention it to show how ignorant these sottish pretenders to astrology are in their own concerns: it relates to Partridge, the Almanack-maker. I have consulted the star of his nativity by my own rules, and find he will infallibly die upon the 29th of March next, about eleven at night, of a raging fever; therefore I advise him to consider of it, and settle his affairs in time. . . ."

* The text is from Sir Walter Scott's edition.

An *Answer to Bickerstaff by a Person of Quality*, evidently from the hand of Swift and his friends, followed these "Predictions."

"I have not observed for some years past," it begins, "any insignificant paper to have made more noise, or be more greedily bought, than that of these Predictions. . . . I shall not enter upon the examination of them; but think it very incumbent upon the learned Mr. Partridge to take them into his consideration, and lay as many errors in astrology as possible to Mr. Bickerstaff's account. He may justly, I think, challenge the 'squire to publish the calculation he has made of Partridge's nativity, by the credit of which he so determinately pronounces the time and manner of his death; and Mr. Bickerstaff can do no less in honour, than give Mr. Partridge the same advantage of calculating his, by sending him an account of the time and place of his birth, with other particulars necessary for such a work. By which, no doubt, the learned world will be engaged in the dispute, and take part on each side according as they are inclined. . . ."

The Accomplishment of the first of Mr. Bickerstaff's Predictions, being an Account of the Death of Mr. Partridge, the Almanack-Maker, upon the 29th instant in a Letter to a Person of Honour, continues the jocularity.

"My Lord: In obedience to your Lordship's commands, as well as to satisfy my own curiosity, I have some days past inquired constantly after Partridge the Almanack-maker, of whom it was foretold in Mr. Bickerstaff's Predictions, published about a month ago, that he should die the 29th instant, about eleven at night, of a raging fever. . . . I saw him accidentally once or twice, about ten days before he died, and observed he began very much to droop and languish, though I hear his friends did not seem to apprehend him in any danger. About two or three days ago he grew ill, . . . but when I saw him he had his understanding as well as ever I knew, and spoke strong and hearty, without any seeming uneasiness or constraint. . . . 'I am a poor ignorant fellow, bred to a mean trade, yet I have sense enough to know that all pretences of foretelling by astrology are deceit, for this manifest reason: because the wise and the learned, who can only judge whether there be any truth in this science, do all unanimously agree to laugh at and despise it; and none but the poor, ignorant vulgar give it any credit, and that only upon the word of such silly wretches as I and my fellows, who can hardly write or read.' . . .

"After half an hour's conversation I took my leave, being almost stifled with the closeness of the room. I imagined he could not hold out long, and therefore withdrew to a little coffee-house hard by, leaving a servant at the house with or-

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ders to come immediately and tell me, as near as he could, the minute when Partridge should expire, which was not above two hours after."

To keep the ball rolling, Addison's friend Yalden, whom Scott speaks of as "Partridge's near neighbour," drew up the burlesque '*Squire Bickerstaff detected; or, the Astrological Impostor convicted, by John Partridge, student of physic and astrology.*

"The 28th of March, *Anno Dom.* 1708," he grievously relates, "being the night this sham prophet had so impudently fixed for my last, which made little impression on myself: but I cannot answer for my whole family; for my wife, with concern more than usual, prevailed on me to take somewhat to sweat for a cold; and between the hours of eight and nine to go to bed; the maid, as she was warming my bed, with a curiosity natural to young wenches, runs to the window, and asks of one passing the street who the bell tolled for? Dr. Partridge, says he, the famous almanack-maker, who died suddenly this evening: the poor girl, provoked, told him he lied like a rascal; the other very sedately replied, the sexton had so informed him, and if false, he was to blame for imposing upon a stranger. She asked a second, and a third, as they passed, and every one was in the same tone. Now, I do not say these are accomplices to a certain astrological 'squire, and that one Bickerstaff might be sauntering thereabout, because I will assert nothing here, but what I dare attest for plain matter of fact. My wife at this fell into a violent disorder, and I must own I was a little discomposed at the oddness of the accident. In the meantime one knocks at my door; Betty runs down, and opening, finds a sober grave person, who modestly inquires if this was Dr. Partridge's? She, taking him for some cautious city patient, that came at that time for privacy, shews him into the dining-room. As soon as I could compose myself, I went to him, and was surprised to find my gentleman mounted on a table with a two-foot rule in his hand, measuring my walls, and taking the dimensions of the room. Pray, sir, says I, not to interrupt you, have you any business with me?—Only, sir, replies he, order the girl to bring me a better light, for this is but a very dim one.—Sir, says I, my name is Partridge.—O! the doctor's brother, belike, cries he; the staircase, I believe, and these two apartments hung in close mourning will be sufficient, and only a strip of bays round the other rooms. The doctor must needs die rich, he had great dealings in his way for many years; if he had no family coat, you had as good use the escutcheons of the company, they are as showish, and will look as magnificent, as if he was descended from the blood royal.—With that I assumed a greater air of authority, and demanded who employed him, or how he came there? Why, I was sent, sir, by the company of undertakers, says he, and they were employed by the honest gentleman, who is executor to the good doctor departed; and our rascally porter, I believe, is fallen fast asleep with the black cloth and sconces, or he had been here, and we might have been tacking up by this time. Sir, says I, pray be advised by a friend, and make the best of your speed out of my doors, for I hear my wife's voice (which, by the by, is pretty distinguishable), and in that corner of the room stands a good cudgel, which somebody has felt before now; if that light in her hands, and she know the business you come about, without consulting the stars, I can assure you it will be employed very much to the detriment of your person.—Sir, cries he, bowing with great civility, I perceive extreme grief for the loss of the doctor disorders you a little at present, but early in the morning I will wait on you with all the necessary materials. . . .

"Well, once more I got my door closed, and prepared for bed, in hopes of a little repose after so many ruffling adventures; just as I was putting out my light in order to it, another bounces as hard as he can knock; I open the window and ask who is there and what he wants? I am Ned, the sexton, replies he, and come to know whether the doctor left any orders for a funeral sermon, and where he is to be laid, and whether his grave is to be plain or bricked?—Why, sirrah, say I, you know me well enough; you know I am not dead, and how dare you affront me after this manner?—Alackaday, sir, replies the fellow, why it is in print, and the whole town knows you are dead; why, there is Mr. White, the joiner, is fitting screws to your coffin; he will be here with it in an instant: he was afraid you would have wanted it before this time. . . . In short, what with undertakers, embalmers, joiners, sextons, and your damned elegy hawkers upon a late practitioner in physic and astrology, I got not one wink of sleep the whole night, nor scarce a moment's rest ever since. . . .

"I could not stir out of doors for the space of three months after this, but presently one comes up to me in the street, Mr. Partridge, that coffin you was last buried in, I have not yet been paid for: Doctor, cries another dog, how do you think people can live by making of graves for nothing? next time you die, you may even toll out the bell yourself for Ned. A third rogue tips me by the elbow, and wonders how I have the conscience to sneak abroad without paying my funeral expenses.—Lord, says one, I durst have swore that was honest Dr. Partridge, my old friend, but, poor man, he is gone.—I beg your pardon, says another, you look so like my old acquaintance that I used to consult on some private occasions; but, alack, he is gone the way of all flesh.—Look, look, look, cries a third, after a competent space of staring at me, would not one think our neighbour, the Almanack-maker, was crept out of his grave, to take the other peep at the stars in this world, and shew how much he is improved in fortune-telling by having taken a journey to the other? . . .

"My poor wife is run almost distracted with being called widow Partridge, when she knows it is false; and once a term she is cited into the court to take out letters of administration. But the greatest grievance is a paltry quack that takes up my calling just under my nose, and in his printed directions, with N.B.—says he lives in the house of the late ingenious Mr. John Partridge, an eminent practitioner in leather, physic, and astrology. . . ."

The astrologer, forgetting to refer to the stars for evidence, indignantly declared himself to be alive, and Swift's returning *Vindication of Isaac Bickerstaff*,

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Esq., against what is objected to by Mr. Partridge in his Almanack for the present year, 1709, *by the said Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq.*, complains that

"Mr. Partridge has been lately pleased to treat me after a very rough manner in that which is called his almanack for the present year" regarding "my predictions, which foretold the death of Mr. Partridge to happen on March 29, 1708. This he is pleased to contradict absolutely in the almanack he has published for the present year, and in that ungentlemanly manner (pardon the expression) as I have above related. . . .

"Without entering into criticisms of chronology about the hour of his death, I shall only prove that Mr. Partridge is not alive. And my first argument is this: about a thousand gentlemen having bought his almanack for this year, merely to find what he said against me, at every line they read, they would lift up their eyes, and cry out betwixt rage and laughter, 'they were sure no man alive ever writ such damned stuff as this.' Neither did I ever hear that opinion disputed: . . . Therefore, if an uninformed carcase walks still about and is pleased to call itself Partridge, Mr. Bickerstaff does not think himself any way answerable for that. Neither had the said carcase any right to beat the poor boy who happened to pass by it in the street, crying, 'A full and true account of Dr. Partridge's death,' etc.

". . . I will plainly prove him to be dead, out of his own almanack for this year, and from the very passage which he produces to make us think him alive. He there says 'he is not only now alive, but was also alive upon that very 29th of March which I foretold he should die on': by this he declares his opinion that a man may be alive now who was not alive a twelvemonth ago. And indeed there lies the sophistry of his argument. He dares not assert he was alive ever since that 29th of March, but that he 'is now alive and was so on that day': I grant the latter; for he did not die till night, as appears by the printed account of his death, in a letter to a lord; and whether he be since revived, I leave the world to judge. . . ."

The joke had gained its end; the astrologer and philomath had been ridiculed out of existence. But the name of the "astrological 'squire" was in everybody's mouth; and when in April, 1709, Steele began *The Tatler*, Isaac Bickerstaff, Esquire, spoke in the dedication of a gentleman who "had written Predictions, and Two or Three other Pieces in my Name, which had render'd it famous through all Parts of *Europe*; and by an inimitable Spirit and Humour, raised it to as high a Pitch of Reputation as it could possibly arrive at." The Inquisition of the kingdom of Portugal had, with utmost gravity of action, condemned Bickerstaff's predictions to the flames; and the company of stationers in London obtained in 1709 an injunction against the issuing of any almanac by John Partridge, as if in fact he were dead.

If the fame of this foolery was through all parts of Europe, it must also have crossed to the English colonies of America, and by reference to this fact we may explain the curious literary parallel *Poor Richard's Almanac* affords. For twenty-five years later Benjamin Franklin played the selfsame joke in Philadelphia.

Franklin was but two years old when Swift and his Bickerstaff coadjutors were jesting. But by the time he had grown and wandered to Philadelphia and become a journeyman printer—by 1733—Addison, Steele, Prior, and Congreve had died, and Swift's wonderful mind was turned upon and eating itself in the silent deanery of St. Patrick's.

Franklin had ample opportunity. The almanac in the America of 1733 had even greater acceptance than the like publication of England in Isaac Bickerstaff's day. No output of the colonial press, not even the publication of theological tracts, was so frequent or so remunerative. And it had uses. It was the sole annual which commonly penetrated the farmhouse of the colonists, where it hung in neighbourly importance near the Bible, Fox's *Book of Martyrs*, and Jonathan Edwards's tractate on *The Freedom of the Human Will*. Besides furnishing a calendar, weather prophecies, and jokes, it added receipts for cooking, pickling, dyeing, and in many ways was the "Useful Companion" which its title-page proclaimed it to be.

So keen, practical, and energetic a nature as Franklin's could not let the opportunity for turning a penny pass, and with that inimitable adaptability of his he begins his *Poor Richard* of 1733:

"Courteous Reader,* I might in this place attempt to gain thy favour by declaring that I write Almanacks with no other view than that of the publick good, but in this I should not be sincere; and men are now-a-days too wise to be deceiv'd by pretences, how specious soever. The plain truth of the matter is, I am excessive poor, and my wife, good woman, is, I tell her, excessive proud; she can not bear, she says, to sit spinning in her shift of tow, while I do nothing but gaze at the stars; and has threatened more than once to burn all my books and rattling-traps (as she calls my instruments), if I do not make some profitable use of them for the good of my family. The printer has offer'd me some considerable share of the profits, and I have thus began to comply with my dame's desire.

* The text is from Mr. Paul Leicester Ford's *Poor Richard*.

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"Indeed, this motive would have had force enough to have made me publish an Almanack many years since, had it not been overpowered by my regard for my good friend and fellow-student, Mr. *Titan Leeds*, whose interest I was extreamly unwilling to hurt. But this obstacle (I am far from speaking it with pleasure) is soon to be removed, since inexorable death, who was never known to respect merit, has already prepared the mortal dart, the fatal sister has already extended her destroying shears, and that ingenious man must soon be taken from us. He dies, by my calculation, made at his request, on Oct. 17, 1733, 3 ho. 29 m., P.M., at the very instant of the ☌ of ☉ and ☿. By his own calculation he will survive till the 26th of the same month. This small difference between us we have disputed whenever we have met these nine years past; but at length he is inclinable to agree with my judgment. Which of us is most exact, a little time will now determine. As, therefore, these Provinces may not longer expect to see any of his performances after this year, I think myself free to take up my task, and request a share of publick encouragement, which I am the more apt to hope for on this account, that the buyer of my Almanack may consider himself not only as purchasing an useful utensil, but as performing an act of charity to his poor

"Friend and servant,

"R. SAUNDERS."

Franklin had a more eager biter than Partridge proved to Bickerstaff's bait, and Titan Leeds, in his *American Almack* for 1734, showed how uneasy was the hook:

"Kind Reader, Perhaps it may be expected that I should say something concerning an Almanack printed for the Year 1733, Said to be writ by Poor Richard or Richard Saunders, who for want of other matter was pleased to tell his Readers, that he had calculated my Nativity, and from thence predicts my Death to be the 17th of October, 1733. At 22 min. past 3 a'clock in the Afternoon, and that these Provinces may not expect to see any more of his (*Titan Leeds*) Performances, and this precise Predicter, who predicts to a Minute, proposes to succeed me in Writing of Almanacks; but notwithstanding his false Prediction, I have by the Mercy of God lived to write a diary for the Year 1734, and to publish the Folly and Ignorance of this presumptuous Author. Nay, he adds another gross Falsehood in his Almanack, viz.—*That by my own Calculation, I shall survive until the 26th of the said Month* (October), which is as untrue as the former, for I do not pretend to that Knowledge, altho' he has usurpt the Knowledge of the Almighty herein, and manifested himself a Fool and a Lyar. And by the mercy of God I have lived to survive this conceited Scribblers Day and Minute whereon he has predicted my Death; and as I have supplyed my Country with Almanacks for three seven Years by past, to general Satisfaction, so perhaps I may live to write when his Performances are Dead. *Thus much from your annual Friend, Titan Leeds, October* 18, 1733, 3 *ho.* 33 *min. P.M.*"

"In the preface to my last Almanack," Franklin returned, "I foretold the death of my dear old friend and fellow-student, the learned and ingenious Mr. Titan Leeds, which was to be the 17th of October, 1733, 3 h., 29 m., P.M., at the very instant of the ☌ of ☉ and ☿. By his own calculation, he was to survive till the 26th of the same month, and expire in the time of the eclipse, near 11 o'clock A.M. At which of these times he died, or whether he be really yet dead, I cannot at this present writing positively assure my readers; forasmuch as a disorder in my own family demanded my presence, and would not permit me, as I had intended, to be with him in his last moments, to receive his last embrace, to close his eyes, and do the duty of a friend in performing the last offices to the departed. Therefore it is that I cannot positively affirm whether he be dead or not; for the stars only show to the skilful what will happen in the natural and universal chain of causes and effects; but 'tis well known, that the events which would otherwise certainly happen, at certain times, in the course of nature, are sometimes set aside or postpon'd, for wise and good reasons, by the immediate particular disposition of Providence; which particular dispositions the stars can by no means discover or foreshow. There is, however (and I can not speak it without sorrow), there is the strongest probability that my dear friend is no more; for there appears in his name, as I am assured, an Almanack for the year 1734, in which I am treated in a very gross and unhandsome manner, in which I am called a false predicter, an ignorant, a conceited scribbler, a fool and a lyar. Mr. Leeds was too well bred to use any man so indecently and so scurrilously, and moreover his esteem and affection for me was extraordinary; so that it is to be feared that pamphlet may be only a contrivance of somebody or other, who hopes, perhaps, to sell two or three years' Almanacks still, by the sole force and virtue of Mr. Leeds' name. But, certainly, to put words into the mouth of a gentleman and a man of letters against his friend, which the meanest and most scandalous of the people might be ashamed to utter even in a drunken quarrel, is an unpardonable injury to his memory, and an imposition upon the publick.

"Mr. Leeds was not only profoundly skilful in the useful science he profess'd, but he was a man of exemplary sobriety, a most sincere friend, and an exact performer of his word. These valuable qualifications, with many others, so much endeared him to me, that although it should be so, that, contrary to all probability, contrary to my prediction and his own, he might possibly be yet alive, yet my loss of honour, as a prognosticator, cannot afford me so much mortification as his life, health, and safety would give me joy and satisfaction. . . ."

Again, *The American Almanack* for 1735 returns *Poor Richard's* jest:

"Courteous and Kind Reader: My Almanack being in its usual Method, needs no Explanation; but perhaps it may be expected by some that I shall say something concerning *Poor Richard*, or otherwise *Richard Saunders's* Almanack, which I suppose was printed in the Year 1733 for the ensuing Year 1734, wherein he useth me with such good Manners, I can hardly find what to say to him, without it is to advise him not to be too proud because by his Prædicting my Death, and his writing an Almanack (I suppose at his Wife's Request). . . .

"But if Falsehood and Inginuity be so rewarded, What may he expect if ever he be in a capacity to publish that that is either Just or ac-

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cording to Art? Therefore I shall say little more about it than, as a Friend, to advise he will never take upon him to prædict or ascribe any Person's Death, till he has learned to do it better than he did before . . .'

To which Franklin makes this gay sally:

"Whatever may be the musick of the spheres, how great soever the harmony of the stars, 'tis certain there is no harmony among the star-gazers: but they are perpetually growling and snarling at one another like strange curs, or like some men at their wives. I had resolved to keep the peace on my own part, and offend none of them; and I shall persist in that resolution. But having receiv'd much abuse from Titan Leeds deceas'd (Titan Leeds when living would not have used me so): I say, having receiv'd much abuse from the ghost of Titan Leeds, who pretends to be still living, and to write Almanacks in spight of me and my predictions, I can not help saying, that tho' I take it patiently, I take it very unkindly. And whatever he may pretend, 'tis undoubtedly true that he is really defunct and dead. First, because the stars are seldom disappointed, never but in the case of wise men, *sapiens dominabitur astries*, and they foreshadowed his death at the time I predicted it. Secondly, 'twas requisite and necessary he should die punctually at that time for the honor of astrology, the art professed both by him and his father before him. Thirdly, 'tis plain to every one that reads his two last Almanacks (for 1734 and '35), that they are not written with that life his performances used to be written with; the wit is low and flat; the little hints dull and spiritless; nothing smart in them but Hudibras's verses against astrology at the heads of the months in the last, which no astrologer but a *dead one* would have inserted, and no man *living* would or could write such stuff as the rest. But lastly, I shall convince him from his own words that he is dead (*ex ore suo condemnatus est*); for in his preface to his Almanack for 1734, he says: 'Saunders adds another gross falsehood in his Almanack, viz., that by my own calculation, I shall survive until the 26th of the said month, October, 1733, which is as untrue as the former.' Now if it be as Leeds says, untrue and a gross falsehood, that he survived till the 26th of October, 1733, then it is certainly true that he died before that time; and if he died before that time he is dead now to all intents and purposes, anything he may say to the contrary notwithstanding. And at what time before the 26th is it so likely he should die, as at the time by me predicted, viz., the 17th of October aforesaid? But if some people will walk and be troublesome after death, it may perhaps be borne with a little, because it cannot well be avoided, unless one would be at the pains and expence of laying them in the *Red Sea*; however, they should not presume too much upon the liberty allowed them. I know confinement must needs be mighty irksome to the free spirit of an astronomer, and I am too compassionate to proceed suddenly to extremities with it; nevertheless, tho' I resolve with reluctance, I shall not long defer if it does not speedily learn to treat its living friends with better manners.

"I am,
"Courteous reader,
"Your obliged friend and servant,
"R. SAUNDERS."

Here for the nonce ended the *jeu d'esprit*. In further parleying Franklin showed hardly the taste of Queen Anne's Bickerstaff. The active, bristling, self-assertive irreverence which characterised his early manhood (it has since become commoner than it was in Franklin's day) led him further on to stand over the very grave of Leeds. Before he had made his Almanac for 1740 his competitor had died; but even Leeds dead he deemed fair play:

"OCTOBER 7, 1739.

"COURTEOUS READER: You may remember that in my first Almanack, published for the year 1733, I predicted the death of my dear friend, *Titan Leeds*, Philomat, to happen that year on the 17th day of October, 3 h. 29 m. P. M. The good man, it seems, died accordingly. But W. B. and A. B. [*] have continued to publish Almanacks in his name ever since; asserting for some years that he was still living. At length when the truth could no longer be concealed from the world, they confessed his death in their Almanack for 1739, but pretended that he died not till last year, and that before his departure he had furnished them with calculations for 7 years to come.—Ah, *my friends*, these are poor shifts and thin disguises; of which indeed I should have taken little or no notice, if you had not at the same time accused me as a false predictor; an aspersion that the more affects me as my whole livelyhood depends on a contrary character.

"But to put this matter beyond dispute, I shall acquaint the world with a fact, as strange and surprising as it is true; being as follows, viz:

"On the 4th instant, toward midnight, as I sat in my little study writing this Preface, I fell fast asleep; and continued in that condition for some time, without dreaming any thing, to my knowledge. On awaking I found lying before me the following, viz.—

"'DEAR FRIEND SAUNDERS: My respect for you continues even in this separate state; and I am griev'd to see the aspersions thrown on you by the malevolence of avaricious publishers of Almanacks, who envy your success. They say your prediction of my death in 1733 was false, and they pretend that I remained alive many years after. But I do hereby certify that I did actually die at that time, precisely at the hour you mention'd, with a variation only of 5 min. 53 sec., which must be allow'd to be no great matter in such cases. And I do further declare that I furnish'd them with no calculations of the planets' motions, etc., seven years after my death, as they are pleased to give out: so that the stuff they publish as an Almanack in my name is no more mine than 'tis yours

"'You will wonder, perhaps, how this paper comes written on your table. You must know that no separate spirits are under any confinement till after the final settlement of all accounts. In the mean time we wander where we please, visit our old friends, observe their actions, enter sometimes into their imaginations, and give them hints waking or sleeping that may be of advantage to them. Finding you asleep, I enter'd your

* The printers William and Andrew Bradford.

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left nostril, ascended into your brain, found out where the ends of those nerves were fastened that move your right hand and fingers, by the help of which I am now writing unknown to you; but when you open your eyes you will see that the hand written is mine, tho' wrote with yours.

"'The people of this infidel age, perhaps, will hardly believe this story. But you may give them these three signs by which they shall be convinced of the truth of it.—About the middle of June next, J. J. —— n,* Philomat, shall be openly reconciled to the Church of Rome, and give all his goods and chattels to the chappel, being perverted by a certain country schoolmaster. On the 7th of September following my old Friend W. B —— t shall be sober 9 hours, to the astonishment of all his neighbours:—And about the same time W. B. and A. B. will publish another Almanack in my name, in spight of truth and common sense.

"'As I can see much clearer into futurity, since I got free from the dark prison of flesh, in which I was continually molested and almost blinded with fogs arising from tiff, and the smoke of burnt drams; I shall in kindness to you, frequently give you information of things to come, for the improvement of your Almanack: being, Dear Dick, Your Affectionate Friend,

"'T. LEEDS'

"For my own part, I am convinced that the above letter is genuine. If the reader doubts of it, let him carefully observe the three *signs;* and if they do not actually come to pass, believe as he pleases. I am his humble Friend,

"R. SAUNDERS."

In this wise ended *Poor Richard's* jest. The simplicity and grace of Franklin's style give his rough pleasantry the vraisemblance of an original conception, and suggest that he might not have known 'Squire Bickerstaff's jocularity—just as the qualities of the famous story of Abraham at the tent's door, which he used feignedly to read from Genesis, hardly hint at the oriental origin of the tale and its appearance in English towards the end of Jeremy Taylor's *Discourse on the Liberty of Prophesying.* And his humour, taken together with his grace and simplicity, recall the dictum of the transatlantic critic who claims Franklin to be the most readable writer who has yet appeared upon our side of the sea.

* John Jerman.

The inextinguishable laughter—the true Homeric ἄσβεστος γέλως—which is the atmosphere of both incidents, fits them to rank with the imaginary durance of Sancho Panza upon his island, or with Tartarin in Tarascon, or, to go to the first humour of literature, with the advance and retreat of Thersites in the council of Zeus-nourished kings. But in Britain and America all our heroes were real.

In England, Swift's squib gave the death-blow to astrology. "*Merlinus Liberatus*, by John Partridge," was published years after, but shorn of its specious and misleading pretences. Franklin's jesting was more self-seeking, but he continued *Poor Richard* till the responsibilities of public life forced him to set it aside, and before his death he had the joy of seeing the homely wisdom of his proverbs translated into many European tongues.

Not one of Franklin's biographers has referred to the Bickerstaff joke. Upon the contrary, it is asserted that Franklin

"in a strain of delightful satire upon the already venerable pretensions of almanac-makers to foretell the future, . . . disposes of this difficulty by a method so novel, so ingenious, and withal of an illuminating power so far-reaching as to set the whole colony talking about it."*

It need hardly be added that none of Swift's biographers—all being English—have hinted at Franklin's pleasantry.

One instance of Franklin's possible indebtedness to Swift's terse and fine phrasing Mr. Bigelow makes note of in Franklin's letter to Alexander Smith, November 5, 1789: "I find by your letter that every man has patience enough to hear calmly and coolly the injuries done to other people." Swift had said that "he never knew a man who could not bear the misfortunes of another like a Christian."

Kate Stephens.

* Introduction to Fac-simile of Poor Richard's Almanack for 1733. The Duodecimos, 1894.

QUATRAIN.

Conduct me, Zeus, and thou, oh, Destiny,
Wherever thy decrees have fixed my lot;
I follow cheerfully, and did I not,
Wicked and wretched I must follow still

Gelett Burgess.

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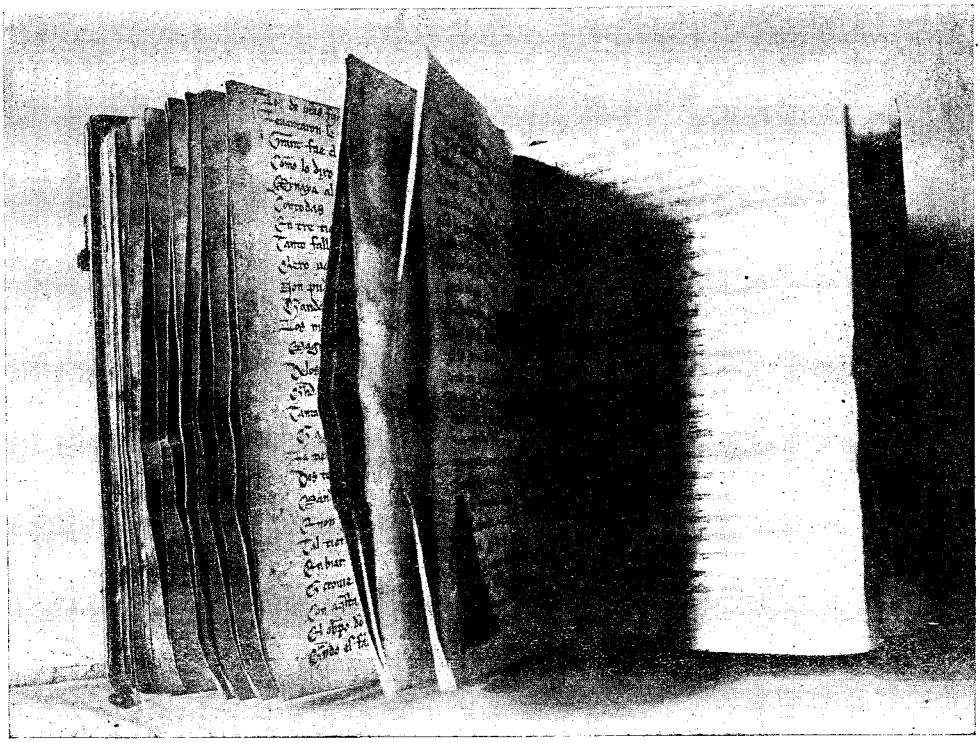

THE MANUSCRIPT OF "THE CHRONICLE OF THE CID."

THE MOST FAMOUS OF SPANISH MANUSCRIPTS.

Starting at the Puerta del Sol, and walking up the Calle de Alcala, past hotels, banks, clubs, cafés, and museum, you will already have taken, at one swift glance, a considerable object-lesson in the manners, language, and dress of the modern Spaniard.

If, on coming in sight of the upper end of the Salon del Prado, at the Ministry of War, you turn past the imposing fountain to the left, up the modern fashionable Paseo de Recoletos, and go along the shaded walk until you are almost opposite the new National Library, you will have seen the outside at least of some of the best private houses and public buildings. And if you turn next to the left one block, then to the right, you will pass, somewhat back from the street, the building where the national, or Basque, game of ball (*pelota*) is played in its long high court. Continue, mount the steps opposite, enter the plaza with the statue in the centre, cross it to the Calle General Castaños, and stop before the apartment house which is number seven, and you will be very near the repository of the most remarkable and famous of Spanish literary relics.

On the third floor of the house before you, the sides of which project, forming a double row of bay-windows, lives Don Alejandro Pidal, former member from Villaviciosa, now Speaker of the Chamber of Deputies, and better known as the possessor of the unique manuscript of *The Chronicle of the Cid* than by any of his other distinguished titles.

It is indeed a rare thing to seek the most important literary document of a nation in the house of a private citizen, and to the properly enthusiastic there is a slight quiver of fear at the thought of the possibilities of fire or theft, and a vague wish that the little volume had somehow found its way earlier into one of the glass cases of the long library building, of which the green roof may be seen from these upper windows just across the square.

Let us enter the open door, nod to the *portero*, and mount the long stairway to the very top, passing in view of the little circular *ventanillas*, through which

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in days not long gone by we should have had to whisper "peaceful folk" (*gente de paz*) before the unoiled bolts would have been drawn to admit us.

Now, however, we merely ring, are briefly scrutinised, and a few seconds later are admitted to a small study, and Don Alejandro is before us.

Señor Alejandro Pidal y Mon, the present owner of the manuscript, is physically above the average Spaniard. He is tall, heavily built, extremely active, and a rapid and most eloquent talker, whether in public or in his own library, though grave and dignified. He has clear, earnest eyes, and a long beard, now turning white, which gives him an almost patriarchal appearance. He was born in Madrid on August 26th, 1846, and his father, first to bear the title of Marquis of Pidal, was Cavalier of the Order of the Golden Fleece, Minister of State, historian, orator, journalist, and one of the founders of the moderate party. His mother—*née* Mon—was Lady of the Order of Maria Luisa, and sister of the well-known Don Alejandro Mon, Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Such was the man who rose to welcome us and whose face lighted up eagerly at first mention of the *Cid* poem. "It is there," he said, pointing to the side of the small room, where, against the wall, was suspended what appeared a huge, elaborately carved, turreted wooden fortress, reminding one somewhat of the gate of Santa Maria in Burgos. Unlocking the doors of this, Señor Pidal disclosed a metal box through the open top of which could be seen a dark object. Taking out the box and opening it, he handed me a small dark-covered volume.

The Chronicle of the Cid is, in the eyes of the educated Spaniard, the grandest of epics—the Epic of Spain. It is the expression of his patriotic spirit; the embodiment of his memories of the Reconquest; the first child speech of his nation—of a nation whose earliest memory is of eternal war and of one unending struggle toward the South, from which it had been driven. The bearded hero of the poem is the familiar type—the ideal type of a Spaniard *rancio*, warrior and *leader of a faction*.

Much has been written of it. Sketches, extracts, partial translations, rhymed and otherwise, we have already had, and yet the popular idea of the Spanish hero and his poem-history seems to be far from clear.

If we suppose that in the year 1207 (five years only before the battle of Navas de Tolosa), in the month of May, at a little town of Castile, a certain abbot, by name Pedro, wrote or copied a manuscript which was in truth a strong, rough song, wherein the especial deeds and death of this national hero were told, we have (relieved of scholarly argument and doubt) something of an account of the document which has brought down to us perhaps the most vivid picture in Europe of a mediæval warrior.

From that day of 1207 until a more certain one of 1779, or from the moment in which the good Pedro laid down his pen, as he tells us, in the month of May—and he could have chosen no better moment in all the Spanish year to push his writing aside and take a holiday—until a certain scholar, Don Tomas Antonio Sanchez, did the same, are 572 years, and during that time the world knew very little about the small manuscript which had been waiting to be rediscovered at Bivar.

Having read in the History by Prudencio de Sandoval of certain *versos barbaros y notables*, which were at Bivar, and finding in Berganza another account with sixteen of the verses themselves reproduced, the learned Sanchez declares that his interest was awakened, and through the assistance of Don Eugenio de Llaguno y Amirola he was enabled to get possession of the document long enough to read and copy it. The result of this reading and copying was given to the world in the first printed edition of the poem.

Probably Sanchez himself no more than half guessed when he first turned the pages of the little parchment volume of 74 leaves, how important a find he had made for the literature of his land. But his was the joy of the first discoverer, or, better, explorer; for those who preceded him gave but mere hints of the existence of an ancient manuscript. It was left for him to find that here was an account which so closely paralleled history that it would actually be a point in dispute whether it were not the very source of that history itself; for him to regret, as others have regretted, that the first leaf or leaves were missing, that another leaf

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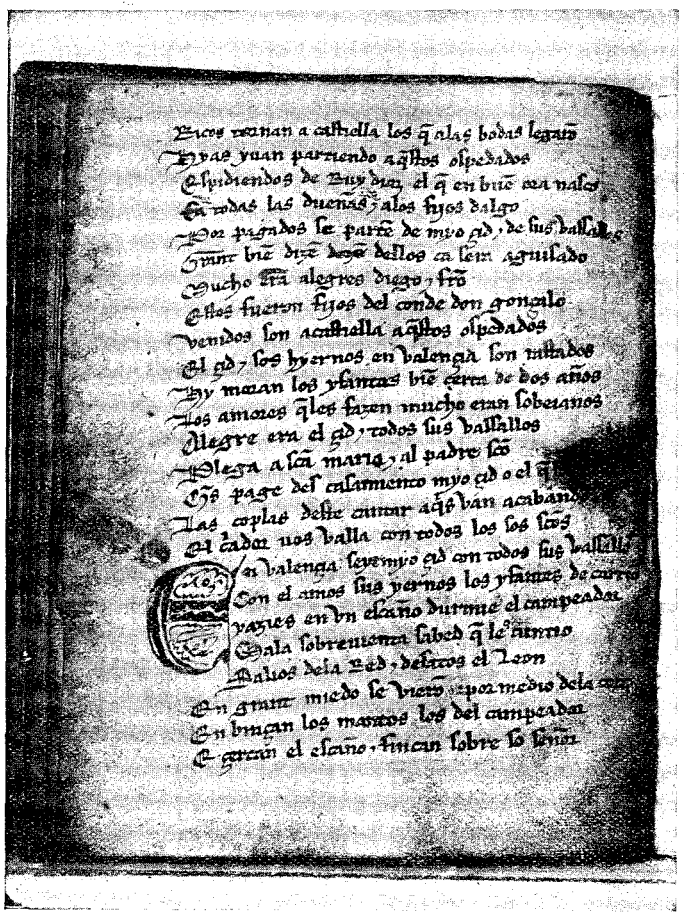
had been ruthlessly clipped away at the heart of the text, taking with it fifty lines of the interesting adventure of the two coward counts of Carrion; for him to finally wonder and worry as to the author, be he Per Abbat, as the last lines say, or some other of whose work Per Abbat was the mere copyist; and, last of all, to decide, if possible, whether there had ever been a capital C the more in the blurred date of the blurred last page making that date read 1345 (era) instead of 1245.

After Sanchez had copied and printed the manuscript (in his *Poetas Castellanos Anteriores al Siglo XV.*), we hear no more of it until after the wars, when it suddenly reappeared in the shop of a bookseller, and was brought to the notice of the government. As the latter at the time, however, could not make the purchase, it was to Don José Pidal, father of the present Don Alejandro, that Spain owes the preservation of her greatest literary treasure.



A PAGE OF THE MANUSCRIPT.

He, to prevent its going to England, purchased it, and after a careful study published some general notes upon it in his *Estudios Literarios*, under the title of *Poema, Cronica y Romancero del Cid.* Upon the death of Don José the manuscript passed by inheritance to his son, who in turn began a long series of critical examinations of it from various standpoints, resulting in a huge mass of papers which it is to be hoped will one day see the light, though to a man so busy over political questions this requires more time than is likely to be often at his disposal.

During the period when the manuscript has been in the hands of the Pidals it has been reproduced by various persons. In 1858 M. Damas Hinard printed his famous annotated, critical, and sympathetic translation, which would have been hardly superseded were it not for the unfortunate condition of the text (Sanchez) upon which he relied.

"Damas Hinard never saw the original," said Señor Pidal, and he read me a letter from him wherein he earnestly requested to be allowed to study it even for *eight days only.* This was refused, as it would have necessitated the sending of the volume out of Spain. It was no doubt a serious disappointment for the enthusiastic Frenchman, as he was forced to leave much in his text to speculation, not a little of which was to be afterward corrected by others.

It may be mentioned as interesting to Americans that though the manuscript

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has not been allowed to cross the Pyrenees, it has made the longer journey to Boston, and was there for some time in the possession of George Ticknor. I do not know whether the latter anywhere mentions this fact, but Señor Pidal assures me of its truth.

In 1842 Ochoa reprinted Sanchez in Paris, and Florencio Janer corrected, and together with Don Pedro José Pidal, again *reprinted* the first edition at Madrid, preserving faithfully, as is stated in the notes, the orthography of the poem, which was before him. This Janer did in a measure, but not completely, and in 1879 Karl Vollmöller printed at Halle his *Poema del Cid*, "nach der einzigen madrider handscrift mit Einleitung, Anmerkungen und Glossar neu herausgegeben," of which, however, the text *only* was published. Frere, Ormsby, and Southey have made translations pretending to no great faithfulness, though serving the purpose of presenting the story at least.

The manuscript contains 74 leaves, forming in all 3734 lines, counting the two restored at the end by Janer. Sanchez had either failed to notice these at all, or passed them over as an erasure. Each page contains about 25 lines, more or less, and measures about 16 by 20 centimetres. The writing is fairly regular, unlined, and, at places, especially on the last page, much blurred and stained. The number of lines or leaves wanting at the beginning it is impossible to tell exactly. The one missing in the body of the text is the forty-eighth, and would correspond to the forty-third, of which it formed one half. The present binding is thought to be of the sixteenth century, and Señor Pidal called my attention to what he believed to be traces of gilding in the depressions of the stamping on the sides, which are boards covered with black *cordoban*. At the edges are still seen the remains of clasps secured by leather.

A. M. Huntington.

VEILED VISION.

The air is heavy with its liquid tears,
And Nature, blurred in all her outlines, weeps;
The humid mist insidiously creeps
Till circumscribed and small my world appears.

So, oft our love is big with grief, and wears
A shrouding garment, and the unseen deeps
Our vision hem; the heart its sorrow reaps,
Its love crushed down, gone every thought that cheers.

O boundless universe beyond our ken!
O love undying barred within the heart.
What may appease its cravings, ease its smart,
Or break the barriers which this earth-love pen?
Repressed or parted here our love may be,
Yet will it upward soar continually.

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THE RELIGION OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

It was the fortune of Robert Louis Stevenson, dying untimely as he did, to be treated as a classic before his death, and there is something in the circumstance singular and extraordinary. It is a fate which has happened to few, to scarcely any one indeed whose period of earthly toil has been so brief. It is quite possible that more distant generations may not endorse our spirit of laudation, and may accuse us of lack of perspective and hastiness of judgment. But I am not one of those who entertain such forebodings. Stevenson is for me the most vivid, brilliant, and suggestive figure in our later literature, and his writings possess an element of charm which I find in no others. Pre-eminently he is a great master of style. It would be hard indeed if he were not, considering the immense pains which he took to write perfectly. He is entirely frank in confessing that he does not wield an easy pen. He never thinks of the immense fecundity and power of Walter Scott without despair. He says frankly, "I cannot compete with that." In a darker mood he cries, "What makes me sick is to think of Scott turning out *Guy Mannering* in three weeks! What a pull of work! heavens, what thews and sinews! And here am I, my head spinning from having only rewritten seven not very difficult pages—and not very good when done." But he has certainly written as Scott never did, with a precision and subtlety of style which at its best is nearly inimitable. The swing and ease of Scott he has not; but he has contrived so to interpret himself in all his work that there is scarcely a page which does not throw over us the spell of something intimate and spiritual—a nameless aroma of genius which all sympathetic to him must feel, though few can describe.

Perhaps it is because this curious essence of personality which pervades his work is so elusive that few critics have discovered the right word to say of it, and have found it easier to fall back upon a general analysis of Stevenson's qualities as story-writer. That these qualities are of supreme excellence no one will deny. He himself justly felt that his power as a novelist lay in the direction of the grim and terrible. Give him a scene of savage passion and bloodshed, and no one can handle it so convincingly. Invalid as he was all his life, no man had more of the spirit of the adventurer. His was the spirit which loved adventure for its own sake. In one of his last letters to Mr. Colvin he rejoices that there is no more Land of Counterpane for him, and suggests what a fine ending it would be if, after all, he could contrive for himself a violent death. It was probably by a sort of reaction from the actual conditions of his life that he became a writer of adventure stories. He wrote them superbly. Some of his scenes, some of his phrases even, live enduringly in the memory. Almost all the scenes in *Treasure Island*; the fight upon the deck in *The Wrecker*; the dreadful picture of the abominable Huish in *The Ebb-Tide* going to his doom, with the packet of dynamite concealed in his simious hand; the murder of Case in *The Beach of Falesá*, the body of the man giving "like a spring-sofa" under the knees of his assailant; the immortal duel of the two brothers on the snowy lawn, the candles burning clear beside them in the windless air, in *The Master of Ballantrae*—these and many more scenes might be quoted as examples of Stevenson's extraordinary power in dealing with the grim and terrible. In the Celtic imagination the weird is always a potent force, and Stevenson was pure Celt. But he who does not see much more than this in Stevenson sees little. Any good writer could describe a duel or a murder with some degree of power and accuracy; but there are few writers who can make us feel that Death and Eternity surround the scene. Stevenson does this. He has a powerful and persistent sense of the spiritual forces which move behind the painted shows of life. He writes not only as a realist, but as a prophet. His meanest stage is set with Eternity as a background.

Take, for example, the astonishing subtlety and truth of the scene in which he pictures Herrick as attempting suicide by drowning, in *The Ebb-Tide*. The moment the wretched man takes the water, he begins to swim by a sort

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of instinct. He is about to "lie down with all races and generations of men in the house of sleep;" there will be plenty of time to stop swimming presently. But could he stop swimming? He knew at once that he could not.

"He was aware instantly of an opposition in his members, unanimous and invincible, clinging to life with a single and fixed resolve, finger by finger, sinew by sinew; something that was at once he and not he—at once within and without him; the shutting of some miniature valve within his brain, which a single manly thought should suffice to open—and the grasp of an external fate ineluctable as gravity. . . . There were men who could commit suicide; there were men who could not: and he was one who could not."

There is not a hint here of the sort of imagination which a commonplace novelist would indulge in—the marching before the mind of the drowning man of his past life, and so forth; but there is something infinitely more terrible. Stevenson admits us into the very soul of the miserable man. He makes us partners in his extreme self-contempt, the utter self-loathing which makes him feel "he could have spat upon himself." He gives us a momentary glimpse of far-off powers that watch the spectacle: a city "along whose distant terraces there walked men and women of awful and benignant features, who viewed him with distant commiseration." This is one of the greatest pieces of imaginative writing in our literature, but it is much more than this. It is the work of a man profoundly impressed by spiritual realities, and only such a man could have produced it.

It would be easy to arrange in opposing categories the novelists who have a religious sense, and those who are destitute of it. The first usually spoil their art by making it the abject vehicle of something that they want to teach: the second usually fail of the most difficult success, because when they come to the greatest episodes of life they lack the spirituality which can alone interpret them aright. Stevenson belongs to neither of these classes. He does not profess that he has anything to teach, and has no temptation to the didactic. He aims at one thing only, to tell his story in what seems to him the completest and most perfect manner. His ethical views are to be found in his essays, and of these we are not speaking now. But nevertheless Stevenson is a moralist or nothing. The Scot can rarely escape the pressure of those profound and serious thoughts which constitute religion; and Stevenson carried religion in his very bones and marrow. That which gives his great scenes their most impressive element is not merely their force of imagination or of truth; it is this subtle element of religion which colours them. The awful, the distant, the eternal, mix themselves in all his thoughts. The difference between a great scene of Scott and a great scene of Stevenson is that the first impresses us, but the second awes us. Words, phrases, sudden flashes of insight, linger in the mind and solemnise it. We feel that there is something we have not quite fathomed in the passage, and we return to it again to find it still unfathomable. Light of heart and brilliant as he can be, yet not Carlyle himself moved more indubitably in the presence of the immensities and eternities. Wonder and astonishment sit throned among his thoughts, the wonder of the awe-struck child at divine mysteries, the enduring astonishment of the man who moves about in worlds not recognised. It is this intense religious sense of Stevenson which sets him in a place apart among his contemporaries; it is, to use his own phrase, a force that grasps him "ineluctable as gravity."

Sometimes, though but rarely, he permits himself a wider latitude. Thus he puts into the lips of Attwater thoughts which no doubt had moved his own heart deeply. Attwater is very far from being a perfectly conceived or rendered character; indeed, he must stand among Stevenson's failures. But he is useful in showing us the mysticism of his creator's mind. He is a man who walks awestruck through the labyrinth of life. He hears across the desolate lagoon eternity ringing like a bell. He ponders life and death with insistence, with passion and absorption. He preaches to the wretched fugitives who are his guests; he uses the very words which might express Stevenson's own sense of the unseen—"We sit on this verandah on a lighted stage with all heaven for spectators. And you call that solitude." To Herrick, who has implied his total disbelief in God, he replies that it is by the grace of God we live at all:

"The grace of your Maker and Redeemer, He who died for you, He who upholds you, He whom

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you daily crucify afresh. . . . Nothing but God's Grace! We walk upon it; we breathe it; we live and die by it; it makes the nails and axles of the universe: and a puppy in pyjamas prefers self-conceit!"

A trifle grandiloquent, perhaps; but then Attwater is meant to be a grandiloquent personage, a half-barbarous and half-evangelical South Sea Hercules. Yet surely these words of his are a deep cry out of Stevenson's own heart. A man whose daily breath was a sort of miracle, and who felt that every hour he lived he was cheating the grave of its proper prey, might well feel that he lived literally by the grace of God.

Nowhere does the spiritual genius of Stevenson express itself with such force and fulness as in his *Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*. And incidentally it may be remarked that nothing which he has written has laid hold so strongly on the public mind. When one comes to think of it, there are very few, even of the greatest writers, who have created figures so vital and so real that they have become familiar and alive to the great world of readers. Dickens has done it: hardly any one else of our time. There is certainly no firm in England so well known as Spenlow & Jorkins, and no public personage half so familiar to us as Micawber, perpetually waiting for something to turn up. The politician or the speaker has but to use these names, and instantly his parable is perceived: on the mimic stage of memory and imagination there struts forth a figure, better known to us than the clerk in our office, or the friend who talks with us at dinner. And thus to seize upon certain living traits of character and certain catchwords of speech, and so mould the whole that the result is a personage so thoroughly alive and so delightfully human that we can sum up whole stages of observation and experience by the mention of his imaginary name, is the crowning skill of great creative art. No novelist can expect a higher triumph than this; but this triumph has certainly been Stevenson's. "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" has already become a password: men utter the phrase and declare a parable. It has become, in fact, a synonym for the dual nature of man, and the deadly war of opposites which is always going on in human character.

But there is this difference—and it is a typical one—between the creatures of Dickens's stage and those of Stevenson's: Micawber and his fellows spring out of humorous fancy, Hyde and Jekyll from the womb of a sombre and terrible imagination. Here, again, we come upon that profound seriousness of soul that underlies all Stevenson's best work; the questioning and philosophic mind groping at the intricate coil of things; the intense imagination of the Celt, fascinated by the grim and subtle mysteries of human nature. The seed-thought of this appalling fable of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* is familiar enough: it is the ancient Pauline description of a war in our members, so that the thing we would, that we do not; and the thing we would not, that we do. The summary of the whole—it might well form the inscription for the title-page—is that great cry wrung out of the very agonised heart of this internecine conflict, "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" We have heard the words many times on the lips of preachers and theologians, but one would certainly have doubted if they were capable of being vitalised by the art of the novelist. But in the mind of Stevenson there existed just that combination of faculties to which they most powerfully appealed. He has told us that the fable was a form of literary art which always fascinated him, and in the truest sense *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* is a fable. But what a fable! There is the weirdness of Poe, his eloquence too, and his power of piling up detail, but a power of analysis and a psychologic subtlety which he never reached. It may be doubted if any novelist has ever cut so deep into morbid psychology as Stevenson in this short story of one hundred and fifty pages. What an awful picture is this of a man torn between his good and evil natures; in his right mind given to religious and serious thoughts, in the guise of Mr. Hyde greedy of abominable vices; repenting and sinning in turn; conscious all the time that the ape-like thing within him grows stronger for each fresh indulgence and liberation, and yet incapable of restraining him; to the last desirous of good, but impotent of achieving it. Fantastic, all but grotesque as the story is, yet

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it has all the firm outline of reality. Reading it, we readily permit ourselves to be convinced that such a thing could be. The horror grows with every stage: it becomes palpable, tremendous. The ape-like thing called Hyde, the incarnated evil of the soul of Jekyll, pursues our very dreams. And with what solemn and lamenting eloquence does the allegory close:

"This was the shocking thing; that the slime of the pit seemed to utter cries and voices; that the amorphous dust gesticulated and sinned; that what was dead, and had no shape, should usurp the offices of life. And this again: that that insurgent horror was knit to him closer than a wife, closer than an eye; lay caged in his flesh, where he heard it mutter, and felt it struggle to be born; and at every hour of weakness, and in the confidence of slumber, prevailed against him, and deposed him out of life."

A piece of writing like this is a unique achievement in the art of letters. It is really comparable with nothing else; it stands alone. And it is conclusive evidence of that subtlety and force of spiritual genius which gives Stevenson a place apart, and high above all contemporaries, as an interpreter of the deepest things of the human soul.

A sort of foreshadowing of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* may be found in another and earlier story of Stevenson's, called *Markheim*. As a story this is briefer and less elaborated, but it is scarcely less powerful and tragic. In this instance it is the soul of a man who appears to him immediately after he has done a cruel murder, and calmly analyses all the slow moral disintegration which has led up to this crowning infamy, and finally extorts from the man a confession of the truth of the analysis.

"'You have grown in many things more lax,' says the accusing spirit: 'possibly you do right to be so; and at any account it is the same with all men. But granting that, are you in any one particular, however trifling, more difficult to please with your own conduct, or do you go in all things with a looser rein?'

"'In any one?' repeated Markheim, with an anguish of consideration. 'No,' he added with despair, 'in none! I have gone down in all!'"

But here again, powerful as the story is, and told with an incomparable realism and suggestiveness, it is not the story which holds us spellbound so much as the moral drama which it displays. It probes deep into the intricacies of human motive, and the mystery of human sin. No one who has read pages such as these in Stevenson with the least degree of right appreciation can ever mistake him for the idle story-teller of an idle hour. Most readers will be far more inclined to say that nowhere in our literature is there to be found a writer who displays such mastery over the secrets of the soul, or speaks with a voice more undoubtedly prophetic.

It is an astonishing thing that a writer who has deliberately set himself to write pure adventure stories should possess such a gift of spiritual subtlety, and it begets in us a doubt whether, after all, Stevenson was rightly aware of the nature of his own genius. But this at least must be admitted, that he has contrived to lift the adventure story to a quite new elevation by the powers which he has brought to bear upon it. That which gives his books their enduring hold upon the mind is precisely this spiritual subtlety which informs them. We read them once, we read them twice; we read them again after the lapse of years during which many things have happened in the development of our own minds, and we still find them fascinating. Nor is it altogether the clearness and the beauty of the style that compels attention: still less is it the narrative. It is rather a compulsion which arises from the spirit of the man; something in the turning of a phase, in the felicity of an epithet, in the imaginative force of a sentence that has the effect of being flashed upon the brain, which opens up profound depths of thought, and calls the mind to solemn speculations. Stevenson was too modest a man to pose as a thinker; yet a thinker he was, and of great originality and insight. And in the truest sense of the word he was an entirely pious man. He knew what it meant, as he has put it, to go up "the great bare staircase of his duty, uncheered and undepressed." In the trials of a life unusually difficult, and pierced by the spear's points of the sharpest limitations, he preserved a splendid and unbroken fortitude. No man ever met life with a higher courage; it is safe to say that a man less courageous would not have lived nearly so long. There are few things more wonderful and admirable than the persistence of his energy; ill and compelled to silence, he still dictates his story in the dumb alphabet, and at his lowest

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ebb of health makes no complaint. And through all there runs a piety as invincible as his fortitude ; a certain gaiety of soul that never deserts him ; a faith in the ultimate rightness of destiny which holds him serene amid a sea of troubles. Neither his work nor his life have yet been justly apprehended, nor has the time yet come when a thoroughly accurate and balanced judgment is possible. But it will be a painful surprise to me if coming generations do not recognise his work as one of the chief treasures of our literature, and the man himself as one of the most original, rare, and entirely lovable men of genius of this or of any time.

W. J. Dawson.

NEGLECTED BOOKS.

III.—"Drolls from Shadowland," and "Tales of the Masque."

Mr. J. H. Pearce is, I believe, a novelist. He has published two or three Cornish novels, one of which has received Mr. Gladstone's *imprimatur*. I do not know his work as a novelist, though I can well believe that something of the vague, shadowy, elusive poetry which is the very breath of his short stories might escape from a long book. I ought perhaps to apologise to Mr. Pearce for calling the two books named above neglected. They must have reached the ears of the small audience which is ever alert for new voices in literature. A good many of his critics at the time of their publication were enthusiastic. But the outer public the books scarcely reached at all ; and my complaint is that, instead of taking their place in the body of literature which is always in demand, they have seemed to disappear with their season, as a drop of rain in the sea, so quickly and silently. It might be easy to explain this by saying that the public adores, with a comprehensive passion, the trite and the commonplace ; but it would not be an explanation. The great body of circulating-library readers who make a worthless book go for a season or two have no power to grant fixity of tenure. There is a stronger public opinion on literature which in the end, after blunders and injustices, is always right. Nothing that is really of literature is lost and forgotten ; it is acknowledged and honoured at last ; and this is the thought which comforts one when one is wroth at seeing fine work pushed down and trampled out of sight by the vulgar and the obvious.

Drolls from Shadowland appeared in 1893, *Tales of the Masque* the following year. Their effect on my own mind was so deep and abiding that at any time since, without consulting the books, I could tell the story of "The Little Crow of Paradise," or "Joanna," or "The Calling of the Sea," or yet earlier, "The Man Who Talked with the Birds," or "The Man Who Met Hate," or "The Unchristened Child," or "A Pleasant Entertainment," or "The Man Who Wished to be a Tree." The quality of imagination in Mr. Pearce's work is extraordinarily fine and subtle. There is no imagination in young poetry at present which can stand beside his in prose excepting that of his brother Celt, Mr. W. B. Yeats. Between the genius of these two there is a certain kinship, but Mr. Pearce sees life whole as Mr. Yeats does not. To make his glamour, Mr. Yeats uses gold, and grey, and purple, mists of fairyland and splendour of legend ; to make his, Mr. Pearce takes more homely material. He is something of the sage and philosopher, and, elusive as he is, he is a student of life and his fellow-men. His is a genius at once aerial and intimate.

There is a depth of human feeling in "The Unchristened Child." The Cornish fisherman had refused baptism to his child, and it is the superstition that an unchristened child, whether he die on the land or the water, becomes a creature of that element. The little lad, when out fishing in a punt with a playfellow, falls overboard and is drowned.

> "His companion, leaning over, could see him sinking down slowly into the crystalline depths, with his hands stretched up and the hair on his head tapering to a point like the flame of a candle."

A few days afterward the father is out fishing when he sees a little seal emerge

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from a cave and come swimming toward him.

"'Why dedn'ee ha' me christened, faather?' asked the little seal piteously.

"'My God, are'ee Silas?' said John, trembling violently.

"'Iss, I'm Silas,' said the little seal.

"John stared aghast at the smooth brown head and the innocent eyes that watched him so pathetically.

"'Why, I thought thee wert drownded, Silas!' he ejaculated.

"'I caant go to rest 'tell I'm christened,' said the seal.

"'How can us do it, now?' asked the father anxiously.

"'Ef anywan who's christened wed change sauls weth me,' said the seal, 'then I wed go to rest right away.'

"'Thee shall ha' *my* saul, Silas,' said the father tenderly.

"'Will'ee put thy mouth to mine an' braythe it into me, faather?'

"'Iss, my dear, that I will,' said the father. 'Rest thee shust have ef I can give it to'ee, Silas. Put thy hands or paws around me neck, will'ee, soas?'

"And John leaned over the side of the boat till his face touched that of the piteous little seal."

It has the profound simplicity and tenderness of genuine folk-lore. Indeed, of all the Cornishmen in love with Cornwall, Mr. Pearce seems to have come nearest to the secret of the Celtic magic which is in the haunted moorlands, and on the wild cliffs over the sea, and in the hearts of the primitive people. "The Little Crow of Paradise" might have come from the times when faith was so ardent that imagination centred about the things of faith, embroidering them with lovely accessories. The robin, says Mr. Pearce, because of its kindness when Christ hung on the cross, is permitted once a year to visit Hell, bearing a drop of water in its beak for some poor sinner it had loved while on earth. But the crow is the bird of the devil, because he mocked Christ on the cross, and he has a cinder for a heart; yet one little crow for ever sits on the wall of Paradise. His friend was dead and in hell, "in the awful Pit of the Great Thirst, with the lidless eyes of Satan fixed unsleepingly upon him," and the crow had in vain implored the robin to bear him a drop of water. The robin is the only bird that can go scatheless near the fires, but the crow, moved by pity and love, took the drop of water in his beak and flew down to Hell.

"In the Black Pit of Thirst his friend moaned helplessly; his throat and lips parched into horrible blackness, and the sharp brine running through his veins instead of blood. 'Water! give me water!' he gasped to the crow. The crow sank down, and alighting on his shoulder, poured the cherished drop of water between the black, parched lips. 'A hundred years of agony have rolled away from me!' gasped the man. 'Now, caw once, that I may remember the woodlands. . . .' '*Caw*,' cried the little black crow, '*Caw! Caw!*' But at that moment the Ancient One, who is of stone and without a heart, thrust his huge claws forward and the crow was in his palm. Then God who seeth all things was moved to compassion, and as His thought became a deed, Satan's huge claws opened, and up flew the little crow straight to Paradise; alighting, singed and panting, on the vast, gold walls. Except the dove, no bird has ever entered heaven. The crow might not be admitted to the shining streets of pearl, but within the sight of heaven he should dwell for ever, said the Merciful One. And on the great gold walls against which the Water of Life ripples musically, the Little Crow of Paradise still builds his nest."

This is the very spirit of fantasy, but Mr. Pearce is not always so remote. Most of his allegories are indeed fraught with deep human meaning. Tragedy and pity, and cynicism and scorn, the "saeva indignatio," and wit and tenderness are in each tiny masterpiece. Elusive as they are, they are artistically satisfying, and one would no more wish anything away or anything altered than one would with *Tanglewood Tales* or *Mosses from an old Manse*.

Katharine Tynan Hinkson.

TO THE ROSE-TREE FROM OMAR'S GRAVE, PLANTED AT FITZGERALD'S.

Alike from alien lips one music flows
To flush the Orient Rose,
Far-sundered spirits finding each in her
His dream's interpreter.

John B. Tabb.

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KATE CARNEGIE.*

By Ian Maclaren.

CHAPTER XVII.

SMOULDERING FIRES.

IT is the right of every Scot—secured to him by the Treaty of Union and confirmed by the Disruption—to criticise his minister with much freedom, but this privilege is exercised with a delicate charity. When it is not possible for a conscientious hearer to approve a sermon, he is not compelled to condemnation. "There wes naething wrang wi' the text," affords an excellent way of escape, and it is open to suggest efficiency in another department than the pulpit. "Mister MacWheep michtna be a special preacher, but there's nae doot he wes a graund veesitor." Before Carmichael left the West Kirk, Edinburgh, where he served his apprenticeship as an assistant, a worthy elder called to bid him good-bye, and spoke faithfully, to the lad's great delight.

"You have been very acceptable, wonderfully so for a young man, and we shall follow your career with much interest. It is right, however, to add, and you will accept this in a right spirit, that it was not by preaching that you commended yourself to our people, but by your visiting. Your sermons are what I might call . . . hazy—you will get a hold of the truth by-and-by, no doubt—but you have a gift for visitation."

The exact quality and popularity of this gift was excellently stated by the wife of a working man, who referred with enthusiasm to the edifying character of the assistant's conversation.

"Tammas misses Maister Carmichael juist terrible, for he wud come in on a forenicht an' sit, an' smoke, an' haver wi' the gude man by the 'oor. He wes the maist divertin' minister a' ever saw in the West Kirk."

It will be evident that Carmichael's visitation belonged to a different department of art from that of Dr. Davidson. He arrived without intimation by the nearest way that he could invent, clothed in a shooting jacket and a soft hat, and accompanied by at least two dogs. His coming created an instant stir, and Carmichael plunged at once into the life of the household. It is kept on fond record, and still told by the surviving remnant of his flock, that on various occasions and in the course of pastoral visitation he had turned the hay in summer, had forked the sheaves in harvest-time, and sacked the corn for market, and had driven a gude wife's churn. After which honourable toil he would eat and drink anything put before him—except boiled tea, against which he once preached with power—and then would sit indefinitely with the family before the kitchen fire, telling tales of ancient history, recalling the old struggles of Scottish men, describing foreign sights, enlarging on new books, till he would remember that he had only dropped in for an hour, and that two meals must be waiting for him at the manse. His visits were understood to be quite unfinished, and he left every house pledged to return and take up things at the point where he had been obliged to break off, and so he came at last in this matter of visitation into a condition of hopeless insolvency. His adventures were innumerable and always enjoyable—falling off the two fir-trees that made a bridge over our deeper burns, and being dried at the next farmhouse—wandering over the moor all night and turning up at a gamekeeper's at daybreak, covered with peat and ravening with hunger—fighting his way through a snowstorm to a marriage, and digging the bridegroom out of a drift—dodging a herd of Highland cattle that thought he had come

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WOULD GOSSIP WITH HIM BY THE HOUR.

too near their calves, or driving off Drumsheugh's polled Angus bull with contumely when he was threatening Mrs. Macfadyen. If he met the bairns coming from school, the Glen rang with the foolery. When Willie Harley broke his leg, Carmichael brought his dog Jackie —I could tell things of that dog—and devised dramatic entertainments of such attraction that Jamie Soutar declared them no better than the theatre, and threatened Carmichael with a skep of honey as a mark of his indignation. As for the old women of the Glen, he so got round them that they would gossip with him by the hour over past days, and Betty Macfarlane was so carried by the minister's sympathy that she brought out from hidden places some finery of her youth, and Carmichael was found by Miss Carnegie arranging a faded Paisley shawl on Betty's shoulders. And was it not this same gay Free Kirkman who trained an eleven to such perfection on a field of Drumsheugh's that they beat the second eleven of Muirtown gloriously? on which occasion Tammas Mitchell, by the keenness of his eye and the strength of his arm, made forty-four runs; and being congratulated by Drumtochty as he carried his bat, opened his mouth for the first time that day, saying, "Awa wi' ye."

So it came to pass that notwithstanding his unholy tendency to Biblical criticism and other theological pedantry, Drumtochty loved Carmichael because he was a man; and Dr. Davidson, lighting upon him in Hillocks' garden, with the family round him full of joy, would threaten him with a prosecution for ecclesiastical poaching under the Game Laws, and end by insisting upon him coming to dinner at the manse, when he might explain his conduct. Drumtochty loved him for his very imperfections, and follows his career unto this day with undying interest, recalling his various escapades with huge delight, and declaring to strangers that even in his callow days they had discovered that Carmichael was a preacher.

Carmichael had occasional fits of order, when he repented of his desultory ways, and began afresh with much diligence, writing out the names of the congregation with full details—he once got as far as Menzies before he lost the book—mapping the parish into districts, and planning an elaborate visitation. It may have been an accident that the district he chose for experiment embraced Tochty Lodge—where the Carnegies had just settled—but it was natural that his first effort should be thorough. There were exactly ten Free Kirk families from Tochty Lodge eastward, and some of these still speak with feeling of the attention they received, which exceeded all they had ever known before or since.

"It wesna that he sat sae lang as a've heard o' him daein' in the heich Glen, but it wes the times he cam'," Mrs. Stirton used to expatiate, "maybe twice a week for a month. He hed a wy o' comin' through Tochty Wood — the shade helpit him tae study, he said—an' jumpin' the dyke. Sall, gin he didna mak a roadie for himsel' through the field that year. A' wudna say," she used to add in a casual tone, "but that he micht hae gi'en a cry at the Lodge, but he cudna dae less, passin' the door."

Carmichael was astonished himself at the number of times he was obliged to see General Carnegie on business, of

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one kind or another. Sometimes it was about the Flower Show, of which the General had become a patron; sometimes it was the Highland Games, when the General's help would be of so much use; sometimes it was the idea of repairing the old bridge; sometimes—and Carmichael blushed when it came to this—to get the General's opinion on a military question in the Bible. The least he could do in laying such a tax on a good-natured man was to bring a book for his daughter's reading, or a curious flower he had picked up on the hill, or a story he had heard in his visiting. Miss Carnegie was generally gracious, and would see him on his way if the day were fine, or show him some improvements in the "Pleasaunce," or accompany him to Janet's cottage to have a taste of that original woman's conversation together. It came upon Carmichael at a time that he was, inadvertently, calling too frequently at the Lodge, and for a week he would keep to the main road, or even pass the corner of the Lodge with an abstracted air—for he loathed the thought of being deflected from the path of duty by any personal attraction—and used to change the subject of conversation after Janet had spoken for half an hour on Kate.

People were speculating in a guarded manner regarding the possibility of news, and Janet had quarrelled furiously with Donald for laughing such unworthy rumours to scorn, when the parish was almost convulsed by the historic scene in the Free Kirk, and all hope of a romantic alliance was blasted. Archie Moncur, elder, and James Macfadyen, deacon, were counting the collection in the vestibule, and the congregation within were just singing the last verse of their first psalm, when General Carnegie and his daughter appeared at the door.

"Has service begun?" whispered Kate, while her father reverently bared his head. "I'm so sorry we are late, but you will let us in, won't you, and we shall be as quiet as mice."

"A'll open the door," and Archie explained the geography of the situation, "an' ye 'ill juist slip intae the manse pew; it's in the corner, wi' curtains roond it, an' naebody 'ill see ye, naither minister nor people;" and so Carmichael went through the service, and had almost reached the end of his sermon before he knew that Kate was in the church.

She was very conscious of him and keenly observant of every detail—his white silk hood thrown into relief by the black Geneva gown, his fair, flushed face touched with tenderness and reverence, a new accent of affection in his voice as one speaking to his charge, and especially she noted in this Free Kirkman a certain fervour and high hope, a flavour also of subtle spirituality, that were wanting in Dr. Davidson. His hair might have been better brushed, and his whiskers were distinctly ragged—but those things could be easily put right: then she tossed her head in contempt of herself. It had come to a fine pass when a girl that had carried her heart untouched through Simla should be concerned about the appearance of a Highland minister. The General was well acquainted with that proud motion, and began to regret that they had come. It was Davidson's blame, who had sent them to hear a good sermon for once, as he said, and now Kate would only find material for raillery. He tugged his moustache and wished that they were again in the open air.

When the sermon came, the occupants of the manse pew composed themselves for fifteen minutes' patient endurance, after the well-bred fashion of their Church, each selecting a corner with a skill born of long experience. They were not, however, to rest in peace and detachment of mind till the doxology (or its corresponding formula in the Scottish Kirk) summoned them back, for this was to be a quite memorable sermon for them and their fellow-hearers and all Drumtochty.

Carmichael had been lecturing through Old Testament history, and having come to the drama of Elijah and Jezebel, had laid himself out for its full and picturesque treatment. He was still at that age when right seems to be all on one side, and a particular cause can be traced down the centuries in all lands and under all conditions. For the most part of two days he had wandered over the moor in the bright, cold November weather reconstructing the scene in Israel on Scottish lines, and he entered the pulpit that morning charged with the Epic of Puritanism. Acute critics, like Elspeth Macfadyen, could tell from Carmichael's walk down the church that

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he was in great spirits, and even ordinary people caught a note of triumph in his voice as he gave out the first psalm. For the first few sentences of his sermon he spoke quietly, as one reserving and restraining himself, and gave a historical introduction which allowed the General to revive some ancient memories of India without interruption. But Kate caught the imperial tone of one who had a message to deliver and was already commanding people to listen. She was conscious of a certain anxiety, and began to wish that she were in front and could see his face, instead of only the side of his head. Then Carmichael threw back his hair with the air of one taking off his coat, and plunged the congregation into the midst of the battle, describing Elijah's forgetfulness of self, profound conviction of righteousness, high purpose for his nation and devotion to the cause of Jehovah, till Burnbrae and the Free Kirkmen straightened themselves visibly in their pews, and touching so skilfully on the Tyrian princess in her beauty, her culture, her bigotry, her wiles, her masterfulness, that several women—greatly delighting in the exposure of such a "trimmie"—nodded approval. Kate had never given herself to the study of Old Testament history, and would have had some difficulty in identifying Elijah—there was a mare called Jezebel of vicious temper—but she caught the contagion of enthusiasm. If the supreme success of a sermon be to stimulate the hearer's mind, then Carmichael ought to have closed at this point. His people would have been all the week fighting battles for conscience' sake, and resisting smooth, cunning temptation to the farthest limits of their lives and in unimaginable ways. Kate herself, although a person quite unaffected by preaching, had also naturalised the sermon in her life with much practical and vivid detail. Carmichael was Elijah, the prophet of the common people, with his simple ways and old-fashioned notions and love of hardness, only far more gentle and courteous and amusing than that uncompromising Jew; and she—why, she would be Jezebel just for the moment, who had come from . . . India into the Glen, and could bring Elijah to her feet if she chose, and make him do her will, and then. . . . The girls in the choir before the pulpit noticed the look on Kate's face, and wondered whether the Carnegies would join the Free Kirk.

Carmichael had an instinct that he ought to fling over the remaining four pages of his sermon and close the service with a war Psalm, and he told me when I was staying with him last week that he sacrifices the last head of his sermon almost every Sunday in his city pulpit. But he was only a lad in Drumtochty, and besides was full of a historical parallel, which after a scientific illustration is most irresistible to a young minister. No one had ever seen it before, but of course Elijah was John Knox, and Jezebel was Queen Mary of Scots, and then Carmichael set to work afresh, with something less than conspicuous success. Scottish people are always ready for a eulogium on John Knox in church or on Robert Burns out of church, but the Reformer is rather the object of patriotic respect than personal devotion. Netherton snuffed in quite a leisurely way, and the women examined the bonnet of the manse housekeeper, while Knox stood in the breach for the liberties of Scotland, and when Carmichael began to meddle with Mary, he distinctly lost the sympathies of his audience and entered on dangerous ground. Scots allow themselves, at times, the rare luxury of being illogical, and one of the occasions is their fondness for Queen Mary. An austere Puritan may prove that this young woman was French in her ways, an enemy to the Evangel, a born and practised flirt, and art and part in the murder of Darnley. A Scot will not deny the evidence, and if he be thrust into the box he may bring the prisoner guilty, but his heart is with the condemned, and he has a grudge against the prosecutor. For he never forgets that Mary was of the royal blood and a thorough Stuart, that her face turned men's heads in every country she touched, that she had the courage of a man in her, that she was shamefully used, and if she did throw over that ill-conditioned lad, well . . . "Puir lassie, she hed naebody tae guide her, but sall, she focht her battle weel," and out of this judgment none can drive an honest Scot.

"Yon wes a graund discoorse the day, gude wife," Jeems hazarded to Elspeth on the way home, "but a' thocht the minister wes a wee hard on Queen Mary; there's nae doot she wes a papist,

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an' micht hae gien Knox a bit twist wi' the screws gin she cud hae gruppit him, but a' dinna like her misca'd.'

"A've heard him wi' ma ain ears crackin' her up by the 'oor, an' a' canna mak oot what set him against her the day; but he's young," remarked Elspeth, sagely, "an' wi' his age it's either saint or deevil, an' ae day the one an' the next day the ither; there's nae medium. Noo maist fouk are juist half an' between, an' Mary hed her faults."

"Ma word, Jeems," continued Elspeth with much relish, "Mary wud sune settled the minister gin she hed been in the kirk the day."

"Aye, aye," inquired Jeems, "noo what wud the hizzie hae dune?"

"She wud juist hae sent for him an' lookit wi' her een, an' askit him what ill he hed at her, an' gin that wesna eneuch she wud hae pit her handkerchief tae her face."

"Of coorse he cudna hae stude that; a' micht hae gien in masel'," admitted Jeems, "but Knox wes stiff."

"Maister Carmichael is no a Knox, naither are ye, Jeems, an' it's a mercy for me ye arena. Mary wud hae twistit Maister Carmichael roond her finger, but a'm judgin' he 'ill catch it as it is afore mony days, or ma name's no Elspeth Macfadyen. Did ye see Miss Carnegie rise an' gae oot afore he feenished?"

"Div ye mean that, Elspeth?" and her husband was amazed at such penetration. "Noo a' thocht it hed been the heat; a' never held wi' that stove; it draws up the air. Hoo did ye jalouse yon?"

"She wes fidgettin' in her seat when he yokit on Mary, an' the meenut he named her 'our Scottish Jezebel' the Miss rose an' opened the seat door that calm, a' knew she wes in a tantrum, and she gied him a look afore she closed the kirk door that wud hae brocht ony man tae his senses.

"Jeems," went on Elspeth with solemnity, "a' coont this a doonricht calamity, for a' wes houpin' he wud hae pleased them the day, an' noo a'm sair afraid that the minister hes crackit his credit wi' the Lodge."

"Div ye think, Elspeth, he saw her gang oot an' suspeckit the cause?"

"It's maist michty tae hear ye ask sic a question, Jeems. What gared him mak' a hash o' the baptism prayer, and return thanks that there wes a leevin' father, instead o' mither, and gie oot the 103rd Paraphrase? Tak' ma word for't, he's wishin' by this time that he'd lat puir Mary alane."

It was just above Hillocks' farm that the General overtook Kate, who was still blazing.

"Did you ever hear such vulgar abuse and . . . abominable language from a pulpit? He's simply a raging fanatic, and not one bit better than his Knox. And I . . . we thought him quite different . . . and a gentleman. I'll never speak to him again. Scottish Jezebel: I suppose he would call me Jezebel if it occurred to him."

"Very likely he would," replied the General, dryly, "and I must say his talk about Queen Mary seemed rather bad taste. But that's not the question, Kate, which is your conduct in leaving a place of worship in such an . . . unladylike fashion."

"What?" for this was new talk from her father.

"As no Carnegie ought to have done. You have forgotten yourself and your house, and there is just one thing for you to do, and the sooner the better."

"Father, I'll never look at him again . . . and after that evening at Dr. Davidson's, and our talking . . . about Queen Mary, and . . . lots of things."

"Whether you meet Mr. Carmichael again or not is your own affair, but this touches us both, and you . . . must write a letter of apology."

"And if I don't?" said Kate, defiantly.

"Then I shall write one myself for you. A Carnegie must not insult any man, be he one faith or the other, and offer him no amends."

So Donald handed in this letter at the Free Kirk Manse that evening, and left without an answer.

TOCHTY LODGE.

SIR:—Your violent and insolent attack on a martyred Queen caused me to lose self-control in your church to-day, and I was unable to sit longer under such language.

It has been pointed out to me that I ought not to have left church as I did, and I hereby express regret.

The books you were so good as to lend me I have sent back by the messenger.—Yours truly,

CATHERINE CARNEGIE.

When Carmichael called next day, Donald informed him with unconcealed satisfaction that Lord Hay was lunching

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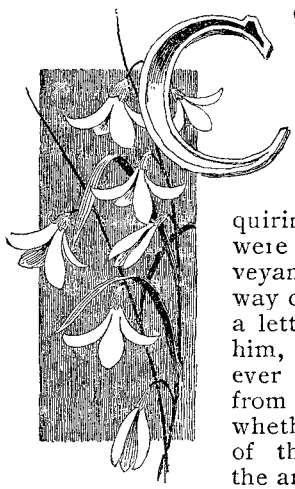
with the family, and that the General and Miss Carnegie were going to Muirtown Castle to-morrow for a visit; but Janet had not lost hope.

"Do not be taking this to heart, my dear, for I will be asking a question. What will be making Miss Kate so very angry? it is not every man she would be minding, though he spoke against Queen Mary all the day. When a woman does not care about a man she will not take the trouble to be angry. That is what I am thinking; and it is not Lord Hay that has the way, oh no, though he be a proper man and good at shooting."

CHAPTER XVIII.

LOVE SICKNESS.



COLLEGE friends settled in petty lowland towns, and meeting Carmichael on sacramental occasions, affected to pity him, inquiring curiously what were his means of conveyance after the railway ceased, what time a letter took to reach him, whether any foot ever crossed his door from October to May, whether the great event of the week was not the arrival of the bread cart. Those were exasperating gibes from men who could not take a walk without coming on a coal pit, nor lift a book in their studies without soiling their hands, whose windows looked on a street and commanded the light of a grocer's shop instead of a sunset. It ill became such miserables to be insolent, and Carmichael taught them humility when he began to sound the praises of Drumtochty; but he could not make townspeople understand the unutterable satisfaction of the country minister, who even from old age and great cities looks back with fond regret to his first parish on the slope of the Grampians. Some kindly host wrestles with him to stay a few days more in civilisation, and pledges him to run up whenever he wearies of his exile, and the ungrateful rustic can hardly conceal the joy of his escape. He shudders on the way to the station at the drip of the dirty sleet and the rags of the shivering poor, and the restless faces of the men and the unceasing roar of the traffic. Where he is going the white snow is falling gently on the road, a cart full of sweet smelling roots is moving on velvet, the driver stops to exchange views with a farmer who has been feeding his sheep, within the humblest cottage the fire is burning clearly. With every mile northward the Glenman's heart lifts; and as he lands on his far-away little station, he draws a deep breath of the clean, wholesome air. It is a long walk through the snow, but there is a kindly, couthy smell from the woods, and at sight of the squares of light in his home, weariness departs from a Drumtochty man. Carmichael used to say that a glimpse of Archie Moncur sitting with his sisters before the fire as he passed, and the wild turmoil of his dogs within the manse as the latch of the garden gate clicked, and the flood of light pouring out from the open door on the garden, where every branch was feathered with snow, and to come into his study, where the fire of pine logs was reflected from the familiar titles of his loved books, gave him a shock of joy such as he has never felt since, even in the days of his prosperity.

"The city folk are generous with their wealth," he was saying to me only last week, when I was visiting him in his West End manse and we fell a-talking of the Glen, "and they have dealt kindly by me; they are also full of ideas, and they make an inspiring audience for a preacher. If any man has a message to deliver from the Eternal, then he had better leave the wilderness and come to the city, and if he has plans for the helping of his fellow-men, let him come where he can get his agents and his labourers.

"No, I do not repent leaving the Glen, for the Divine Hand thrust me forth and has given me work to do, and I am not ungrateful to the friends I have made in the city; but God created me a country man, and"—here Carmichael turned his back to me—"my heart goes back to Drumtochty, and the sight of you fills me with . . . longing.

"Ah, how this desiderium, as the Rabbi would have said, comes over one with the seasons as they come and go.

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In spring they send me the first snowdrops from the Glen, but it is a cruel kindness, for I want to be where they are growing in Clashisgarden. When summer comes people praise the varied flower beds of the costly city parks, but they have not seen Tochty woods in their glory. Each autumn carries me to the harvest field, till in my study I hear the swish of the scythe and feel the fragrance of the dry, ripe grain. And in winter I see the sun shining on the white sides of Glen Urtach, and can hardly keep pen to paper in this dreary room.

"What nonsense this is," pulling himself together; "yes, that is the very chair you sat in, and this is the table we stuck between us with our humble flask of Mosel wine of a winter's night . . . let's go to bed; we 'ill have no more good talk to-night."

When he had left me, I flung open my window in search of air, for it seemed as if the city were choking me. A lamp was flaring across the street, two cabs rattled past with revellers singing a music hall song, a heavy odour from many drains floated in, the multitude of houses oppressed one as with a weight. How sweet and pure it was now at the pool above Tochty mill, where the trout were lying below the stones and the ashen boughs dipping into the water.

THE DRIVER STOPS TO EXCHANGE VIEWS.

Carmichael once, however, lost all love of the Glen, and that was after Kate flung herself out of the Free Kirk and went on a visit to Kilspindie Castle. He was completely disenchanted and saw everything at its poorest. Why did they build the manse so low that an able-bodied man could touch the ceiling of the lower rooms with an effort and the upper rooms easily? What possessed his predecessor to put such an impossible paper on the study and to stuff the room with bookshelves? A row of Puritan divines offended him—a wooden, obsolete theology—but he also pitched a defence of Queen Mary into a cupboard—she had done enough mischief already. The garden looked squalid and mean, without flowers, with black patches peeping through the thin covering of snow, with a row of winter greens opposite the southern window. He had never noticed the Glen so narrow and bare before, nor how grey and unlovely were the houses. Why had not the people better manners and some brightness; they were not always attending funerals and making bargains. What an occupation for an educated man to spend two hours in a cabin of a vestry with a dozen labouring men, considering how two pounds could be added to the Sustentation Fund, or preaching on Sunday to a handful of people who showed no more animation than stone gods except when the men took snuff audibly. Carmichael was playing the spoiled child—not being at all a mature or perfect character, then or now—and was ready to hit out at anybody. His bearing was for the first and only time in his life supercilious, and his sermons were a vicious attack on the doctrines most dear to the best

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TWO TRAMPS HELD CONFERENCE.

of his people. His elders knew not what had come over him, although Elspeth Macfadyen was mysteriously apologetic, and in moments of sanity he despised himself. One day he came to a good resolution suddenly, and went down to see Rabbi Saunderson—the very thought of whose gentle, patient, selfless life was a rebuke and a tonic.

When two tramps held conference on the road, and one indicated to the other visibly that any gentleman in temporary distress would be treated after a Christian fashion at a neighbouring house, Carmichael, who had been walking in a dream since he passed the lodge, knew instantly that he must be near the Free Kirk manse of Kilbogie. The means of communication between the members of the nomadic profession is almost perfect in its frequency and accuracy, and Saunderson's manse was a hedge-side wood. Not only did all the regular travellers by the north road call on their going up in spring and their coming down in autumn, but habitues of the east coast route were attracted and made a circuit to embrace so hospitable a home, and even country vagrants made their way from Dunleith and down through Glen Urtach to pay their respects to the Rabbi. They had careful directions to avoid Barbara—expressed forcibly on five different posts in the vicinity and enforced in picturesque language, of an evening—and they were therefore careful to waylay the Rabbi on the road, or enter his study boldly from the front. The humbler members of the profession contented themselves with explaining that they had once been prosperous tradesmen, and were now walking to Muirtown in search of work—receiving their alms, in silence, with diffidence and shame; but those in a higher walk came to consult the Rabbi on Bible difficulties, which were threatening to shake their faith, and departed much relieved—with a new view of Lot's wife, as well as a suit of clothes the Rabbi had only worn three times.

"You have done kindly by me in calling"—the vagabond had finished his story and was standing, a very abject figure, among the books—"and in giving me the message from your friend. I am truly thankful that he is now labouring in iron—did you say? and I hope he may be a cunning artificer.

"You will not set it down to carelessness that I cannot quite recall the face of your friend, for, indeed, it is my privilege to see many travellers, and there are times when I may have been a minister to them on their journeys, as I would be to you also if there be anything in which I can serve you. It grieves me to say that I have no clothing that I might offer you; it happens that a very worthy man passed here a few days most insufficiently clad and . . . but I should not have alluded to that; my other garments, save what I wear, are . . . kept in a place of . . . safety by my excellent housekeeper, and she makes their custody a point of conscience; you might put the matter before her. . . .

"Assuredly it would be difficult, and I crave your pardon for putting you in a . . . difficult position; it is my misfortune to have to-day neither silver nor gold," catching sight of Carmichael in

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the passage, "this is a Providence. May I borrow from you, John, some suitable sum for our brother here who is passing through adversity?"

"Do not be angry with me, John"—after the tramp had departed, with five shillings in hand and much triumph over Carmichael on his face—"nor speak bitterly of our fellow-men. Verily theirs is a hard lot who have no place to lay their head and who journey in weariness from city to city. John, I was once a stranger and a wayfarer, wandering over the length and breadth of the land. Nor had I a friend on earth till my feet were led to the Mains, where my heart was greatly refreshed, and now God has surrounded me with young men of whose kindness I am not worthy, wherefore it becometh me to show mercy unto others," and the Rabbi looked at Carmichael with such sweetness that the lad's sullenness began to yield, although he made no sign.

"Moreover," and the Rabbi's voice took a lower tone, "as often as I look on one of those men of the highways, there cometh to me a vision of Him who was an outcast of the people, and albeit some may be as Judas, peradventure one might beg alms of me, a poor sinful man, some day, and lo it be . . . the Lord Himself in a saint," and the Rabbi uncovered his head and stood a while much moved.

"Rabbi," after a pause, during which Carmichael's face had changed, "you are incorrigible. For years we have been trying to make you a really good and wise man, both by example and precept, and you are distinctly worse than when we began—more lazy, miserly, and uncharitable. It is very disheartening."

"Can you receive another tramp and give him a bed, for I am in low spirits, and so, like every other person in trouble, I come to you, you dear old saint, and already I feel a better man."

"Receive you, John? It is doubtless selfish, but it is not given to you to know how I weary to see your faces, and we shall have much converse together—there are some points I would like your opinion on—but first of all, after a slight refreshment, we must go to Mains: behold the aid to memory I have designed"—and the Rabbi pointed to a large square of paper hung above Chrysostom, with "Farewell, George Pitillo, 3 o'clock." "He is the son's son of my benefactor, and he leaves his father's house this day to go into a strange land across the sea: I had a service last night at Mains, and expounded the departure of Abraham, but only slightly, being somewhat affected through the weakness of the flesh.

"There was a covenant made between the young man and myself that I should meet him at the crossing of the roads to-day, and it is in my mind to leave a parable with him against the power of this present world."

Then the Rabbi fell into a meditation till the dog-cart came up, Mains and his wife in the front and George alone in the back, making a brave show of indifference.

"George," said the Rabbi, looking across the field and speaking as to himself, "we shall not meet again in this world, and in a short space they will bury me in Kilbogie kirkyard, but it will not be in me to lie still for thinking of the people I have loved.

"So it will come to pass that I may rise—you have ears to understand, George—and I will inquire of him that taketh charge of the dead about many and how it fares with them."

"And George Pitillo?"

"'Oh, it's a peety you didna live langer, Mr. Saunderson, for George hes risen in the warld and made a great fortune.'"

"How does it go with his soul, Andrew?"

"'Well, you see, Mister Saunderson, George has had many things to think about, and he maybe hasna hed time for releegion yet, but nae doot he 'ill be turnin' his mind that wy soon.'"

"Poor George, that I baptised and admitted to the sacrament and . . . loved: exchanged his soul for the world."

The sun was setting fast, and the landscape—bare stubble fields, leafless trees, still water, long, empty road—was of a blood-red colour fearsome to behold, so that no one spake, and the horse chafing his bit made the only sound.

Then the Rabbi began again.

"And George Pitillo—tell me, Andrew?"

"Weel, ye see, Mister Saunderson, ye wud be sorry for him, for you and he were aye chief; he's keepit a gude name

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an' workit hard, but hesna made muckle o' this warld."

"And his soul, Andrew?"

"Oo, that's a'richt; gin we a' hed as gude a chance for the next warld as George Pitillo we micht be satisfied."

"That is enough for his old friend; hap me over again, Andrew, and I'll rest in peace till the trumpet sound."

Carmichael turned aside, but he heard something desperately like a sob from the back of the dogcart, and the Rabbi saying, "God be with you, George, and as your father's father received me in the day of my sore discouragement, so may the Lord God of Israel open a door for you in every land whithersoever you go, and bring you in at last through the gates into the city." The Rabbi watched George till the dogcart faded away into the dusk of the winter's day, and they settled for the night in their places among the books before the Rabbi spoke.

It was with a wistful tenderness that he turned to Carmichael and touched him slightly with his hand, as was a fashion with the Rabbi.

"You will not think me indifferent to your welfare because I have not inquired about your affairs, for indeed this could not be, but the going forth of this lad has tried my heart. Is there aught, John, that it becometh you to tell me, and wherein my years can be of any avail?"

"It is not about doctrine I wished to speak to you, Rabbi, although I am troubled thus also, but about . . . you remember our talk."

"About the maid, surely; I cannot forget her, and indeed often think of her since the day you brought me to her house and made me known unto her, which was much courtesy to one who is fitter for a book-room than a woman's company.

"She is fair of face and debonair, and surely beauty and a winsome way are from God; there seemed also a certain contempt of baseness and a strength of will which are excellent. Perhaps my judgment is not even because Miss Carnegie was gracious to me, and you know, John, it is not in me to resist kindness, but this is how she seems to me. Has there been trouble between you?"

"Do not misunderstand me, Rabbi; I have not spoken one word of love to . . . Miss Carnegie, nor she to me; but I love her, and I thought that perhaps she saw that I loved her. But now it looks as if . . . what I hoped is never to be," and Carmichael told the Queen Mary affair.

"Is it not marvellous," mused the Rabbi, looking into the fire, "how one woman who was indeed at the time little more than girl did carry men, many of them wise and clever, away as with a flood, and still divideth scholars and even . . . friends?

"It was not fitting that Miss Carnegie should have left God's house in heat of temper, and it seemeth to us that she hath a wrong reading of history, but it is surely good that she has her convictions, and holdeth them fast like a brave maid.

"Is it not so, John, that friends and doubtless also . . . lovers have been divided by conscience and have been on opposite sides in the great conflict, and doth not this show how much of conscience there is among men?

"It may be this dispute will not divide you—being now, as it were, more an argument of the schools than a matter of principle, but if it should appear that you are far apart on the greater matters of faith, then . . . you will have a heavy cross to carry. But it is my mind that the heart of the maiden is right, and that I may some day see her . . . in your home, whereat my eyes would be glad."

The Rabbi was so taken up with the matter that he barely showed Carmichael a fine copy of St. John of Damascus he had secured from London, and went out of his course at worship to read, as well as to expound with much feeling, the story of Ruth the Moabitess, showing conclusively that she had in her a high spirit, and that she was designed of God to be a strength to the house of David. He was also very cheerful in the morning, and bade Carmichael good-bye at Tochty woods with encouraging words. He also agreed to assist his boy at the Drumtochty sacrament.

It was evident that the Rabbi's mind was much set on this visit, but Carmichael did not for one moment depend upon his remembering the day, and so Burnbrae started early on the Saturday with his dogcart to bring Saunderson up and deposit him without fail in the

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Free Kirk manse of Drumtochty. Six times that day did the minister leave his "action" sermon and take his way to the guest-room, carrying such works as might not be quite unsuitable for the old scholar's perusal, and arranging a lamp of easy management, that the night hours might not be lost. It was late in the afternoon before the Rabbi was delivered at the manse, and Burnbrae gave explanations next day at the sacramental dinner.

"It wes juist ten when a' got tae the manse o' Kilbogie, an' his hoosekeeper didna ken whar her maister wes; he micht be in Kildrummie by that time, she said, or half wy tae Muirtown. So a' set oot an' ransackit the pairish till a' got him, an' gin he wesna sittin' in a bothie takin' brose wi' the plowmen an' expoundin' Scripture a' the time.

"He startit on the ancient martyrs afore we were half a mile on the road, and he gied ae testimony aifter anither, an' he wesna within sicht o' the Reformation when we cam tae the hooses; a'll no deny that a' let the mare walk bits o' the road, for a' cud hae heard him a' nicht; ma bluid's warmer yet, freends."

The Rabbi arrived in great spirits, and refused to taste meat till he had stated the burden of his sermon for the morrow.

"If the Lord hath opened our ears the servant must declare what has been given him, but I prayed that the message sent through me to your flock, John, might be love, for it hath pleased the Great Shepherd that I should lead the sheep by strange paths. But I desired that it be otherwise when I came for the first time to Drumtochty.

"Two days did I spend in the woods, for the stillness of winter among the trees leaveth the mind disengaged for the Divine word, and the first day my soul was heavy as I returned, for this only was laid upon me, 'vessels of wrath, filled for destruction.' And, John, albeit God would doubtless have given me strength according to His will, yet I was loath to bear this awful truth to the people of your charge.

"Next day the sun was shining pleasantly in the wood and it came to me that clouds had gone from the face of God, and as I wandered among the trees a squirrel sat on a branch within reach of my hand and did not flee. Then I heard a voice, 'I have loved thee with an everlasting love, therefore with loving kindness have I drawn thee.'

"It was, in an instant, my hope that this might be God's word by me, but I knew not it was so till the evangel opened up on all sides, and I was led into the outgoings of the eternal love after so moving a fashion that I dared to think that grace might be effectual even with me . . . me.

"God opened my mouth on Sabbath on this text unto my own flock, and the word was not void. It is little that can be said on sovereign love in two and it may be a few minutes; yet even this may be more than your people are minded to bear. So I shall praetermit certain notes on doctrine; for you will doubtless have given much instruction on the purposes of God, and very likely may be touching on that mystery in your action sermon."

During the evening the Rabbi was very genial—tasting Sarah's viands with relish, and comparing her to Rebecca, who made savoury meat, urging Carmichael to smoke without scruple, and allowing himself to snuff three times, examining the bookshelves with keen appreciation, and finally departing with three volumes of modern divinity under his arm, to reinforce the selection in his room, "lest his eyes should be held waking in the night watches." He was much overcome by the care that had been taken for his comfort, and at the door of his room blessed his boy: "May the Lord give you the sleep of His beloved, and strengthen you to declare all His truth on the morrow." Carmichael sat by his study fire for a while and went to bed much cheered, nor did he dream that there was to be a second catastrophe in the Free Kirk of Drumtochty which would be far sadder than the first and leave in one heart life-long regret.

(To be continued.)

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PARIS LETTER.

The Late Edmond de Goncourt.

"Go then, old friend, and meet him." These were the last words which Edmond de Goncourt heard in this world. They were spoken by his old friend, Alphonse Daudet, and referred of course to the long-mourned Jules de Goncourt, to reunion with whom his brother looked forward with a hope which had stripped Death for him of all his terrors. Indeed, I do not know what more to admire in Edmond de Goncourt, than the placidity with which he envisaged death. Some three weeks ago he was talking with Émile Zola, and though he appeared in excellent health, foretold his early departure. Still, he did not expect the end so soon. "I shall see *La Faustin* played," he said, referring to the play of his which he so ardently desired to produce, "and then I shall make a big bow to the public and be off." Zola laughed, and told him that he had still many years to live, reminding him how sixteen years previously, while they were walking to Flaubert's funeral, he (De Goncourt) had remarked, "It will be my turn next," and had added, referring to the length of the road to the cemetery, "only I promise you that you won't have to walk such a long way to my funeral."

Although when a man reaches the age of seventy-five his friends may expect his death at any time, I must say that I was painfully shocked at the news of his sudden end. When I last saw him I was struck by his vitality and spirits. We had been at one of Daudet's *soirées*, and I had accompanied M. de Goncourt from the house in the Rue de Bellechasse. We could not find a cab on the Boulevard St. Germain. "*Et bien, marchons*," said the old gentleman, and set out right manfully. I believe he would have walked—and at a rattling pace—all the way to Auteuil, had we not met a belated cab on the Quai d'Orsay. I fancied that night that De Goncourt "would bury us all," and I left him wondering at the irony of things by which those to whom life is a fardel have it laid for the longest periods on their unwilling shoulders, so that, for instance, Schopenhauer, with his real horror of life, lived to be seventy-two. And far more than Schopenhauer, whose pessimism one sometimes suspects, De Goncourt was pre-eminently an unhappy man. I have never seen him frankly gay; there was always a reserve of bitterness in any happiness that came to him. It cannot have been because of his chronic liver disease, for he was a man superior to the influences of health. It is only moral weaklings whose happiness is affected by their bodily ailments, and a good example to the contrary is that afforded by Thomas Hood. No, there was a moral cancer in De Goncourt's system which poisoned his life. I was present at the banquet given in his honour, than which no more splendid tribute was ever paid to a man of letters. The address of M. Poincaré, the minister who represented the French Government, was in itself compensation for worse *déboires* than any which De Goncourt ever endured. Yet he was not satisfied, and when I spoke to him after the dinner implied his disappointment. Two days later he said that he regretted having lent himself to that manifestation. And so it was with him always. He had a unique position in literature, and was certainly recognised in France, among his brother littérateurs, as *the* master; yet he was dissatisfied and wanted more. What it was, one hardly knows. It is certain he felt very sore at having failed to win any great success as a dramatist, yet his *Germinie Lacerteux*, dull and ill-constructed as it was, was very well received. He may have contrasted the smallness of his editions with the colossal sales of some of his contemporaries, and have vexed his soul thereat, yet he always used to speak with contempt of the writers *à grand tirage*, and flatter himself that if his public was small it was at least select. And he must have known very well that the insincerity of his work could only appeal to a limited audience, such as overlook the *fond* when the *forme* is good, those, in one word, whom a literary *pose* interests. Now, as a novelist, the whole of De Goncourt's work was a literary pose. He had no

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sympathy whatever with the phases of life or the class of characters which he handled with such apparent gusto. As a matter of fact he denied, in his heart of hearts, the novel as a vehicle of thought, in which respect he was in direct opposition to Zola, and, as I think, most absolutely in the right. In Germany, for instance, when a man has anything to say, any truth to formulate, he expresses his thoughts directly in the form of essays. In England, and in France also, the novel, which has nothing to do *dans cette galère*, is used. De Goncourt really felt that the German method was the right one, but followed —another insincerity—the French fashion. Over and over again has he said and written that the day of the novel as a vehicle for thought or doctrine was over. In his last volume of jottings he frequently girds against the novel, and even confesses, what is the sad experience of many of us, that he is totally incapable of reading a novel. Yet it was by his novels that he hoped to convey his message to the world.

He has been spoken of as a great egotist. One can hardly blame him, for most great men and all old men are so, and he was a great man and a very old man, so that in his last years at least he had two claims to this indulgence. What I liked less in him was the pleasure he seemed to take in listening to anything detrimental to any of his contemporaries, and the greater the man, the better was he pleased. A story of that sort would light up his eyes and suffuse his face with cheerfulness. Mental notes would be taken for his diary, in which everything of that description found a certain place. I do not think anything can excuse an artist for such conduct toward his *confrères*, as De Goncourt's toward many celebrated men, unless it be that there is always something feminine in the artistic temperament, and that to women a modicum of peevishness (not to call it spite) is allowed. The last volume of his diary particularly offends in this respect, and brought down on its author's head—as I can easily understand—an avalanche of recrimination. It is said that the worries consequent upon this did something to weaken the old gentleman's health. One is sorry for this now that he is gone, but though one can forget his indiscretions, there are many things in his last *Journal* which will leave their sting for years. And what is worse, many old-standing friendships have been imperilled by these indiscretions.

I think it is a pity that De Goncourt did not write a book on gastronomy, à la mode de Brillat-Savarin. It was a subject in which he was particularly erudite, and I cannot remember ever to have met a finer connoisseur. Also when he talked of eating and drinking he was delightful to listen to, and the little gastronomical anecdotes and apothegms which one finds here and there in his diary are excellent and inspiriting matter. One is glad to think that he at least thoroughly enjoyed one pleasure in life, the pleasure of the table, a pleasure which some of us hold to be the only true and substantial one. Zola is of this opinion. "*Un bon dîner*," he says, "*il n'y a que ça.*" De Goncourt, more of a gourmet, formulated his *penchant* in less material language. And it is a curious circumstance, and of the irony of things, that the very last words which he spoke on earth were, "Mind you have peaches; you know I want peaches." This was in answer to a remark made by Madame Daudet as he lay in bed. She wished to cheer him up, and told him he must get well at once, reminding him that a dinner was to be given in his honour on the following day, and that thirty guests had been invited. "Mind you have peaches," he said; "you know I want peaches."

Robert H. Sherard.

123 BOULEVARD MAGENTA, PARIS.

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NEW BOOKS.

AN AMERICAN "LORNA DOONE."*

"I have great pity for all such as have gone through this world untouched by love; the true, I mean, little light, little selfish, only unending in eternity and bringing a soul unto men on earth. For, as I muse on it now, it seemeth a rare experience, even among you Puritans; rarer still, in that old time of my youth when, to the one world, all that was not pleasure was food for jest, and, to the other, all that was not sanctimonious was sin. There was one Parson Herrick, a poet, not far from us; he wrote most sweetly of maids and blossoms, and what he called love; yet never wrote he a line of love as I have known it. And as for the Puritans, then, they had no heart for it, nor charity; but only head, and faith in sour dogmas, and getting on in this world. Truly, as I believe, the most of men are not blest to have known my love, which by the grace of God hath so lighted my life that absence—aye, and death, without doubt—could not darken it. Even Shakespeare seemeth to me hardly to divine it; his loves are but a courtier's, or at best a shepherd's, tending to possession, and ending then. Whereas, with mine, the knowing her was all; the being in the world; and if so be my heart met understanding and response, it could die no more, and the purpose of the world was full."

This is but one of many memorable passages in a most noble book. But this passage serves especially to begin a review of one of the sweetest and loveliest and tenderest of love stories it has been our lot to read in many a long day. It will key the mind to the high pitch of thought and feeling in which the story is set. It is not accident surely that has led certain critics to liken *King Noanett* to Mr. Blackmore's famous story. Not that Mr. Stimson's work is an imitation; nor is it simply reminiscent of *Lorna Doone*. There is, to be sure, something in the style and manner of *King Noanett* which recalls the tender yet virile touch of the Exmoor tale; but while it has the same flavour—the flavour of romantic adventure, and of love that is "a strange, great worship, a loss of self, that only comes to few"—Mr. Stimson's manner is peculiarly his own; fresh, vigorous, and unstrained; and in seeking the materials for his story he has cut into virgin soil. It is the rare atmosphere of the work that recalls *Lorna Doone;* it is the spirit of true romance pervading it that gives it a place apart from the fiction of the hour; it is its lofty conception of love that raises it to a high level among its neighbours; it is the "princely serenity" of its point of view that dignifies its treatment of life; it is the depth and breadth of its humanity that infuses geniality and humour into its pages; and, above all, it is its distinctively spiritual quality that gives it an enduring stamp of permanent excellence and entitles it to rank with distinguished company. Not since we read *The Little Minister* have we come across so refreshing, so refined, so noble a work in fiction. *King Noanett* comes upon us like the sudden vision of a glorious mountain emerging from the murky fogs that have hid it from our view amid the noisome vapours of the valley. The warm flush of love and life that awakens at dawn lies tenderly over it all, and Nature's great heart throbs in the wild, woodland scenes which are recaptured from the past. We have already spoken of Mr. Stimson's novel as an epoch-making book, and it well deserves the epithet. The elevating influence of such a book should be far-reaching. It raises the standard of fiction, and therefore of life, which it portrays in its highest idealised forms. By its success, which is assured, it will demonstrate that in spite of the "downward moving" fiction of the day the author who elects to deal, and to deal only with whatsoever things are lovely, and pure, and of good report is still acceptable to the reading masses; and it will go far to prove that they prefer pure and wholesome literature when they can get it in an entertaining form.

It would spoil the story for the reader to enter overmuch into its details in a review. It is the story of a great love, of a great friendship, and of a great sorrow. "Love," says Mr. Barrie, in *The Little Minister*, "is an extra eye, which shows us what is most worthy of regard. To see the best is to see most clearly, and it is the lover's privilege." It is in this respect that Mr. Stimson's art allies itself with Mr. Barrie's, with all great art, in fact. The lines of John

* King Noanett: A Story of Old Virginia and the Massachusetts Bay. By F. J. Stimson (J. S. of Dale). Boston and New York: Lamson, Wolffe & Co. $2.00.

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Boyle O'Reilly, quoted on the title-page, are an index to the story :

" For when God gives to us the clearest sight,
He does not touch our eyes with Love, but Sorrow."

In the opening chapter we are ushered into the bright light of a September morning on the moors of Devonshire, where Bampfylde Moore Carew, who tells the tale, meets the lady of his love, only to be separated from her through the length of the story, while he traverses sea and land in his quest of her. The description of his meeting with Mistress St. Aubyn takes the imagination captive.

" All my life I have believed there was enchantment in the air that day. I was conscious of it before I came to my sheep tower ; and the dread Mole's Chamber, lying in the sink of the down upon my left, had veiled its evil surface in a rosy cloud. Noll whinnied at seeing me, though his water-trough was full. I brought him grass, and he seemed not hungry ; and then I sat on the little slope of grass that lay sunward, above the brook, leaning on the last dense wall of heather, now full of bloom and fragrant. And the water made soft murmurs, and I dreamed.

" Then became I conscious of the spell. There was a presence there ; I felt that I was not alone. So strong grew this upon me that I fancied I heard a breathing, and it was not Noll's nor mine. I lay just beneath the little corner tower, and it seemed to come from there. At last I could resist no longer, and I went back to the fold, and entered it, and went to the little wall-stairway of projecting stones (Noll pressing after me and snuffing at my elbow) and climbed this ; and entered the little tower cell. Two long slits were in the wall of this for shooting culverins ; and now through one of them shot a shaft of sunlight, athwart the stone chamber ; and beyond this, lying on a bed of heather I had made, her lips just parted, softly breathing, lay a slender maid asleep."

An uprising in favour of Charles the Second, about six years before the Merry Monarch actually ascended the throne, is the cause of Carew's banishment at the instigation of the Commonwealth. On board the ship that carries him from the fair, chequered fields of Devonshire to the colonies he makes the acquaintance of Miles Courtenay, whose Irish wit and humour enliven the pages, whose true and knightly fashion wins our heart, whose love for Carew, passing the love of women, crowns him in our memory. Carew, the stupid, dull Saxon, is a foil to the quick-witted, generous Irishman, and the two characters present a vivid contrast. Like, yet unlike, they join in a common quest, which knits them together in a friendship even unto death. Arrived in Virginia, they are sold to different masters, and eventually making their escape, they enlist in the army raised to protect the colonies from the Indian savages. They are compelled for various reasons to secede from the army and the Commonwealth ; and in company with the little maid Jennifer, who figures pathetically in the story, they arrive in Boston after encountering many hardships and adventures. There is a graphic account of the Boston of those days :

" Boston was already quite a town, consisting indeed of some twelve thousand souls, and (as Miles said) they were not crowded ; though the whole place was but a small island, and half of it waste land by reason of the high mountain with three peaks, under the northward of which lay Savil Simpson's house. This hill was furnished with a beacon and great guns. The town then had three churches or meeting-houses, the First, the South, and the North. . . . The Common was a sloping bit of pasture that set inward from the sea to the flowing marshes that lay beneath the western hills ; and here, every evening, the gallants would be walking with their Marmalet Madams, till the nine o'clock bell rings them home, after which the constables did walk their rounds to take up any loose people. Beyond this Common again lay the gardens and orchards. The houses of the town were made of thin, small cedar shingles, nailed against frames, and these filled in with brick and other stuff ; and for this reason it was most liable to fires ; thrice hath the city been burnt in my memory. By the sea the houses were built upon piles, close together on each side the streets, which were paved with pebbles."

The interest in the story deepens at this point, as it brings the characters upon well-known historical ground, which although wrapped for the most part in traditionary legend, is quickened and vivified by the imagination of the author, so as to stand out with startling realism. The rest of the narrative relates the pioneer expedition of Miles and Carew up the river Charles to the savage fastnesses, and sets forth the exploits and adventures of the early settlers among the Indians. They meet the apostle Eliot, and encounter the great Indian chief Pomham. Here, too, begins the mystery of the much-feared warrior, King Noanett, who has the reputation of being a sort of demigod among the Indians. The story never halts, the scene is continually shifting, and there is abundance of action. The *dénouement* is skil-

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fully hidden until the end is reached. Indeed, the author's constructive ability and inventive fancy have never been so fertile. The parts which the characters play in the colonising of the country on the Upper Charles, and the picturesque details of the life of the early settlers in Meadfield and Dedham, are produced with a wonderful verisimilitude, albeit the facts are kept close to the contemporaneous historical records which still exist. Those who would examine this more to their satisfaction will find very explicit information given by Mr. Stimson in his preface.

We feel that we have not done justice to this remarkable novel, which to be fully appreciated must be read. It is difficult to describe the fascination of its style, the enchantment which it wields, and the spiritual beauty which illumines the whole work. We cannot analyse a spiritual atmosphere; we can only judge and appreciate it by its effects, and for this the reader must go to the book itself. The wonderful thing about it is that although Mistress St. Aubyn only comes on the scene at the beginning and the end, all through the current of the narrative we are conscious of her wondrous spell, like an invisible presence hovering over the events of the story. All the fervour of reverence, the rapture of purity that inheres in a white-souled passion, breathes in its utterances.

"Her voice was in the March rills in the woods, as it had been in the winter twilight, or in Virginia summer nights; in all that was deep and sad and sweet; and herself was the same thing that was April flowers, or music, or prayer; and though I were never more to see her, my soul was no other thing than her or she than heaven. I had no word for this; Miles alone seemed to have some such thing in his religion of the Virgin; but otherwise it surely has no peer on earth. And he that is touched by it is blest, though he go softly all his days, for earthly sorrow may not touch him, nor may earthly hope."

The book is full of incident and of a lively humour, and the character of Miles Courtenay (the lines of whose portrait are said to have been drawn from the poet and friend of the author, the late lamented John Boyle O'Reilly) contributes not the least to the playfulness of its pages, but the lively pages will be forgotten long before the tender, patient, debonair figure of Miles himself goes out of our memory.

James MacArthur.

CRITICAL KIT-KATS.*

With the choice and slightly recondite allusiveness which he loves, Mr. Gosse has called his volume of critical studies after those modest and compact portraits which were invented, he tells us, "for the low comfortable rooms where people dined in the last century." The "Kit-kat" is curtailed; it pretends neither to whole length nor to half length; it "emphasises the head without quite excluding the hand;" it portrays by felicitous selection, not by elaborate exhaustiveness. Certainly, the painter who thus restricts his task relieves himself of much labour which is apt to have mainly a technical interest; the flowing robes of Raphael's cardinals, the jewelled breasts of Velasquez' kings, are magnificent, but we would yield them up for some more heads or even hands from the same pencils. And the critical biographer who refrains from presenting the inexpressive trunk, the useful but unideal nether limbs, the pedestrian feet, the whole mechanism of digestion and support, both simplifies his task as a portrayer and very often adds to the portrait-value of his work. The same fastidiousness, moreover, which approved, if it did not prompt, this selective mode of treating the particular subjects, seems to have presided over, if it did not determine, the choice of the subjects themselves. This volume of Kit-kats is itself a sort of Kit-kat of the mellow refined romanticism of the later nineteenth century, a slight but vivid portrait composed of a selection of the most delicate and speaking traits. Perhaps the great, massive, many-sided figures of literature are less in Mr. Gosse's way; at least they lend themselves less happily to his artistic method; and he loves rather to evoke its full quality and expression from some shy unobtrusive voice of the byways, than to put fresh interpretations upon the great familiar harmonies of the world's song. One of these shy voices owes almost entirely to Mr. Gosse such resonance as it now possesses. The pathetic story of Toru Dutt, here told with fine sympathetic insight, belongs equally to French and to English letters, for she wrote in both languages, and with even greater elegance and

* Critical Kit-kats. By Edmund Gosse. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.

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pleasure in French. This gifted Indian girl must be counted among those who have written with something more than imitative skill in a strange tongue. She was steeped in the romantic poets of England and France, ignoring the "classics"—Chénier, Mr. Gosse tells us, was with her the next name in chronological succession after Du Bartas; but she applied their phrase and diction with ready felicity to the landscape of her own country. The creative imagination of Western romanticism seems to meet and mingle in this child of India with the deep-lying nature-worship of the East. How suggestively, in her lines, "Our Casurina Tree," does the memory of Wordsworth's "deathless trees" of Borrowdale, with Fear and trembling Hope, and Death the Skeleton and Time the shadow, haunting their spectral gloom, elicit and articulate the vague mystic reverence which had gathered in the child's mind about the giant comrade of her home, with its scarred and rugged trunk enwound by a flowering creeper "up to its very summit near the stars," and casting its shadow on the broad tank among the snowy masses of water-lily.

The little essay on Toru Dutt is an example of the peculiar alertness to merit in remote quarters which has always distinguished Mr. Gosse, and has enabled him to perform more than one signal service to English culture. Possibly a dash of foreign blood, which so often enriches the compass of critical sensibility, may have helped to emancipate him from the insular phlegm of the Saxon. Hazlitt declared that Bentham was much better known to the Siberian savage than to the people of Westminster, where he lived. Mr. Gosse, if we may adapt these famous sentences to him, is certainly very much alive to the merits of the Westminster press; but we rather suspect that he feels a secret zest of a yet more exquisite kind, when he is in a position to make known a new work by some Siberian savage of whom no one else has heard, or to hold out the hand of literary fellowship to the tawny Indian across the Pacific. This activity with the literary telescope would hardly be a matter for gratitude if it had resulted merely or usually in the finding of meteors. But in fact Mr. Gosse has shown a singular felicity in the discovery of true stars, sometimes of the first order of magnitude. The discoveries of the present volume are not, however, for the most part of this kind. The subjects of the studies lie comparatively near at hand. But there are only one or two who do not acquire, at Mr. Gosse's hands, some touch of that heightened and subtle illumination which the intimacy of private friendship brings with it; some grains of personal, familiar fact unknown when these papers were first published. In two cases these new facts are the legacy of another's friendship with his subject. The origin of the Portuguese sonnets, and the later history of Thomas Lovell Beddoes, were told, as is now well known, at the express wish of Browning; and in each case Mr. Gosse's essay must rank in future literary history as the one authoritative document upon the question. The former paper, however, contains a great deal more than the memorable story of Robert Browning's invention of the title, which adds so pleasant a relish of allusiveness to the sonnets "from the Portuguese." Mr. Gosse follows the evolution of the sonnets themselves with a delicate critical insight. He remarks justly on the rarity in literature of love poetry written by women and openly addressed to men. A closer parallel than any of the three or four which he brings together as "almost the only poems of such a kind in all literature" might surely be found in the exquisite love-songs addressed by Marianne von Willemer to Goethe, and enshrined in his "Divan." A real Catarina was here addressing a greater than Camoens, and than Browning, in strains which certainly fall short of Mrs. Browning's in poignancy and intellectual power, but not in lucidity or sincerity.

Among the most fascinating of these studies is certainly that on Whitman. It has the piquancy that belongs to all critical work in which the writer is visibly striving to discover why he is magnetically attracted by what his intellect condemns. Mr. Gosse was in Boston, "a stiff-necked and froward unbeliever" in the claims of the poet, and with no intention whatever of going several hundred miles out of his way to visit him. However, Whitman summoned him, and he went. It was the depth of

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winter; Camden, where Whitman lived, was "grim with concentrated ugliness," his house was "a dreary two-story tenement," the door was opened by "a melancholy woman," the poet's room was bare, carpetless, and had "a miserable wall paper—tinted with a spot"—all these offences to the artistic refinement of his visitor symbolised the cardinal offence of Whitman as a writer—his primitiveness, his total lack of the conveniences and comforts of a well-regulated literary domicile. In this "amorphous" quality of Whitman Mr. Gosse ingeniously finds an explanation of the Protean divergences and transformations of Whitman criticism.

"Whitman is mere *bathybius;* he is literature in the condition of protoplasm—an intellectual organism so simple that it takes the instant impression of whatever mood approaches it. Hence the critic who touches Whitman is immediately confronted with his own image stamped upon that viscid and tenacious surface. He finds, not what Whitman has to give, but what he himself has brought. And when in quite another mood he goes again to Whitman, he finds that other self of his own stamped upon the provoking protoplasm."

This is brilliantly put, but we are not sure that the brilliance is quite of the right kind. It seems to be an example of the only charge which can be with any plausibility brought against Mr. Gosse's style, a tendency to make imagery do the work of thought. For, after all, who does "find himself" in the real amorpha, the real bathybii of literature? Who is beguiled by the shapelessness of the novel, the incoherence of the sermon, to project into it his own genius and read in it his own ideal? We do not labour the point, for in fact Mr. Gosse is merely, under the influence of that conflict we spoke of, expressing one side of the complex truth he feels in his image, and the other in his application; and a little later on we get other images which render with more effect the strange power which escapes from this invertebrate being; as well as in the last pages, some masterly, though not we think quite final, analysis. For no student of Mr. Gosse can fail to see, what his captivating brilliance makes it easy, though still inexcusable, for the lighter reader to ignore, that he is a strenuous as well as a learned critic, "radiant, adorn'd, outside," like Arnold's Muse, if the parallel may be ventured, but with "a hidden core of thought and of austerity within." If he does not, as Keats says of Milton, "prefer the ardours to the pleasures" of criticism, he does not shun those ardours; if he "solaces himself at intervals with cups of old wine," he has been a busy labourer in the vineyard himself.

One would gladly linger over the other papers in this charming volume, familiar as most of them are to the reader of the contemporary press—the studies of Christina Rossetti, of Lord De Tabley, of Edward FitzGerald, of Beddoes, of Heredia, of Pater, of Stevenson. We prefer, in dealing with a book of Kit-kats, to stand aside and let the reader watch the painter at work with his delicate brush. We choose a specimen of which the subject, besides being comparatively little known, presented just that absence of salient and imposing traits which provokes and elicits Mr. Gosse's art. This is a part of his portrait of John Leicester Warren, Lord De Tabley, "one of the strangest and most shadowy of men," who, some twenty years ago, finding that the number of his friends no longer satisfied his principle "that one should not be acquainted with fewer than ten people in all," determined to add a little new blood by knowing Mr. Gosse.

"For my part, I was too raw and inexperienced to appreciate the distinction of his choice, but not too dull to value the soft goings and comings of this moth-like man, so hushed and faded, like a delicate withered leaf, so mysterious, so profoundly learned, so acutely sensitive that an inflection in the voice seemed to chill him like a cold wind, so refined that with an ardent thought the complexion of his intellect seemed to flush like the cheek of a girl. . . . In his unobtrusive dress, with his timid, fluttering manner, there was nothing at all impressive in the outer guise of him. He seemed to melt into the twilight of a corner, to succeed, as far as a mortal can, in being invisible. This evasive ghost, in a loose, snuff-coloured coat, would always be the first person in the room to be overlooked by the superficial observer. It was in a *tête-à-tête* across the corner of the mahogany, under a lamplight that emphasised the noble modelling of the forehead, and lighted up the pale azure eyes, that a companion saw what manner of man he was dealing with, and half-divined, perhaps, the beauty and wisdom of his unique and astonishing mind. It was an education to be permitted to listen to him then, to receive his slight and intermittent confidences, to pour out with the inconsiderate egotism of youth one's own hopes and failures, to feel this infinitely refined and sensitive spirit benignantly concentrated on one's 'prentice efforts, which seemed to grow a little riper and more dignified by the mere benediction of that smile.

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His intellect . . . did not guide or command, it simply radiated light around the steps of a friend. The radiance was sometimes faint, but it was exquisite, and it seemed omnipresent."

An anecdote, not less expressive in a different style, may supplement this portrait, and close the present notice. De Tabley was a connoisseur in bibliography, to whose training Mr. Gosse confesses that he partly owes his own mastery of that fine art.

"For some of his little, rare seventeenth-century volumes he had an almost petulant affection. . . . On a certain occasion when I was at his house, Robert Browning and Frederick Locker being the other guests, Warren had put on the table his latest prize, a copy of Sir William Davenant's *Madagascar* of 1638. Browning presently got hold of the little book, and began reading passages aloud, making fun of the poetry (which, indeed, is pretty bad) with 'Listen, now, to this,' and 'Here's a fine conceit.' Warren bore it for a little while, and then he very gently took the volume out of Browning's hands, and hid it away. 'Oh!' he explained to me afterward, 'I couldn't allow him to *patronise* Davenant.'"

C. H. Herford.

THE COLLECTED POEMS OF S. WEIR MITCHELL.*

In this book Dr. Mitchell has brought together for permanent publication all his work, previously issued in some seven volumes, so that we now have his contribution to American poetry in a compact form, and its significance is the more readily to be seen.

Perhaps his most salient excellence (to go directly to the core of the matter) is an unerring taste. Now taste in abundance may or may not be one of the characteristics of a true poet. It is certainly one of the first characteristics of every careful artist. Mr. John Davidson has it sparingly, and yet much of his poetry is undoubtedly genuine. Mr. William Watson has it in abundance, and yet his poetry is nearly always uninteresting. Genius and taste have really very little to do with each other, unless perhaps we admit that if a man have taste enough, it amounts to talent; and if he have talent enough, it amounts to genius. Taste is that quality of mind which gives worth to our judgments in matters of art; and he who has it will bring to his own work as severe a criticism as he does to the work of others. And there have been geniuses without number to whom such a task was quite impossible. Wordsworth and Byron and Whitman and Shelley—these were great poets blessed with little taste. When the spirit was upon them, they gave voice to burning utterances from the heart of man; but they could no more distinguish their good work from their bad than the wind can tell a harp from a hair-comb. The critical faculty was never theirs. On the other hand, in men like Landor, and Keats, and Tennyson, and Arnold, and Longfellow taste is never lacking. They may at times fall short of perfection, but they could never be guilty of the solemn dulness of Wordsworth at his worst or the occasional turgid extravagance of Whitman. Milton, of course, was a prince in taste and technique, our supreme artist in English verse. Now it is a cultivated and unfailing taste which has stood Dr. Mitchell in such good stead, and enabled him to leave on his readers so graceful an impression. You may read him from cover to cover without once being annoyed by a jarring note or an incongruous turn. Given the theme or the fancy, his taste enables him to treat it in an appropriate way, smoothly and evenly to the end. It saves him from blundering and ineffectual effort. It makes his book a refreshing change after the slipshod, helter-skelter affectations of too many of our sophomoric minor bards.

For Dr. Mitchell belongs distinctly, in quality if not in years, to the golden age of American letters—the age of Longfellow and Holmes, the time when scholarship and manners and the instincts of the gentleman had not been overborne in the turmoil of the writer's craft. Many of Dr. Mitchell's subjects, too, especially his Old-World dramas and ballads, are just those Longfellow might have chosen: "Dominique de Gourgues," for instance, and "Herndon," and "The Christ of the Snows," and "How the Cumberland went Down." His few occasional poems recall the style of Dr. Holmes, while several lyrics in the lighter vein, like "The Quaker Lady" and "Forget-Me-Nots," are worthy of the Autocrat himself. In this connection also one might quote a couple of polished stanzas from "The Quaker Graveyard":

* The Collected Poems of S. Weir Mitchell. New York: The Century Co. $1.75.

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" Through quiet length of days they come,
With scarce a change, to this repose ;
Of all life's loveliness they took
The thorn without the rose.

" While on the graves of drab and gray
The red and gold of autumn lie,
And wilful Nature decks the sod
In gentlest mockery."

Such workmanship as this and such freedom from effort proclaim the conscientious artist, the taker of infinite pains, the writer who thinks more of his art than of himself. And on every page the reader will feel himself in the company of an accomplished man of the world, who has looked in the face of life without flinching, and found it wholesome and fair. In the poems of nature, too, such as " A Psalm of the Waters," " Elk County," " Nipigon Lake" (all in the metre of " Evangeline," sufficiently modified to be disguised), there is a steady quietness of outlook, a sobriety of thought and feeling, that many a young versifier, who is now breaking his neck in a race for originality, would do well to regard. To me the chief pleasure of the book is that it is never feverish, nor strained, nor affected, but always simple and clear and of an even tenor ; and one is thankful for once not to feel the reviewer's temptation to use the phrase " strikingly original."

And yet it would be doing Dr. Mitchell an injustice to leave the impression that he is tame or that he is no more than a well-trained echo of Longfellow ; for if one may make a shrewd guess, he has been a constant admirer of a greater poet than the author of " The Skeleton in Armour" and " The Psalm of Life." I mistake if there is nothing of Browning's potent influence in these pages ; not in their manner, indeed, so much as in the subjects of some of the poems. There lingers about them, different as they are in treatment, something of his intense humanity and sturdy love of the dramatic. In the opening of " The Swan Woman" the likeness is marked, yet not too marked to be admirable.

But of all the poems, the one which seems to me most individual and memorable is " Responsibility," wherein is related by the poet Attar El Din how the angels of Affirmation and Denial struggled for his soul. At the conclusion of the dispute,

" Said Nekkir, the clerk of man's wrong,
' Great Solomon's self might be long
In judging this mad son of song.'

" Then I who am Attar El Din,
Cried, ' Surely no two shall agree
Thou mighty collector of sin,
Be advised : come with me to the Inn ;
There are friends who shall witness for me—
Big-bellied, respectable, staunch,
One arm set a-crook on the haunch ;
They will pour the red wine of advice,
And behold ! ye shall know in a trice
How hopeless for wisdom to weigh
The song-words a poet may say.'

" Cried Moonkir, the clerk of good thought,
' Ah, where shall decision be sought ?
Let us quit this crazed maker of song,
A confuser of right and of wrong.'

" ' But first,' laughed I, Attar El Din,
' I am dry : leave my soul at the Inn.' "

After such a conclusion as this there can be no more to say.

Bliss Carman.

SOCIAL FORCES IN GERMAN LITERATURE.*

With the exception of Mrs. Conybeare's translation of Scherer there exists in the English language no standard history of German literature. That work is written from the point of view of literary criticism. The social aspect of polite letters, however, is quite as well worthy of study as the æsthetic. Kuno Francke's *Social Forces in German Literature* is a literary history written from the point of view of *kulturgeschichte*. It treats literature with reference to the economic, political, and intellectual conditions in which it originated, presenting a summary account of the great popular movements of Germany from the earliest times down to the present. Such movements fundamentally affect, and are, in turn, affected by the works of poets and men of letters, and a discussion of them falls within the proper province of literary history. Professor Francke is a German by birth and education, and this fact is patent in his style. But occasional infelicities of expression are readily overlooked when associated, as in this instance, with thor-

* Social Forces in German Literature : A Study in the History of Civilisation. By Kuno Francke, Assistant Professor of German Literature in Harvard University. New York : Henry Holt & Co. $2.00 net.

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ough scholarship, animation of thought, and clearness of presentation.

Professor Francke regards literary development as the product of an incessant conflict between two elemental social tendencies, the tendency toward individual freedom and the tendency toward collective organisation. The former leads to the representation of whatever is "striking, genuine, individual"—that is, to realism; the latter, to the representation of whatever is "beautiful, significant, universal"—that is, to idealism. The individualistic tendency, if pushed too far, results either in vulgar naturalism or in fantastic mysticism. The collectivistic tendency in its extreme form seeks expression in empty conventionalism. Man and society, personality and tradition, liberty and unity, cosmopolitanism and nationality are convertible terms for the one or the other of these two social tendencies.

The conflict between universal law and individual passion assumed its grandest proportions during the period of the migrations. The Germanic peoples in the course of long years of wandering and fighting lost their tribal organisation, and, with it, their ancestral faith, customs, and institutions. The individual shook himself free from traditional, social, and moral restraints. The hero of the period is the bold, unscrupulous, cynical conqueror; and the typical heroine is the woman without shame, revengeful, cruel, and greedy of power. The imagination of the people is fired by the sight of great personalities and mighty deeds, representing in striking proportions the capacity of the race for good and evil. It is in such periods of revolt and achievement that great epics are produced. The *Mahabharata* was inspired by the Hindu conquest of the Ganges Valley, the Homeric poetry was occasioned by the entrance of the Greeks into Western Asia. The epic poetry of Germany, on a background of ancient mythical tradition, depicts in realistic colours the stir and the strife of the migration period, with its greed and savagery, but also with its indomitable energy, dauntless courage, and self-sacrificing loyalty.

In the ninth century the individualistic impulse of the migration epoch is spent. The tendency is toward collectivism, as exemplified in the growth of feudal institutions and in the extension of the Roman Catholic Church, with its Christian ideal of spiritual unity. During the period of the growth of mediæval hierarchy and feudalism—namely, from the ninth to the middle of the twelfth century, literature is wholly controlled by the clergy, and assumes a decidedly idealistic form.

From the middle of the twelfth to the middle of the thirteenth century chivalric culture is at its height, and the collectivistic principle is universally dominant. The individual in mediæval society had no independent political or religious existence. Politically, he was but a link in a long chain of interdependence that stretched from the emperor down through dukes, counts, lords, and proprietors, to the serf. He had communion with God only through the interposition of priest, bishop, archbishop, and pope. During this period the knightly order is the main upholder and cultivator of literature. The idealism introduced by the clerical writers of the preceding period is maintained by the minnesingers, who magnify the virtue of allegiance—allegiance to the feudal lord, to the church, to the chosen lady.

In the rise of the free cities and of the commercial middle class from the middle of the thirteenth to the sixteenth century we discover the beginnings of a new individualism. The subjectivity of the Volkslied, the realism of the religious drama, the glorification by the Mystics of the spiritual union between God and man, and the homage paid by the Humanists to reason are but different phases of a revolt against the collectivism of mediæval society which culminates in the Reformation.

The Reformation begins with a grand movement for popular freedom. It results in establishing the religious as well as political absolutism of the territorial princes. The close of the Thirty Years' War sees the proud, self-asserting burgher of the Hansa transformed into a timid, cowed, official-ridden subject; and literature, which, in the hands of the controversialists and hymn-writers of the sixteenth century, had begun to assume a marked individualistic and realistic character, relapses for the most part into empty conventionalism. There remains, however, throughout the seventeenth century an undercurrent of individualism, which comes to the surface in the age of Frederick the Great, and

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reaches its highest altitude at the beginning of the present century. Debarred from active participation in public life, Germany's best intellects turn to the cultivation of self. Pietism and rationalism, sentimentalism and the storm-and-stress movement, classicism and romanticism have for their common object the building up and rounding out of the inner individual life. "Germany as a whole is nothing, the individual German is everything."

The wars of liberation in the early decades of the present century, and the unification of Germany under the hegemony of Prussia, set up new collectivistic ideals, although contemporary German literature has by no means wholly discarded individualism. At the end of the century the leading note of German literature is revolt. In the eighteenth century revolt meant the ascendency of the middle class over a hereditary aristocracy. To-day it means the ascendency of the working class over a bourgeoisie which has ceased to be representative of the whole people. It means a further upward movement in the development of the race, an additional step toward the final reconciliation of individualism and collectivism.

M. A. Mikkelsen.

ROBERT BURNS.*

When the centenary of the birth of Robert Burns took place on January 25th, 1859, a perfect flood of Burnsiana inundated the literary world. New editions of the poet's works, by more or less competent annotators, became an almost weekly occurrence. New biographies were written to expose old scandals or invent fresh calumnies. Burns Clubs sprang up wherever Scotsmen gathered—that is, throughout the habitable world; and the mania spread like a virulent epidemic. In the course of time this fever passed away, but now, when the centenary of the death of Burns occurs in this present year of grace, we are threatened with another outbreak of Burnsomania. A new generation has arisen in the interim, and industrious local antiquaries have been diligently collecting "unconsidered trifles" concerning the poet wherewith they may deluge the unsuspecting youth of our day. Already quite a host of books by Burns and about Burns teem on the publishers' shelves or flaunt in their catalogues; and the hapless critics who have the task in view of wading through these multitudinous "books that are no books" may anticipate many a bad quarter-of-an-hour. If one were sure that these works would have a tithe of the merit of Mr. Wallace's new edition of Chambers's standard *Life and Works of Robert Burns*, the anticipation of their advent would not be so terrifying. For Chambers's book, which was first published in the middle of this century, effaced all the biographies that had preceded it, and has held its place as the best life of the poet that has yet been published. As for its predecessors, they may be dismissed very briefly.

The first serious attempt at a biography of Burns was made by Dr. Currie, a native of Dumfriesshire, who had accidentally met the poet shortly before the death of the latter, and had become an enthusiastic admirer of his genius. With the philanthropic purpose of providing funds to assist the poet's destitute family, the good-natured doctor brought out an edition of the poems in 1800, prefixing a memoir in which, unfortunately, he included much dubious scandal and gossip that later writers have adopted and intensified. The next important biography was that published by John Gibson Lockhart, in 1828, which is more remarkable for the fine spirit of criticism which it displays than for original research for biographical details. Allan Cunningham's life of Burns, in his edition of the poems, was good enough to call forth the commendation of Carlyle; but it left much to be desired. To Robert Chambers, therefore, belongs the honour of having first undertaken the production of a biography that would be both accurate and exhaustive; and he had spent years in its preparation before he published it in 1851. Even at that date—fifty-five years after the poet's death—there was much material collected by Chambers that could not be published without giving offence; but, like a discreet antiquary, he carefully preserved his papers, knowing that the time would come when these would prove of great value. That

* Life and Works of Robert Burns. Edited by Robert Chambers, revised by William Wallace. 4 vols. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $2.50 per vol.

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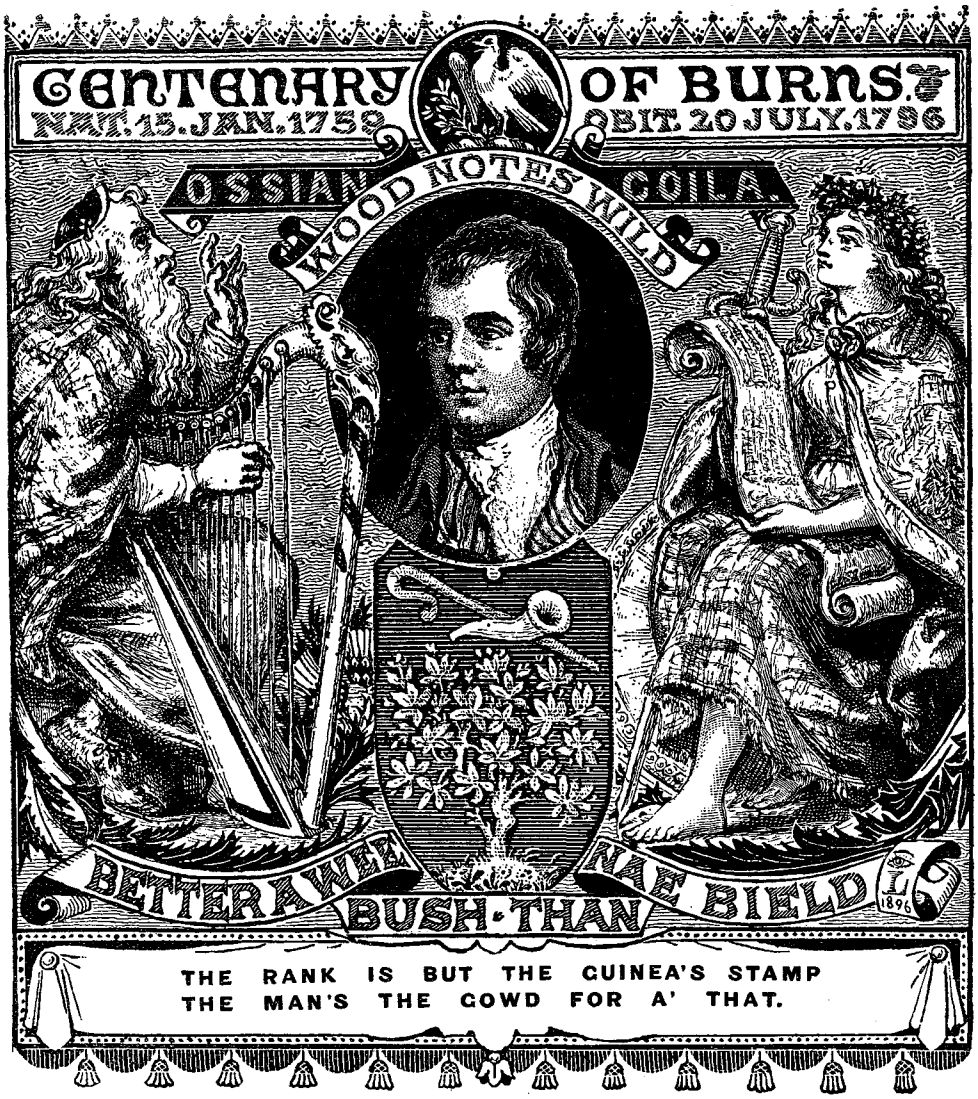

FROM THE ORIGINAL DRAWING BY JOHN LEIGHTON, F.S.A.

time has now arrived, and the task of revising and amending the text, and utilising these documents, has been undertaken by Mr. William Wallace, than whom it would be difficult to find a more competent editor.

The first edition of Chambers's *Life and Works of Robert Burns* consisted of four volumes, with about 360 pages in each volume. Chambers had early seen that few poets more completely live in their works than does Robert Burns, and he had conceived the idea of making the poems illustrate the life before Allan Cunningham had put that notion in practice. It was in this form that he cast his biography, and he has since had a disciple and imitator in the late William Scott Douglas. Much may be said in favour of this plan, and not a little may be urged against it. For instance, the biographer assumes the very difficult duty of deciding the exact chronology of many of the amorphous love-songs which Burns dashed off in a moment of happy inspiration; and as he did not scruple to alter the names of the heroines to suit successive sweethearts, this becomes a very arduous task, and may lead to dangerous the-

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orising. But in this respect Dr. Chambers was extremely careful, and Mr. Wallace is even more cautious. And the fact that Chambers has rarely been convicted of error, and never of deliberate misstatement, is surely strong proof of the value of his work. Fifty-five years elapsed between the death of Burns and the publication of this biography, and now it has been subjected to forty-five years of criticism without its authoritativeness being greatly impaired or even seriously challenged.

The most remarkable characteristic of this fresh edition of Chambers's work is the modesty of the new editor. There are two ways in which the work of revision may be accomplished—the text may be left intact, and the reviser may pose in footnotes as a discoverer, thus displaying himself as a superior person to the original writer; or the text may be expanded by the incorporation of new matter which the first writer would have used had circumstances permitted. Mr. Wallace has chosen the latter form, with the result that only those who take the trouble to compare the former edition with the present can have any adequate idea of the labour Mr. Wallace has bestowed upon the work. An arithmetical calculation may afford some notion of it. The first volume of Chambers's edition contains 362 pages, while the first volume of the new edition, covering exactly the same period in the poet's life, has 492 pages, and these contain many footnotes in small type, besides elaborate appendices. There is, in short, an utter absence of attitudinising on Mr. Wallace's part. He has made very valuable discoveries regarding some of the obscure incidents in the poet's life, but he never challenges the applause of his readers by coming before the curtain to extract their approbation. In this blatant and self-advertising age such modesty is as highly commendable as it is rare.

The excellence of Mr. Wallace's method is made apparent in the first pages of his volume. Chambers began his biography by giving extracts from the well-known autobiographical letter written by the poet to Dr. John Moore, the novelist—father of the hero of Corunna—in August, 1787, which has been utilised by nearly every biographer of Burns. Mr. Wallace does better, for he supplies many passages which Chambers excised, and some of these are important as bearing on the poet's career. The very disputed question of the ancestry of Burns is fully explained by Mr. Wallace, and he brings to bear upon it the results of the latest researches—results which, of course, were not available for Dr. Chambers. Still more important is the long passage regarding the theological attitude of Burns which Mr. Wallace has interpolated before the "Epistle to John Goldie." Chambers evidently did not feel himself at liberty to speak plainly on a subject that was controversial in his time, and he had not the same fulness of information about Burns's religious training as is now possible. After a careful examination of the theological literature which Burns read, Mr. Wallace points out that the poet, while striving to throw off the yoke of the ultra-Calvinists, or "Auld Lichts," whom he satirised severely, was unwilling to become a slave to the altered but still irksome bondage imposed by the "New Lichts." He sums up the whole matter in a few pregnant sentences:—

> "Burns is not to be written down Arminian, Socinian, Pelagian, without qualification. The consciousness of the living presence of God in nature was always stronger in him than any theory of redemption. An intellectual sceptic, he was not really interested in theological dogma, though moral and emotional causes preserved in him certain relics of more or less interdependent doctrines."

There can be little doubt that, so far as religion was concerned, Burns was a character much rarer in his time than in our own—a mixture of orthodoxy and heterodoxy that defied classification, and indignantly resented the affixing of a theological label.

The episode of "Highland Mary" has long been a puzzle to the students of Burns. Dr. Chambers did what he could by personal research to discover the whole romantic story; and since his time much important information has been obtained in various quarters. Up till quite recently it was the unanimous opinion of the admirers of Burns that Mary Campbell was a girl of spotless reputation, "the white rose," as Professor Nichol calls her, in Burns's life, the worthy subject of one of the most impassioned elegies in the English language. It was not until the Rev. Eric Robertson contributed a paper to the *Burns Chronicle* for 1893 on the subject that the slightest whisper of scandal against this girl was heard. Unfortu-

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nately Mr. G. A. Aitken, in his memoir prefixed to the Aldine edition of Burns published in that year, adopted the views of Mr. Robertson, and perpetuated a baseless slander. Mr. Wallace, happily, has been able, at the cost of considerable trouble, to demolish triumphantly the air-built theories of the Rev. Eric Robertson and his follower. He has shown that the Mary Campbell whom they sought to identify with the Highland Mary of the poet was a girl of evil reputation, whose character must have been well known to Burns, and whom he never could have addressed in the glowing terms used by him.

These references so far have only shown how Mr. Wallace has supplemented Dr. Chambers's biographical details. There are other points which might be alluded to; such as his indication for the first time of a purpose of marriage betwixt Burns and Elizabeth Paton; his narrative of the poet's life in Mauchline; and his clear and intelligible account of the involved relations of Burns with the Armour family. But not less valuable are Mr. Wallace's explanatory notes upon the poems. Here he has far excelled any previous annotator. Take, for instance, his notes on "The Brigs o' Ayr." He shows that at the time the poem was written the New Brig was so far from completion that Burns could only have described it from a drawing, and he acutely suggests that the master of works, who was a friend of the poet, may have shown the design, and also told Burns of the weakness of the foundations, thus enabling the poet to become a prophet. Mr. Wallace has avoided the awkwardness of a separate glossary, and has printed his English equivalents for Scotticisms in the margin. The volumes are illustrated with etchings and heliogravures from famous drawings and pictures. The centenary of Burns's death should prove memorable by this production of an edition of his *Life and Works* really worthy of the poet's fame.

MR. LE GALLIENNE'S NEW BOOK.*

Mr. Le Gallienne is the Dick Whittington of Song. His story reminds us of that other Richard, who, one summer morning many hundreds of years ago, sat listening to the bells of distant London. The one carried his little all tied up in a handkerchief slung to the end of a stick; the other came to London to seek his fortune with a sheaf of manuscript poems in his pocket and any number of poems singing in his head. Now Mr. Le Gallienne is a figure in "society," and lives in a beautiful house crowded with costly bric-à-brac and valuable books, but I like to think sometimes of the sloping-roofed room, nestling under the gables of one of the most picturesque buildings left in London—quaint old Staple's Inn—which was his first home in the great city.

It was in just such a room that one might picture Chatterton—rough-hewn oak beams above, uneven oak flooring below, and in front a "magic casement" "opening upon the foam"—not of "perilous seas," but of perilous streets, where the black tides of hurrying human creatures never ceases to ebb and flow. Here were his bed, his books, and his papers. Here, too, though shillings were probably scarcer than sovereigns are now, were the flowers, which the extravagant tenant of the prophet's chamber was never too poor to deny himself—the flowers which were the inspiration of many of his songs. And here on a little stove in a corner he would himself boil the water with which to brew for his visitor the tea or coffee that he would hand round with the ease and grace of a duke dispensing hospitality in his castle.

I have been betrayed into this personal reminiscence by reading how "Love, a poor poet in need of a room for his bed and his rhymes," and "Beauty, a little blue-eyed girl who loved him," transformed into a seventh heaven a single seventh-story room which they had rented, for surely "Love" stands for Mr. Le Gallienne himself, and "Beauty" for the sweet-faced young wife with dove-like eyes and dove-like voice, whose loss has been the great sorrow of the poet's life. It was in a beautiful idyll called "A Seventh-Story Heaven" that I read of the transformation, and this brings me to the fact with which I started or ought to have started, that Mr. Le Gallienne has published a new book. In other words, he has set open the door of another House of Welcome on the literary highway. And surely 'twere as hard, on a glaring sum-

* Prose Fancies. Second Series. By Richard Le Gallienne. Chicago: H. S. Stone & Co. $1.25.

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mer's noon, for a tired and thirsty traveller to pass by some ancient hostelry, through the ivy-hung porch of which he sees, lying back in cool shadow, a quaint stone-paven nook with a glimpse of greenlawn and box-bordered flower beds beyond, as it were for the literary wayfarer to turn aside from a volume titled like Mr. Le Gallienne's. *The Prose Fancies of a Poet!* Could a more alluring sign be set a-swing before the doors of any literary House of Refreshment? Nor when we have entered are we disappointed by the bill of fare which is put before us. "A Seventh-Story Heaven," "Spring by Parcel Post," "A Poet in the City," "Brown Roses," "Death and Two Friends," "A Seaport in the Moon"—here surely is a list which might stir the imagination even of unimaginative folk.

The score or so of "Fancies" which form the volume are, as was only to be expected, of very varying merit. To the opening idyll, "A Seventh-Story Heaven," reference has already been made. Mr. Le Gallienne's friend and neighbour Mr. Grant Allen, a delightful naturalist and essayist, whom Society by her neglect has turned into a thrower into her midst of Nihilistic bombs in the guise of novels, could bear witness to the fact that nests are built in strange places, but surely never did love birds find such strange quarters for their home as this eyrie at the top of a building, the ground floor of which was a sailors' tavern. But dingy and unlovely as the spot may be, it is made beautiful for us in Mr. Le Gallienne's page as the scene of a love-story so exquisitely told, and so tremulous with tender pathos that we can only compare it to the work of the gentle Elia.

I cannot say as much for the second Fancy, whimsically entitled "Spring by Parcel Post," for it is surely an error of taste which every admirer of Mr. Le Gallienne's genius must regret. "The big Dutch hyacinths," he writes,

> "Are already shamelessly *enceinte* with their buxom waxen blooms, so fat and fragrant—(one is already delivered of a fine blossom. Well, that is a fine baby, to be sure! says the other hyacinths with babes no less bonny under their own green aprons—all waiting for the doctor Sun)."

I wonder if this offends the taste of my readers as much as it offends mine. Mr. Le Gallienne may quote science and physiology against me, but I must confess that in regard to children and flowers I like to keep my very thoughts free from the smirch of sex, though I concede and contend that the smirch is entirely of man's, not of God's making. But in the passage I have quoted there is a certain coarseness of associations which is painful in connection with the purest and most perfect thing on God's earth—a flower. It was to me as if hot hands were tampering with the petals of a lily. The air seemed to become close as I read, and it was not until I had had a dip—as into cool spring water—into the flower-poems of Burns and Wordsworth that I could go on with my reading of *Prose Fancies*. Let us turn the page and forget that one of the most delicately-minded of living poets, whose work has hitherto been distinguished for exquisite fancy and excellent taste, should so far have "lost himself" as to have written it.

"Variations upon Whitebait" is a caprice as skilful as Rossetti's famous sonnet "A Match with the Moon." It is a very curiosity in similes, and though Mr. Le Gallienne will toss you a fresh and apt simile for every fish upon your fork, though he introduce as many variations as a pianist introduces into "Home, Sweet Home," yet the essay is not all variation, but has a pretty story running like the thread of a tune throughout.

As for the "Letter to an Unsuccessful Literary Man," I would suggest that it be lithographed in order that the successful author may use it as a form with which to reply to the uninvited correspondent. If only Mr. Le Gallienne could induce amateurs to read this letter instead of writing letters of their own to that most baited of beings, the professional author, what a boon he would confer upon his fellow-craftsmen! The essay "On Loving One's Enemies" is scarcely written in the spirit which its title and its protestations of charity might lead us to suppose. It strikes me as somewhat self-conscious and defiant; but "Death and Two Friends" contains some really signal work. For the gem of the book, however, we must turn to "A Seaport in the Moon." This and the opening chapter, "A Seventh-Story Heaven," are in themselves worth the modest sum which the publishers ask for the volume. "A Seaport

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in the Moon" is an exquisitely beautiful fancy. Mr. Le Gallienne was in the right mood when he wrote it, and when he is in the mood he is a magician. His page glows like a painter's palette with rich colours, and the pictures come and go before us like sunset pageants. "As I write," he says,

"The moon looks down on me, like a Madonna from the great canvas of the sky. She seems beautiful with the beauty of all the eyes that have looked up at her; sad, with all the tears of all those eyes; like a silver bowl brimming with the tears of dead lovers she seems. Yes, there are seaports in the moon; there are ships to take us there."

Here we have Mr. Le Gallienne at his best, and when he is at his best we sigh to think he should ever have to give us anything else. What would become of the lark's song—that "fountain in the sky," as poor Richard Jefferies called it—if the minstrel had, come shadow, come shine, to pour out so many thousand trills per hour, on penalty of a dinnerless day? Our lark, if he is a bird of spirit, would no doubt reel off the requisite "trills" rather than that his mate and wee ones should go wormless to bed; but though epicures might still tickle their palates with "lark-pie," poets would soon cease to celebrate the lark's song.

Coulson Kernahan.

A NEW BOOK ON BUDDHISM.*

"As far as the east is from the west," like other formal sayings, of course, has its limitations, and these must be still more closely drawn when viewed in the light of the present advance of Oriental studies. The progress made in Eastern research during the present century, like the march of advancing civilisation, has brought Orient and Occident into much closer union than formerly. Our acquaintance with the life, character, manners, customs, and thought of Asiatic nations grows each day more clear, and it is furthered in no small degree by a work like the one under consideration, which is a genuine contribution to the existing body of knowledge in the field of one of the great religions of the East.

* Buddhism in Translations. By Henry Clarke Warren. Published by Harvard University, being vol. iii. of the Harvard Oriental Series, edited by Charles Rockwell Lanman. Cambridge, Mass. Mailing price, $1.20.

The history of Oriental studies in the United States hardly antedates the time of the late lamented scholar Whitney, and yet that worthy pioneer's influence has left, to survive his death, no inconsiderable number of younger American scholars, all of whom are indirectly or directly his pupils. These investigators are earnestly, conscientiously, and successfully carrying on the lines of work which he instituted, or they are striking out in new directions or are working in kindred fields. A proof of this fact is to be seen in the foundation of such a series as the Harvard Oriental Series, the first volume of which appeared within the last five years. This series is intended to occupy in America a place similar to that held in England by Max Müller's Sacred Books of the East. The series is under the editorship of Charles Rockwell Lanman, professor of Sanskrit in Harvard University, who is fortunate in enjoying the co-operation of various prominent scholars. Three stately volumes have been issued within the five years of existence of the series, and two more are expected shortly to be published. The first two volumes were editions of Sanskrit texts from the hands of foreign scholars; the Dutch philologian Kern presented a collection of Buddhist stories which have since been translated from Sanskrit into English, and the German investigator Garbe edited a Sanskrit philosophical commentary hitherto unpublished. The present volume, the third in the series, comes from the hand of the foremost American authority in the branch of the Pāli, or language of the sacred texts of the Buddhists. Shortly to follow are two important volumes in the field of Vedic research. These volumes are to be no less than a translation and commentary of the Atharva Veda, a work left unfinished among the literary remains of William Dwight Whitney, and which is to be edited by Professor Lanman himself. Regarding the general character of the entire series, so far as published, it suffices merely to add that in scholarly circles the name of Lanman is synonymous with learning, accuracy, sound judgment, and masterly editorship.

Mr. Warren, whose work is embraced in the present volume, is qualified as no other scholar in this country to present Buddhism in translations; and the idea

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of such a work, that culls the essential features of the faith and logically exhibits them to the reader through the medium of faithful renderings from the original texts, seems to the reviewer a good idea. The design of the volume, in other words, is to give a connected view of the religion founded by Gotama Buddha, not by means of description, but by means of carefully selected and consecutively arranged texts translated from the Pāli writings of Ceylon and Burma; or, to state the same proposition under different terms, it is not to talk about the Buddha and his religion, but to let the sacred texts speak for themselves.

The selections are drawn from many portions of the holy canon, but they are so arranged as to present in proper order: first, an account of the previous existences of the Buddha and of his own life; second, the doctrine of his faith, so far as it embodies the conception of Karma and rebirth, Nirvana, and other characteristic tenets in the Buddhistic scheme of salvation from misery; third, it conveys some notion of the character of Buddha's order, or the church founded by Gotama, as well as giving some idea of the religious and secular life of his followers in antiquity. Not less than a hundred selections are translated from the Tripitaka, or canon of the Buddhist Scriptures, in the five hundred pages that make up this royal octavo. These versions give a more concrete, direct idea and comprehensive view than perhaps double the number of pages devoted to mere discussion would have given. A work of sound scholarship, moreover, like the present, will do much toward clearing the ground and putting the knowledge of Buddhism on a firmer basis, so far as the popular standpoint is concerned; for a good deal that is popularly written upon the subject is not based upon a thorough knowledge of what the original texts themselves contain. But descriptive and elucidative matter is not excluded from the volume; each of the five chapters into which the selections translated are divided is introduced by a short preliminary discourse which sufficiently explains the contents and general bearing of the chapter and the relation which its contents hold to the general Buddhistic scheme. The book itself is introduced by a prefatory chapter, in which the translator appropriately gives all that is essential for the general reader to know regarding the books of the sacred canon of the Buddhists.

Beside the general faithfulness of the renderings, one point must be commented upon: it is, that the translations are done into readable English. The style throughout is excellent, an attribute which cannot be applied to every work of scholarship. Many an apt or happy phrase in the translation is noted, and the metrical parts of the original are given in verse, for illustrating which, however, there is not space here. It may be noticed that in that part of the book which relates to the general religious doctrines of Buddhism, a number of the selections are taken from the Visuddhi-Magga, or Way of Purity, the original text of which Mr. Warren is engaged in editing for the Pāli Text Society of London.

With regard to form, the volume is a handsome piece of book-making, and many practical devices have been introduced into it by the editor of the series, which contribute much to ease of reference. One example is the scheme of marking in small figures, on the inner side at the top of the page, the precise text from which the selection is translated. This is a trifle, it is true, but it is like many other little things that help one in using the book as much as a good index helps. In conclusion, it may be added that this new work is of interest and value not alone to the Oriental scholar, but it contains much material also that the general reader will find attractive, especially if he take any interest in folk-lore and in the customs of antiquity. The beautiful "get up" of the work, combined with its remarkably reasonable price, makes this royal octavo volume one worthy of recommendation to every one who cares to have a scholarly and interesting book upon his shelves.

A. V. Williams Jackson.

THE INTERPRETATION OF LITERATURE.*

The study and teaching of literature are everywhere highly appreciated and

* The Interpretation of Literature: A Discussion of Literary Principles and their Application. By W. H. Crawshaw, A.M., Professor of English Literature in Colgate University. The Macmillan Company. $1.00.

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esteemed, but a system of well-established principles for interpreting literary work has not as yet been generally arranged and accepted. Toward the formation of such a system Professor Crawshaw's book forms a very valuable contribution. He regards literature as one of the fine arts which are the products of imagination, and which have beauty for their supreme end. The foremost thing to be desired in studying or teaching literature, he believes to be the appreciation of the essential elements of any production, that is, the consideration of those qualities that give vitality and power and immortality to literary creations. He by no means regards this as all that belongs to the fullest study of the subject, which would include the detailed history of literature and the consideration of the relation of literature to life; but believing these matters beyond the scope of his present undertaking, he wisely pays little attention to them.

The book is divided into two parts; the first looks at the subject rather from the standpoint of the artist or author, and the second from that of the student. In classifying the general kinds of productions, the traditional plan is followed; but in some points it is carried out to greater completeness, as is seen in the distinction between the novel and romance, the former being allied to the drama, and the latter to the epic. Literary qualities exist in both substance and form, and both should be studied together. With this in mind the author proceeds to show how substance may be estimated, in general, according to thought, emotion, ideality, and beauty. In the treatment of form the generally accepted principles are followed, but here, too, the analysis is more complete than usual. In discussing style, the author looks at the matter more from the standpoint of the literary critic than from that of the rhetorician. The analysis of the qualities of style is carried out to great fulness. The various classes of qualities are shown to correspond to the several elements of substance, thus demonstrating the vital relation between substance and style.

The book is probably least original in the treatment of metre, where we find merely an outline of well-established metrical principles; but to this the author adds his own ideas about the relation between metre and substance.

To the student of literature the second part will doubtless prove the most practical; for by showing him how to apply the principles of the first part to the several kinds of literature, it gives him a clear and well-defined method in accordance with which he may judge the productions he is studying. In this part the treatment of form is mainly traditional, but the discussion of substance has much that is new. Among the new points presented are: the above-mentioned distinction between the novel and romance; the comparison of the essay with the lyric, showing how closely the two are related by virtue of their subjective nature; and the status of descriptive literature. As to the latter, Mr. Crawshaw maintains that, although it is probably impossible to find any true literary production in which the descriptive element is unmistakably dominant, the impulse and the results are evident, and must be considered in any theoretical classification of literary types. Descriptive literature may be found in abundance in both prose and poetry.

Throughout the second part a close parallel is drawn between the poetic and the prose forms of the various types, and the discussion of each type is made to correspond to the general theoretical discussion of the first part. At the close of the first part there is a tabulated outline of literary elements from the standpoint of the artist, who is supposed to look at art synthetically; and after the discussion of each type in the second part there is a corresponding table showing how to study that type from the standpoint of the student, who is supposed to look at art analytically. The same topics appear in nearly all the tables; but naturally those of the second part are in the reverse order from the one in the first part.

Throughout the whole book the discussion is conducted in the abstract, and one misses the help of concrete illustrations; but the introduction of these would have demanded more space than the author had at his disposal. Furthermore, any one interested in consulting such illustrations could readily do so by consulting the Appendix, which contains a well-selected chronological list of works illustrative of the various kinds of literature. The Appendix also contains a bibliography on literary theory. The absence of formal definitions relieves the production of many of the fea-

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tures of a text-book, and shows that the author presupposes considerable knowledge of literary theory on the part of the reader. The book will be of great value to college students and also to the general reader.

R. W. Moore.

STUDIES IN JUDAISM.*

Mr. Schechter's *Studies* originally appeared in *The Jewish Quarterly* and *The Jewish Chronicle*, and contain enough of general interest to warrant their reproduction in separate form. Of the fourteen papers now reprinted some are indeed very slight, being, as Mr. Schechter says, rather *causeries* than *Studies*. Even these, however, contain information which may not be so readily accessible elsewhere, and dealing with such topics as "The Hebrew Collection of the British Museum," "The Titles of Jewish Books," "The Child in Jewish Literature," they show us the literary and social aspects of Judaism. The remaining papers, while to some extent biographical, are essentially theological, and revolve round a characteristic of modern Judaism which is of very considerable significance, and on which the information conveyed by a trustworthy expert cannot but be welcomed. It would appear from Mr. Schechter's statement that a numerous and powerful section of the Jewish community has adopted an attitude toward Scripture and tradition very similar to that which is occupied by the Roman Catholic Church. When criticism began its work and made it evident that our ideas regarding the composition of the Old Testament must undergo considerable alteration, certain scholars attempted to shift the centre of gravity of Judaism from Scripture to tradition.

Not the mere Bible, but the Bible as interpreted by tradition, claimed the place of authority.

"When Revelation or the Written Word is reduced to the level of history, there is no difficulty in elevating history in its aspect of tradition to the rank of Scripture, for both have then the same human or divine origin (according to the student's predilection for the one or the other adjective) and emanate from the same authority. Tradition becomes thus the means whereby the modern divine seeks to compensate himself for the loss of the Bible, and the theological balance is, to the satisfaction of all parties, happily readjusted."

Plainly this is a remarkable outcome of the critical movement, and fraught with incalculable consequences. It may carry Judaism as far away from Mosaism as the Roman Church of to-day is from the Apostolic. Indeed, already it has been declared by this party that a return to Mosaism would be illegal, pernicious, impossible. The real authority which is to regulate doctrine and practice is neither Scripture nor primitive Judaism, but general custom. And this general custom is to find its expression in the living voice of the Jewish Church of to-day. Authority is transferred from the Bible to a living body, which by being in touch with the aspirations and needs of the time, can best interpret, modify, and apply Scripture.

"This living body is not represented by any section of the nation, or any corporate priesthood, or Rabbihood, but by the collective conscience of Catholic Israel as embodied in the universal synagogue."

This certainly is a remarkable development in a religion which has commonly been identified with a fanatical attachment to the letter of Scripture, and which on the Day of Atonement still utters itself in the hymn:

"Destroyed lies Zion and profaned,
Of splendour and renown bereft,
Her ancient glories wholly waned,
One deathless treasure only left;
Still ours, O Lord,
Thy Holy Word."

No doubt tradition has for two thousand years and more held a place of honour practically on a level with Scripture, but it has always formally exalted, if it has really dethroned, the greater authority. The consequence of allowing this place to interpretations and comments is now at last explicitly announced. Mr. Schechter himself is one of those who look with justifiable suspicion on this modern school. "At times," he says,

"this now fashionable exaltation of Tradition at the expense of Scripture impresses one as a sort of religious bimetallism in which bold speculators in theology try to keep up the market value of an inferior currency by denouncing loudly the bright shining gold which, they would have us believe, is less fitted to circulate in the vulgar use of daily life than the small cash of historical interpretation."

* Studies in Judaism. By S. Schechter, M.A., Reader in Talmudic in the University of Cambridge. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.75.

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Mr. Schechter's *Studies* are of importance as exhibiting this unexpected feature of present-day Judaism. The biographical notices are also interesting, and depict some of the finest types of Jewish saintliness. The volume is well written, and much may be learned from it; every one of the *Studies* manifesting sympathy with all that is best in religion as well as exceptional knowledge.

Marcus Dods.

NOVEL NOTES.

KRIEGSPIEL: A WAR GAME. By Francis Hindes Groome. New York: Ward, Lock & Bowden, Limited. $1.50.

It may be said at once that this gipsy novel is a book of striking ability by one of the most brilliant and cultivated among living men of letters. Mr. Hindes Groome is well known in England as a great historical scholar, and he has a mind of such freshness and vivacity that no amount of learning will ever make him a "dry-as-dust." He ranks next to George Borrow as a delineator of the gipsies. Although an Englishman, he is a citizen of Edinburgh, and knows, perhaps, as much as any man there of its history, written and unwritten. He has used all his resources in the production of *Kriegspiel*, which is a book of varied and extraordinary interest, and not to be passed by as an ephemeral production.

Life in England, in Scotland, in Germany, and, for chief attraction, life in gipsy tents is presented in *Kriegspiel*. Enthusiasts, fanatics, villains, faddists, seers, and merely romantic persons form the *dramatis personæ*. It is woven of texture far from commonplace, and, it should be said, not after a pattern in vogue to-day. It breathes, too, an unaccustomed atmosphere, more religious, more romantic than we are used to, and judged by all our present standards, at least, it is very unconventional. Very likely *Kriegspiel* will not remind you of any novel you have read for the last twenty years. To us the change of air was refreshing, though we vainly flourished an erasing pencil now and again. Mr. Groome's former book, *In Gipsy Tents*, prepared us for the scenes which he could best treat of in fiction; and it is the gipsy scenes that give the story its greatest value and charm. He does not sentimentalise over these wild folks he knows so intimately. The villain of the piece is a gipsy, as well as the devoted girl Sagul, whom most of us will call the heroine in despite of Marjory. It is all real—the smell of the roadside fire, the ill language, the venomed passions, and the nameless charm of the Romany race. The story turns on the tragic events that were the consequence of the secret and unhappy marriage of an English baronet with a gipsy beauty. The death of the wife, estranged from her husband, rouses the hate and vengeance of a rejected gipsy lover, who bides his time, and, after many years, murders the baronet and kidnaps the heir, whom he declares to be his son. You may have your own ideas as to what would be the most pleasing course for such a story to take. Mr. Groome has his, and we have to accept them. Lionel, the kidnapped young baronet, is saved by a gipsy girl, nursed and maintained by her during a long illness. But he does not fall in love with Sagul; and, indeed, his ideas on the subject of an alliance with the gipsy race are all that are most prudent. But then, though Lionel is the hero, the story does not depend on him for its romance. And that last scene with the dying gipsy girl must have overcome some of the priggishness which did certainly cling about this very nice young man.

"The tents were pitched upon the western hill-slope. Beside them ran Offa's Dyke, reared centuries before to keep out the Welsh marauders; the silver Teme flowed beneath; and beyond stretched the beautiful Welsh country, all shimmering through the soft blue wood-smoke of the fire that smouldered outside. Some sat within the tent, but more on the turf without—the children awe-struck, puzzled. The sinking sun slanted through the tent opening, and lighted up Sagul's face, which was lighted up, too, by happy recollections. For Wanselo was playing Scotch melodies, dear to her soul from those old Canongate days. First, the 'Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,' and then from its stirring tones he slid imperceptibly into the tender 'Farewell to Lochaber.' And as he played, he cried quietly, big, merry-faced Wanselo.

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" 'Play that again, my Wanselo.'
"And Wanselo did play it again, but not quite to the end, for, as the last bar opened, Sagul died."

IN THE VALLEY OF TOPHET. By Henry W. Nevinson. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.00.

Mr. Nevinson published a volume of stories called *Slum Stories of London* over a year ago, which insured him a careful hearing when his next book should appear. We have it before us now, and there has been no falling off in his powers. The stories which compose this volume are for the most part grim and relentless studies of the lives of the poor and oppressed in a mining district in England. One feels that Mr. Nevinson's heart beats to the still, sad music of humanity; on the very title-page we are met by the spirit of mingled pessimism and gloomy indignation which troubles the artistic setting of these stories, in the quotation from Carlyle: "The cause of the poor in God's name and the Devil's!"

Wenley-on-the-Hill has been taken as the name of a cursed spot which is typical, if we believe the author, of many others in England, "where nature and man seem to have combined to make a desolation and call it wealth." It seems to be Mr. Nevinson's purpose to make us feel the hopelessness and the degradation of these "dumb driven cattle," toiling from week's end to week's end with no thought of better things, no hope of better days—living in a land of fire and iron which resembles a veritable "Valley of Tophet"—and to cast in a lurid light the inhumanity and utter want of sympathy on the part of their employers. It is the old feud between labourer and capitalist, but presented in this form, and clothed in flesh and blood, the conflict is brought home to us with terrible force and irony. Even when the light of love enters the lives of these downtrodden people, it seems but to aggravate the situation and to deepen the shadow that rests upon them. It is the tragedy of the commonplace, unrelieved and unstrained; but Mr. Nevinson knows how to transform the dull and sombre by the sacrifices of love and by the inherent humour that lies in all life if you go deep enough to find it. For he is first and foremost an artist, and has an eye for colour and proportion. He has the gift of making his characters appeal to the emotions, and he always wins his case. From the moment that he has your attention, he enlists your sympathy and compels you to see what he sees. The first story in the book is a unique conception, and is powerfully portrayed. The others vary and will perhaps soon be forgotten, but "A Vicarious Sacrifice" will be long remembered by at least one reader.

FLOTSAM. By Henry Seton Merriman. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.25.

Mr. Merriman has never written an uninteresting or a commonplace novel. He is a student of mankind of a very earnest kind, and his observations run over a wide area. He knows men under many aspects and in many climates, while his changes of scene have invariably a purpose more interesting than the provision of new and picturesque backgrounds. Among the novelists in the second rank there are very few today who put more genuine ability and mental energy into their work. To a critic who thinks like this, one thing about these stories must seem astounding—the extraordinary divergence between the worth of the narrative and the characters, on the one hand, and of the general reflections, especially those of a satirical nature, on the other. In one place, and the novelist's right place, of course, he is original, independent, forcible; in the other, he attains to a cheap, ill-tempered smartness which is entirely unworthy of him. If when Mr. Merriman is feeling indignant he would not snap out a reflection, but incorporate his discontent in a personage, all would come right. For his characters are not often cheaply made, not even the cheap ones; they are mostly embodied truths, while his satire otherwise expressed is either unveracious or so trite as not to be worth mentioning. It is a weakness that infects all his work, and in *Flotsam* it is the more apparent because he has failed to rise to the powerful characterisation and constructive ability of his former stories. *Flotsam* saw the light first in serial form, and reads as if it had been ground out to fill so many pages. Before the end is reached the author is more tired if possible than his reader, and seems to have wearied of his task. But when this is said it still remains true that *Flotsam* is composed of interesting materials, and is excellently writ-

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ten. It is a tale of life in India early in the century, and has for a background an uprising of the native Indian soldiers and the siege of Delhi. The central figure of the story is a pathetic one, and is, alas! too true to life in many respects. The happy-go-lucky, dare-devil, generous young fellow, lacking moral courage and capacity to overcome; succumbing at last to the very weakness inherent in his good qualities—a prey to men of less goodness of heart, but greater cleverness and intellectual calibre—is a tragedy of common occurrence. The story does not rise above tragic commonplace, and as this dominates the scenes and incidents of the whole novel, the reader is saddened and depressed when he quits it.

THE GIRL AT BIRRELL'S. By Thomas Heney. New York: Ward, Lock & Bowden. $1.50.

The author is handicapped by the familiarity of the motive of his story. The low-born beauty who is possessed of a mounting ambition has appeared so often that it is difficult to give her a new aspect, yet Mr. Heney has succeeded in doing this to an acceptable degree by means of the very considerable literary art revealed in the development of the girl's character, and still more by reason of the uniqueness of the environment. The same causes give fresh interest to the character of the man, who has also frequently figured in fiction as the degenerate son of a respectable family. Enveloped in the atmosphere of Australia, which is created with unusual effectiveness, and cast against the strange background of bush life, both the exalted barmaid and the degraded gentleman are seen in a new light. The work owes, indeed, most of its readableness to the *mise en scène*. The description of the remote and mysterious country, with its almost unimaginable social conditions, its unfamiliar occupations, its semi-civilised amusements, its indefinable sadness, takes powerful hold on the imagination. The occasional sigh of the wind, "like the last tremulous sound of a far-off, despairing voice," leaving a calm even more sad, in which arise out of the hot darkness the sharp cries of birds, eerie sounds, sobs, choking gurgles, quick, sudden voices, "that did not so much suggest the presence of living, commonplace creatures as scenes that the night hid," casts a strange, haunting spell over the reader. At other moments the still air was stirred by the slow, heavy beat of great, unseen wings, and filled with unaccountable wailing; but other than these there were no sounds, and all the world seemed covered by a dead black awful silence. When the scene changes to Melbourne and the more ordinary environments of city life, the fine touch of the earlier portions of the work disappears. The conclusion of the story also has little that appeals to us, since it is merely a repetition of the inevitable outcome of an uncongenial marriage between a weak man and an unscrupulous woman. Still this part of the work is short in comparison with the much stronger part, and it may be said without reservation that the book, as a whole, is above the average in freshness, in literary quality, and in general interest.

CAMILLA. By Richert Von Koch. Boston: T. Y. Crowell & Company. $1.25.

And still "sex problems" continue to be propounded in fiction, notwithstanding that none has ever yet been solved, and that most likely none ever can be. The latest comes from the far North. These things always come from the North; the South leaves them for convention—and nature—to settle. One of the problems of this translation from the Swedish and Danish of Richert von Koch is the old question of equality in the marital relation which has engaged the attention of some men and all women ever since the state of marriage was instituted. The other is decidedly newer, and deals with the "motive" of female virtue. The idea in itself is sufficiently novel and startling; but the frankness and calmness with which the girl heroine discusses it with her lover is one of the most remarkable features of recent "purpose" fiction. It is, she argues, neither a matter of conscience nor of preference, but solely and simply a requirement of caste. The lover is dumb with astonishment and horror. The lovers in problem novels always *are* dummies. His mother, however, has a good deal to say upon becoming acquainted with these sentiments of her prospective daughter-in-law, and proclaims that the girl is a monster of immorality in her heart, whatever she may be in her life. And yet the old woman

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shows herself more immoral than the girl in that she urges an immediate marriage, to be followed by an early divorce, as the surest and speediest means of curing her son's infatuation.

Altogether the story is the most decadent of the decadence, and the reformation which takes place in the character and in the views of the heroine toward the end of the book does not remove the shock of the first impression.

A STRANGE, SAD COMEDY. By Molly Elliot Seawell. New York: The Century Company. $1.25.

The only strange thing about the "comedy" is that a writer of the author's experience should have attempted to realise in any such offhand manner a type which has eluded the most earnest efforts of the ablest pens. The only sad thing about the "comedy" is the completeness of its failure at this point. As a Southerner the author knew of course the difficulty if not the impossibility of portraying in fiction the Southern gentleman of the old school. She must also have known that of all those who have made the attempt, no one has achieved success. There are several interesting and artistic caricatures like *Colonel Carter* and *The Old Gentleman of the Black Stock*, and there is one fine and faithful *silhouette* in "Two Gentlemen of Kentucky," but the full-face, full-length likeness has never been produced. Miss Seawell's limning has touches of truth, but they verge upon burlesque and are wholly out of harmony with the environment through the greater part of the story. It is as difficult to identify a Colonel Corbin with Newport as to place Colonel Newcome in Wall Street. The scenes which are cast in Virginia are truer but not newer than the description of the Anglomania that rages at Newport. Virginia has framed a good deal of fiction, and there is nothing fresh in the framing of this. The endless procession of little black batter-cake bearers that runs between the kitchen and the dining-room has figured in almost every Southern story; and it must be nearly a quarter of a century since a writer, in describing it, compared it to an antique frieze. This part of the work, which is slight and light, and fairly good of its kind, might have found an audience had not the attempt to realise the character of the colonel lifted the work above the commonplace only to let it fall.

THE DAUGHTER OF A STOIC. By Cornelia Atwood Pratt. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25.

It is quite delightful now and then to have ancient truisms presented by a young writer as personally conducted discoveries. It almost makes the reader feel young, and an innocent affectation of decadence on the part of the author doesn't lessen the naïve effect. The daughter of a Stoic is the well-known young person who dominates the first novel of the average young woman writer. She would have been easily recognisable without the assurance that she is "mentally wide awake and emotionally still asleep;" that "seeing the world means for a woman making the acquaintance of man;" that "love is very serious, and may make life tragic;" and that it is "a high-souled pagan gentleman" who teaches the young person the truth of all these truisms. Only in one instance is she different from her prototype, and this is in her remarkable and rather startling appeal to the pagan to help her "do justice to life." But whatever the young person meant, if anything, the proposal results in nothing more serious than the turn of a phrase. This trick of phrase-turning and a tendency toward alliteration constitute, in fact, the most distinctive and exasperating feature of the work. Such sentences as,

> "Books did not tell him, nor the crude, glittering prosperity of the oxygenated life around him. . . . Mellower civilisations whispered to him the unthought-of tidings that the word of salvation was beauty. . . . Inherited wealth without intelligence bewildered this man's untutored sense of the fitness of things. . . . Soft-toned tapestry sweeping aside,"

sacrifice sense to sound (to imitate the methods of the writer) until all sense of reality is lost. The book may, perhaps, be best summed up as an awkward attempt to follow the lead of John Oliver Hobbes.

THE FLAW IN THE MARBLE. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. 75 cts.

FROM WHOSE BOURNE. By Robert Barr. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. 75 cts.

These two little volumes appearing together in red and silver look like twins, but the resemblance goes no farther than the garish cover. The work of the anonymous writer is merely another of its myriad kind that long ago

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stereotyped the cold, cruel lady with the melancholy smile and the inscrutable past, and that always turns out to be more or less unsavoury. It differs from the mass only in the greater vagueness of its motive, the greater clumsiness of its style, and the inconsequence and delay of the *dénouement*. The work of Mr. Robert Barr, on the contrary, is fresh in conception, dashing in execution, and rushes to its destination with characteristic bang. It is, in fact, full of that indefinable quality which gives life to everything that the author touches —even though it be, as in this case, the realm of spooks; and which prevents his work being dull or displeasing—even when he splits the infinitive. Seriously it is a lively little book that may amuse an idle moment, but it will add nothing to the reputation won by *In the Midst of Alarms* and *A Woman Intervenes;* for while it is true that neither of these stories read the author's title clear to distinctly literary recognition, yet both have in abundance the spirit, originality, and dash that finer technical work often lacks, together with a serious purpose and a unity of construction that are wholly absent from this hasty, imperfectly digested sketch.

THE BABE, B.A. By Edward F. Benson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25.

It would be interesting to know when as well as why Mr. "Dodo" Benson (as he is called to distinguish him from his poet brother, Mr. A. C. Benson) wrote the book that has just appeared. It seems hardly possible that, after having demonstrated through *Dodo* and *The Rubicon* that he could do extraordinary things, even though he might not be able to make literature, he should give himself to anything so utterly aimless, so meaningless, so indescribably dull as this. There is, indeed, a certain amateurish air about the work, an actually infantile manner, that would seem to make its writing antedate anything else from the author. And yet, on the other hand, there runs between the lines a decadent suggestiveness — making its foolish feebleness evil—that seems eminently up to date. On one page we have this kind of inanity:

"The Babe was continuing to eat strawberries with a pensive air; and having finished the dish, he looked round pensively, and Reggie caught his eye. 'You mustn't eat any more, Babe,' he said; 'it's after twelve, and we're going out at eight to-morrow, and we have to get back to Prince's Gate.' The Babe sighed. 'Mr. Sykes will be waiting up for us,' he said; 'I suppose we ought to go. He will lose his beauty sleep.'"

On another page we have another kind less innocent, and not more interesting:

"'It is quite true,' said the Babe in a hollow voice. 'I have tried to go to the devil, and I can't. It is the most tedious process. Virtue and simplicity are stamped on my face and my nature. I am like Queen Elizabeth. I was really cut out to be a milkmaid. I don't want to get drunk, nor to cultivate the lower female. The more wine I drink, the sleepier I get; I have to pinch myself to keep awake, and I should be sleeping like a dead pig long before I got the least intoxicated. . . . We are going to call on obscure dons every afternoon and speak to them of the loveliness of life, for the majority of them have no conception of it. Their lives are bounded by narrow horizons, and the only glimpse they catch of the great world is their bed-maker as she carries out their slop-pail from their bedroom.'"

But faugh! why quote more of the revolting twaddle? It is not likely to do any harm. Its very dulness will be a protection from its depravity.

WILL O' THE WASP: A SEA YARN OF THE WAR OF '12. Edited by Henry Lawrence, U. S. N., and now brought before the public for the first time. By Robert Cameron Rogers. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25.

Mr. Rogers's story of naval adventure is based on a filmy tradition respecting the fate of an American corvette, the *Wasp*, in the last war with England. The tradition, though slender in itself and of minor importance, has sufficed for the weaving of a good sea yarn, a tale of rare dare-deviltry and rollicking sea sport, with enough of humanity and feminine cajolery in it to touch the heart. As the prologue avers, "it has the ring of truth about it, and gives one a version of the end of the gallant Blakely and his sloop-of-war," which we may adopt as history or fiction, as the mood fits. Mr. Rogers tells his story with the relish and bonhomie of a good raconteur, and holds the interest of the reader unflaggingly to the end. But while the book is well worth reading and preserving for its spirited adventurous tale and cleverly conceived rendering of a nebulous and unaccountable incident in our historic annals, we see no reason for urging the author to continue his departure from poetry, where in his volume of poems, *The Wind in the Clearing*, he showed a distinction that his prose does not possess. We

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want to hear from him again in what is unquestionably his proper *metier*—let those who can write tales of adventure with the magic of romance to enthrall us which he lacks. The true spirit of romance *Will o' the Wasp* has not; it is a diversion, and amuses us, but does not capture the imagination. It is only in his poetry that we take Mr. Rogers seriously, and there he is a master in his own field.

IN THE WAKE OF KING JAMES. By Standish O'Grady. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

Mr. Standish O'Grady has fine imaginative powers and likewise a strong affection for certain old conventions. We wonder which will gain him most success in the end. In his stories of adventure the trail of the *Swiss Family Robinson* is always visible. A love of mechanical contrivances and a delight in inventing something approaching to the resources of civilisation for his hidden caverns, should win him the hearty interest of all boys. Here in this story they can give way to it with great plausibility, for the cavern in Lan Bran was prepared by slow degrees, and at one time with the thought that it might shelter King James. Charmingly boyish, too, is his stage machinery of subterranean passages, the battering ram, appearing just when it is wanted, the dungeons, and the frequently used rack in Dun-Randal-on-the-Sea, where dwelt the irredeemably black-hearted and most handsome villains—Sir Theodore and his sons. Of far higher delight are the occasional flashes of poetry that illumine the tale. A reader feels the warning and confiding hand of Sheela given secretly to the one true man in the black castle; and, clumsy idiot though that hero be, he has all the world that reads his tale in love with his love story. When he gets his chance of being a man and of saving Sheela who had saved him, he proves that he is not emotionally dull. A moment of force and exaltation is described as such a moment deserves. There are attempts at psychology in the treatment of the characters which are not completely successful, but Lieutenant O'Mally is a pleasant fellow, and Sheela is a star. The story may not be any measure of Mr. O'Grady's power, but here as elsewhere his direct appeal to the romance in us cannot be withstood.

A VENETIAN JUNE. By Anna Fuller. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.00.

A Venetian June is literally the tourist's June in Venice, not the year-in, year-out life with the people which made their most sympathetic and intimate biographer, Mr. Howells. If *Venetian Life* gave us Venice from the inside, *A Venetian June* certainly gives us Venice from the outside with the same perfection—just that casual vision of her which the summer traveller gets, and which yet has so lastingly a humanising effect on the imagination. Miss Fuller has sketched Venice with as much ease and simplicity as Mr. Hopkinson Smith—clearness and grace are always her distinguishing qualities. And the pleasure of it all is that she has carried along the thread of the story that links together her Venetian pictures without for a moment forgetting that Venice is her subject, and that no story is in place which does not illustrate and give voice to its genius—a difficult problem when one is just a tourist after all, and has to draw one's human interest from the American traveller! It is a light and charming sketch, this story of two American girls in Venice—one of them soft and still and sweet as a Madonna of Sodorna, to whom coming to Venice is coming into her birthright; and the other young, brilliant, and assured, who is startled into a "soul" there as she first touches the emotion which is the birth-throe of art. The reader is so resigned to incongruous love stories strung on to authors' foreign note-books that he is peculiarly touched by anything so harmonious. Then Mr. George Sloane has given the final touch of charm to the small book by his really fascinating little pictures—the Salute, San Marco, Torcello—magic names!—that is, if "Uncle Dan" isn't the final charm after all. It was just like Miss Fuller to create so thoroughly a delightful uncle, who would let his nieces have so thoroughly a good time!

LIFE IN ARCADIA. By J. S. Fletcher. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.75.

Mr. Fletcher's sketches and stories make a pleasant book. They are of many complexions—gay, humorous, tragic, and rhapsodical—and it must be said, of many qualities. There is some talk of art in his dedication. It is agreeable to talk of art, but the mention of

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it brings responsibilities. Not a third of the things here have anything to do with art at all, though, we repeat, most of them are pleasant reading. We like Mr. Fletcher best when we are not forced to imagine him imitating Addison, or Mr. Hardy's rustic humour, or some one else who has before him imitated a seventeenth century imitation of Arcadia. He can tell a plain rustic tale plainly, and he does so a good many times in the section called "Life's Tragedy," though the lighter ones, like "Love and the Law," "The Elector," and "A Pillar of the Church," have a directness, brevity, and lightness that raise him to the rank of the skilled story-writer.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

SOCIAL RIGHTS AND DUTIES. Addresses to Ethical Societies. By Leslie Stephen. Two Volumes. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.00.

In these two volumes Mr. Leslie Stephen has collected the papers on ethical subjects which from time to time during recent years he has addressed to the ethical societies of London. Some of them have already been published in various magazines, but had they been allowed to remain there without resurrection, the public would have had ground of complaint. For nothing which Mr. Leslie Stephen has given to the world, not even his *English Thought in the Eighteenth Century*, is better fitted to contribute to clear thinking on subjects of urgent importance, or worthily to exhibit the strong and subtle dialectic and trenchant style of the most serious critic and one of the most powerful minds of this generation. The subjects handled are precisely those ethical problems which equally vex the philosopher and the man in the street: competition, luxury, heredity, the vanity of philosophising, Professor Huxley's contention that the cosmic process is at war with moral progress. On all of these themes much has already been written, but those who have most eagerly followed the advance that has been made in their discussion will be the readiest to acknowledge that in these essays a forward step has definitely been taken.

As six subjects are dealt with in each volume, it is, of course, impossible to call attention to all the essays. In the paper on "The Morality of Competition" he dwells on the impossibility of getting rid of it.

"So long as human nature varies indefinitely, so long as we have knaves and honest men, sinners and saints, cowards and heroes, some process of energetic and active sifting is surely essential to the preservation of social health; and it is difficult to see how that is conceivable without some process of active and keen competition."

For the evils which result from competition he has no specific. The ideal state in which competition should be so regulated as to be equivalent to a process of bringing about the best possible distribution of the whole social forces, has not yet been reached, and is scarcely within sight. At present we can only aim at eliminating from competition whatever is dishonourable, at spreading enlightenment and good feeling, and at helping the unfortunate. This may not seem very helpful. But Mr. Stephen is not a practical politician, but a critic and a philosopher.

In dealing with that last utterance of Professor Huxley in which the philosophical man of science seemed to betray an uneasy consciousness that his science and his philosophy were pulling him asunder, Mr. Stephen effectively shows that it is only a crude and lopsided idea of the cosmic process which can be supposed to be at variance with moral progress. Alongside of the destructive and self-assertive elements in man and beast which are developed by the struggle for existence there are also evolved tacit alliances and an energetic altruism. The struggle for life among the lower animals necessarily involves co-operation: one race cannot exist without the existence of others. These tacit alliances are recognised and respected by man in so far as he becomes a reasonable being. The altruism which is instinctive in the animal mother and mate is an essential element in evolution. Here Mr. Stephen follows a line of thought with which Professor Drummond has made us familiar. But Mr.

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Stephen shows how those tacit alliances and altruism become moral; how the elements of moral progress are the continuation of the cosmic process, and not its reversal. Morality proper begins when sympathy begins, when we really desire the happiness of others, and when our conduct is governed by this desire.

"This, indubitably, is the greatest of all changes, the critical fact which decides whether we are to regard conduct simply as useful, or also to regard it as moral in the strictest sense. But I should still call it a development, and not a reversal of the previous process. The conduct which we call virtuous is the same conduct externally which we before regarded as useful. The difference is that the simple fact of its utility, that is, of its utility to others and to the race in general, has now become also the sufficient motive for the action as well as the implicit cause of the action."

The blind instincts operating in parents and mates are the germ out of which has sprung all that we now recognise as morality. This may seem somewhat hard on the animals, to whom no credit for sympathy is given, and whose affections are reduced to apparently automatic instincts. But the paper should be read and taken to heart. Equally worth pondering and even more suggestive are the papers on Heredity, Punishment, and the Vanity of Philosophising; while we can only express the hope that all writers, and especially journalists, will be the better for the advice tendered to them in the essay on "The Duties of Authors."

HUMAN PROGRESS: WHAT CAN MAN DO TO FURTHER IT? By Thomas S. Blair, A.M. (Harvard.) New York: William R. Jenkins. $1.50.

The design contemplated in the premises of this work is very admirably and briefly put in the closing chapter, entitled "Practice." The author announces it with "feelings of the fullest confidence," and declares that "a government of the labour class, by the labour class, for the labour class, intelligently administered, is the best of governments for every class." Here there is no mistaking his meaning. Withal, there is throughout the volume a consummate absence of the dictatorial spirit. Indeed, an instance of the author's modesty at the very outset declares his treatise to be "nothing more than a connected series of suggestions, tentative and conjectural rather than assertive." It is, however, rather more than this, and supersedes in sobriety not a few, presumably, more ambitious volumes of a similar type.

Starting in search of a "working hypothesis," the author at once impresses his reader with the intimate acquaintance he has made with the philosophy of Auguste Comte, a line of thought which subordinates all abstract reasoning and the *scio* of things to practical effort and effect. Under this head we find ourselves being asked, "What can man do to further man's progress?" and connoting the inadequate efforts of the philosophers to supply a formula, the manner and methods of the business man at once attract and hold the author to what he deems a new discovery. In this, however, he displays a laudable toleration of all conflicting opinions. Meanwhile, he is himself surprised at the easy increment of material and data developed at every step of the inquiry, until the prescribed limitations of the volume leave scarcely room for all that might be urged.

Summing up the result, we are accorded an insight into the philosophy of human knowledge, which conducts us to the winding ways of cosmic philosophy and the empirical theory of Cosmos. Under the theory of human progress, the want hypothesis of sociology is treated rather more fully, and culminates in shaping the original design, "a system of business economics." In our opinion the author lays too much stress upon the necessity of linking what he terms the agnostic and spiritual systems of ethics; a connection, nowadays, neither given nor implied in the premises of any sane philosophy, nor found necessary—save in an experimental sense—in the chemistry of human progress.

If we accept the prolixity of certain sentences—those of over one hundred and fifty words—the style is good, and the forces of contention well distributed. Indeed, this volume may be accepted as adding one more valuable chapter to the concrete science of human progress. While it sometimes attaches undue importance to the unknowable in things philosophical, it at the same time modifies the weight not infrequently thrown upon the extremes of theory, and places us *en rapport* with some of the best thought of the day.

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PRIMARY FACTORS OF ORGANIC EVOLUTION. By E. D. Cope, Ph.D. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Co. $2.00.

The ever widening question of organic evolution finds another invaluable link in the chain of evidence, which through the volume before us binds more closely the palæontologic record of the greatest of modern science discoveries—the evolutionary theory. In the present work the author, believing most in palæontologic research as an aid to demonstrating actual lines of descent, strikes out into a path somewhat divergent to that followed by Darwin or Weismann and others, who drew their scientific sustenance more from the facts of œcology and the science of embryology than otherwise. Impressed with the researches of Lamarck, Dr. Cope's work is to be taken as a plea in their favour. In this he is not alone, as many American as well as European zoölogists profess a deep-rooted friendship for that great scientist. Quite recently palæontological evidence has been on the increase, and in order to place this in court, Dr. Cope's book of 547 pages and 120 carefully drawn illustrations is submitted. His research proceeds on the assumption—and rightly—that a good and efficient cause underlies all variations in the characteristics of organised beings. Herein he practically takes Mr. Romanes to task, who, in his *Darwin . . . and Post-Darwinian Questions*, alleges of Neo-Lamarckians of the United States, that they failed to distinguish between "statement of facts in terms of a proposition, and an explanation of them in terms of causality."

BOOKMAN BREVITIES.

Messrs. Little, Brown and Company are making rapid headway with their sumptuous edition of Captain Marryat's novels. Within the month we have received four volumes of this fine subscription edition containing *Snarleyyow; or, the Dog Fiend; The Phantom Ship; Percival Keene;* and *Joseph Rushbrook; or, the Poacher.* (Price, $3.50 per volume.) Twelve volumes of the twenty-four, which will complete the set, have now appeared. The excellence of the book-making, the artistic merit of the etchings, and the skilled workmanship of Mr. Johnson's editing combine to make this edition as handsome and definitive as any one could wish who would add this prince of entertainers to their library.——The same firm continue to put out the subscription edition of Charles Lever's works, the latest novels to be added being *Davenport Dunn; One of Them; A Day's Ride: A Life's Romance; Barrington; Luttrell of Arran;* and *Tony Butler.* (Price, $2.50 per volume.) We have frequently emphasised the worth and beauty of these books on previous occasions as they have appeared, and feel that there is no further need to bespeak the merits of this edition to lovers of Lever or entertaining literature.——Mr. Caspar Whitney's simple and straightforward narrative of his six months' journey *On Snow-Shoes to the Barren Grounds*, the greater part of which appeared in *Harper's Magazine*, has been reissued in a beautifully illustrated book which contains much new material. The object of Mr. Whitney's journey was to shoot musk-oxen and wood-bison, and every man with the instinct of sport in him will enjoy these pages of perilous adventure in pursuit of game. (Harper and Brothers. Price, $3.50.) —— *Lapsus Calami, and Other Verses*, by James K. Stephens, not only now contains the poems published in the original edition of *Lapsus Calami* of 1891, but is intended as a complete and final edition of all his poems. Mr. Stephens was one of the most brilliant young men of his day, and his premature end in 1892, at the early age of thirty-three, was a source of keen regret to all his friends. These poems by no means represent the man or give body to the great hopes which he raised among his contemporaries; they were for the most part an amusement to him, and were thrown off on various occasions at college. But one has only to read a poem or two to feel at the outset that here they have no ordinary versifier, but a mind of profound feeling, resilient wit, and buoyant humour. (The Macmillan Company. Price, $2.00.)——Messrs. Lee and Shepard publish a little book (price, $1.00) which, being "a critique of Benjamin Kidd's *Social Evolution*," might seem a trifle belated, but the author's handling of the subject makes his contribution timely and instructive. Not only does the Rev. Franklin M. Sprague—known already as the author of *Socialism*—in *The Laws of Social Evolution* present a critical examination of

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Mr. Kidd's once famous book, but he formulates a statement of the true principles which ought to govern social progress according to his theories. The book is decidedly readable, and its constructive plan commends it to the general reader as well as to the student. (Price, $1.00.)

SLUMBER-SONG.

(HESTER STREET, NEW YORK.)

Sewing, sewing, sewing, sewing.
(Hush, my baby, sleep, oh sleep !)
Bread is dear and rent is owing—
Only human lives are cheap :
All uncaring, all unknowing,
God is hid in heaven deep.
While thy mother's tears are flowing,
Dearest, sleep !
Sleep !

Sighing, sighing, sighing, sighing.
(Sleep, my sweet one, sleep and dream !)
Lo, the weary needle flying
Down the endless, hateful seam,
Makes its thin, metallic crying,
Gives its sharp, malefic gleam.
While the dreary night is dying,
Dearest, dream !
Dream !

Weeping, weeping, weeping, weeping.
(Dream, my darling, dream and rest !)
Now the happy world is sleeping,
Lamb in fold and bird in nest,
Savage hunger, wolf-like leaping,
Gnaws the shrunken, milkless breast.
While the cruel dawn comes creeping,
Dearest, rest !
Rest !

Sewing, sewing, sewing, sewing.
(Sleep to death, my dear one, sleep !)
All the sad world's tears are flowing :
If thou live thou, too, must weep.
Arbiter all-just, all-knowing,
Dost Thou watch from heaven deep ?
While the dreadful day is growing,
Dearest, sleep !
Sleep !

Perley A. Child.

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A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

I.

THE PENTLAND RISING: A Page of History, 1666. [Motto.] Edinburgh: Andrew Elliot, 17 Princes Street. 1866.

¶ 12mo. Pp. 22. Issued in green wrappers. This was the author's first publication, issued when he was 16 years old.

II.

THE CHARITY BAZAAR: An Allegorical Dialogue. [Edinburgh: 1868.]

¶ 4to. Pp. 4.

III.

THE EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE. No. I. January, 1871. (Contents noted on cover. 8 items.) Edinburgh: E. & S. Livingston, 57 South Bridge.

¶ Pp. 122, numbered consecutively. Covers contain Advertisements, etc. Only four numbers issued, January to April, 1871. To this Stevenson contributed "Edinburgh Students in 1824" (College Papers, No. I.), "The Modern Student Considered Generally" (College Papers, No. II.), "The Philosophy of Umbrellas" (with J. N. Ferrier), "Debating Societies" (College Papers, No. III.), "An Old Scotch Gardener," "The Philosophy of Nomenclature." Issued in light straw-coloured covers.

IV.

AN APPEAL TO THE CLERGY OF THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND: With a Note for the Laity. [Motto.] William Blackwood & Sons. Edinburgh and London. 1875. Price, 3d.

¶ 8vo, pp. 11, stitched. This was dated February 12, 1875.

V.

AN INLAND VOYAGE. By Robert Louis Stevenson. "Thus sang they in the English boat." Marvell. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co., 1 Paternoster Square. 1878.

¶ 12mo. Half Title, Title, Preface and Contents. Pp. x.–237. Between half title and title is inserted an engraved title by Walter Crane. Issued in blue cloth.

VI.

EDINBURGH, PICTURESQUE NOTES by Robert Louis Stevenson, Author of "An Inland Voyage," with Etchings by A. Brunet-Debaines from drawings by S. Bough, R.S.A., and W. E. Lockhart, R.S.A., and vignettes by Hector Chalmers and R. Kent Thomas. Seeley, Jackson and Halliday, 54 Fleet Street. London, MDCCCLXXIX.

¶ 4to. Half Title, Frontispiece, Title, Contents, List of Illustrations. 5 unnumbered leaves. Pp. 39. Issued in dark red cloth. Originally published in "The Portfolio," edited by P. G. Hamerton, in 1878.

VII.

TRAVELS WITH A DONKEY IN THE CEVENNES. By Robert Louis Stevenson. [Printers' mark.] London: C. Kegan Paul & Co., 1 Paternoster Square. 1879.

¶ 12mo. Frontispiece by Walter Crane. Pp. x.–227. Issued in dark green cloth.

VIII.

DEACON BRODIE, or, The Double Life: A Melodrama, founded on facts, in Four Acts and Ten Tableaux, by Robert Louis Stevenson and William Ernest Henley. MDCCCLXXX. [Edinburgh.] Entered at Stationers' Hall. All rights reserved.

¶ 12mo. Pp. 97. Issued in gray covers.

IX.

VIRGINIBUS PUERISQUE AND OTHER PAPERS. By Robert Louis Stevenson. [Printers' mark.] London: C. Kegan Paul & Co., 1 Paternoster Square. 1881.

¶ 12mo. Pp. vi.–296. Issued in orange cloth. 32 pages of Advertisements. Numbers I., II., III., V., VII., VIII., IX., and X. appeared in "Cornhill Magazine;" No. IV., "Macmillan's;" No. VI., XI., XII., "The London." Reissued in 1887 on large paper. (150 printed.)

X.

MORAL EMBLEMS. A Collection of Cuts and Verses. By Robert Louis Stevenson. Printers: S. L. Osbourne & Co., Davos-Platz. 1881.

¶ 18mo. Pp. 12, stitched. Privately printed.

XI.

NOT I, AND OTHER POEMS. By Robert Louis Stevenson, Author of The Blue Scalper, Travels with a Donkey, etc. Price, 6d. [Printed by S. L. Osbourne, Davos.] 1881.

¶ 32mo. Pp. 8, stitched. Privately printed.

XII.

THE GRAVER AND THE PEN, or Scenes from Nature, with Appropriate Verses by Robert Louis Stevenson, Author of "The New Arabian Nights," "Moral Emblems," "Not I," "Treasure Island," etc. Illustrated. 1882. Edinburgh: S. L. Osbourne & Company, No. 17 Heriot Row. It was by the kindness of Mr. Crerar of Kingussie that we are able to issue this little work, having allowed us to print with his own press when ours was broken.

¶ 16mo. 12 unnumbered leaves, 5 illustrations. Issued in gray covers.

XIII.

MORAL EMBLEMS: A Collection of Cuts and Verses. By Robert Louis Stevenson, Author of The Blue Scalper, Travels with a Donkey, Treasure Island, Not I, etc. Printers: S. L. Osbourne & Company, Davos Platz. [1882.]

¶ 32mo. Pp. 12, 5 illustrations. Back cover contains a list of books published by Samuel Osbourne & Co.

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XIV.

FAMILIAR STUDIES OF MEN AND BOOKS. By Robert Louis Stevenson. [Ornament.] London: Chatto & Windus, Piccadilly. 1882.

¶ 12mo. Half Title, Title, Dedication, Preface. Pp. xxviii. Contents, 1 unnumbered leaf. Pp. 1–397 (verso blank), 1 blank leaf. Advertisements. Pp. 32. Nos. I., II., IV., V., VI., VII., VIII., appeared in "Cornhill Magazine;" No. III., "New Quarterly;" No. IX., "Macmillan's." In Vol. XIV., "Thistle" edition of Stevenson, appears for the first time, "Popular Authors," "Gentlemen" and "Some Gentlemen in Fiction," which are reprinted from "Scribner's." Reissued in 1888 on large paper (100 printed).

XV.

NEW ARABIAN NIGHTS. By Robert Louis Stevenson. [Ornament.] In Two Volumes. London: Chatto & Windus, Piccadilly. 1882. The right of translation is reserved.

¶ 12mo. Vol. I., 5 leaves with Title, unnumbered. Pp. 269. Vol. II., Pp. viii.–234, 1 unnumbered leaf. Advertisement. Pp. 32. Issued in green cloth. "The Suicide Club," "The Rajah's Diamond" and "Providence and the Guitar" were originally published in "The London" between June 8th and November 23d, 1878. "The Pavilion on the Links," "Cornhill," September and October, 1880. "A Lodging for the Night" and "The Sire de Malétroits Door," "Temple Bar," October, 1877, and January, 1878. In 1889 this was issued on large paper (100 printed).

XVI.

TREASURE ISLAND, by Robert Louis Stevenson. Cassell & Company, Limited: London, Paris & New York. All rights reserved. 1883.

12mo. Pp. viii.–292. Frontispiece map facing title is not numbered. Advertisements. Pp. 8. This appeared as a serial in "Young Folks" between October 1st, 1881, and January 28th, 1882.

XVII.

THE SILVERADO SQUATTERS. By Robert Louis Stevenson. [Ornament.] London: Chatto & Windus, Piccadilly. 1883. All rights reserved.

¶ 12mo. Half Title, Frontispiece, Title, Dedication and Contents, 5 unnumbered leaves. Pp. 254. Printers' imprint, 1 unnumbered leaf. Advertisements. Pp. 32. This was originally published (with a few omissions) in "The Century," November and December, 1883.

XVIII.

Price Sixpence. PALL MALL CHRISTMAS "Extra," R. Louis Stevenson's The Body-Snatcher. [Woodcut.] Twenty Guinea Prizes; for particulars see Contents. Office, 2 Northumberland Street, Strand, London, W. C. All rights reserved. 1884.

¶ 4to. Pp. 12. Issued in brown paper wrappers. The illustration on the cover is repeated on page 9.

XIX.

BEAU AUSTIN: A Play in Four Acts by William Ernest Henley and Robert Louis Stevenson. Printed by R. & R. Clark, Edinburgh, for private circulation only. 1884.

¶ 12mo. Pp. 46, 1 unnumbered leaf. Issued in pink cover.

XX.

MACAIRE. A Melodramatic Farce in Three Acts, by William Ernest Henley and Robert Louis Stevenson. Printed by R. & R. Clark, Edinburgh, for private circulation only. 1885.

¶ 12mo. Dedication and Title, 2 unnumbered leaves. Pp. 40. Issued in pink cover.

XXI.

MORE NEW ARABIAN NIGHTS. The Dynamiter. By Robert Louis Stevenson and Fanny Van de Grift Stevenson. [Printers' mark.] London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1885. All rights reserved.

¶ 16mo. Pp. vi. Contents, 1 unnumbered leaf. Pp. 207. Issued in gray paper covers at one shilling.

XXII.

PRINCE OTTO: A Romance. By Robert Louis Stevenson. [Ornament.] London: Chatto & Windus, Piccadilly. 1885. The right of translation is reserved.

¶ 12mo. Pp. viii.–300. Advertisements, 32 pp. Issued in green cloth, with red ornament. Originally published in "Longman's Magazine," April to October, 1885.

XXIII.

A CHILD'S GARDEN OF VERSES. By Robert Louis Stevenson. [Printers' mark.] London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1885. All rights reserved.

¶ 16mo. 1 unnumbered leaf. Pp. x.–101. Issued in dark blue cloth. Reissued in 1896 with illustrations by Charles Robinson. 250 printed on large paper Japan.

XXIV.

STRANGE CASE OF DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE. By Robert Louis Stevenson. [Printers' mark.] London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1886. All rights reserved.

¶ 16mo. Half Title, Title, Dedication, and Contents, 4 unnumbered leaves. Pp. 141. 1 page of Advertisements. Issued in pink wrappers. Altered date from 1885 to 1886 on some copies is in ink and some printed.

XXV.

MEMORIES AND PORTRAITS. By Robert Louis Stevenson. [Ornament.] London: Chatto & Windus, Piccadilly. 1887. All rights reserved.

¶ 16mo. List of Publications, 1 unnumbered leaf. Pp. x.–299. Issued in dark blue cloth. Nos. I., X., and XI. were originally published in "Cornhill;" Nos. III., VI., XV., XVI. in "Longman's;" No. VII., "Scribner's;" No. II., "The

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New Amphion;" No. V., "Edinburgh University Magazine," 1871; No. IX., "Contemporary;" No. XII., "English Illustrated;" No. XVII., "Magazine of Art." Large paper was issued (50 printed).

XXVI.

KIDNAPPED, being Memoirs of the Adventures of David Balfour in the Year 1751: How he was Kidnapped and Cast Away; His Sufferings in a Desert Isle; his Journey in the Wild Highlands; his Acquaintance with Alan Breck Stewart and other notorious Highland Jacobites; with all that he Suffered at the Hands of his Uncle, Ebenezer Balfour of Shaws, falsely so-called: Written by Himself, and now set forth by Robert Louis Stevenson. London: Cassell & Company, Limited. MDCCCLXXXVI. All rights reserved.

¶ 12mo. Pp. viii.–311. Advertisements, 4 leaves. Facing title a map is placed. This was originally issued in "Young Folks," May to July, 1886.

XXVII.

"*Movit Amphion lapides canendo.*" THE NEW AMPHION. Being the Book of the Edinburgh University Union Fancy Fair, in which are contained sundry artistick, instructive, and diverting matters, all now made publick for the first time. [Printers' mark.] Edinburgh: Imprinted at the University Press by T. & A. Constable, Printers to Her Majesty the Queen. 1886.

¶ 24mo. Pp. xvi.–240. 16 Illustrations. Stevenson contributed to this "Some College Memories," 8 pp. Issued in parchment covers.

XXVIII.

UNWIN'S ANNUAL, 1886. The Broken Shaft, Tales in Mid-Ocean. Edited by Henry Norman. [Motto.] London: T. Fisher Unwin, 26 Paternoster Square. 1886.

¶ 4to. Front cover, Frontispiece and Advertisements, 9 leaves. Pp. 108, back cover, 1 leaf. Issued in light green. To this Stevenson contributed "Markheim." Pp. 27–40.

XXIX.

UNDERWOODS. By Robert Louis Stevenson. [Ornament.] London: Chatto & Windus, Piccadilly. 1887.

¶ 12mo. Pp. xv. 1 unnumbered leaf. Pp. 138. Printers' Imprint, 1 unnumbered leaf. Advertisements, 32 pp. Issued in dark cloth. Large-paper was issued (50 printed).

XXX.

Speculum Universitatis. ALMA MATER'S MIRROUR. Edited by Thomas Spencer Baynes and Lewis Campbell, Professors in the University of Saint Andrew's, 1887. Printed. Printed by T. & A. Constable at the Edinburgh University Press. 1887.

¶ 18mo. Pp. xii.–246. 3 unnumbered leaves. 8 Illustrations. To this Stevenson contributed a poem "The House Beautiful," 2 pp. The binding is imitation vellum.

XXXI.

PAPERS, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c., by the late FLEEMING JENKIN, F.R.S., LL.D., Professor of Engineering in the University of Edinburgh. Edited by Sidney Colvin, M.A., and J. A. Ewing, F.R.S. With a Memoir by Robert Louis Stevenson. In Two Volumes. Vol. I. [Vol. II.] London: Longmans, Green & Co., and New York: 15 East 16th Street. 1887. All rights reserved.

¶ Vol. I. Pp. clxxiv.–268. Vol. II. Half Title, Title, Contents. 3 unnumbered leaves. Portrait facing title in Vol. I. The Memoir was issued separately by Messrs. Scribner with a new preface, New York, 1888, in 12mo.

XXXII.

THE MERRY MEN AND OTHER TALES AND FABLES. By Robert Louis Stevenson. [Ornament.] London: Chatto & Windus, Piccadilly. 1887. The right of translation is reserved.

¶ 12mo. List of Books, Title, Dedication, Note, Contents, 5 unnumbered leaves. Pp. 1–296. Advertisements, 32 pp. Issued in blue cloth with silver stars. Nos. I., II., IV. were first issued in "Cornhill;" No. III. in "Unwin's Christmas Annual," 1886; No. V., "Court and Society Review," 1885; No. VI., "Longmans," 1883.

XXXIII.

BOOKS WHICH HAVE INFLUENCED ME. By Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P., Robert Louis Stevenson, Walter Besant, W. T. Stead, John Ruskin, LL.D., P. G. Hamerton, H. Rider Haggard, Professor John Stuart Blackie, LL.D., Ven. Archdeacon Farrar, D.D., Rev. Walter C. Smith, D.D., Rev. Marcus Dods, D.D., Rev. Joseph Parker, D.D. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1887.

¶ 16mo. Half Title, Title, Prefatory Note, Contents, 4 unnumbered leaves. Pp. 123. Stevenson's contribution occupies from pp. 3–16 inclusive. This was called "British Weekly Extra No. 1."

XXXIV.

VOLUNTARIES FOR AN EAST LONDON HOSPITAL. By the Earl of Lytton, Bishop of Bedford, E. M. Abdy-Williams, T. Ashe C. Cheston, Mrs. W. K. Clifford, Austin Dobson, Arthur Gaye, A. Egmont Hake, T. Gordon Hake, Mrs. Heckford, W. E. Henley, May Kendall, Andrew Lang, Walter Pollock, F. Mabel Robinson, Edward Rose, Clement Scott, R. L. Stevenson, J. L. Toole. London: David Stott, 370 Oxford Street, W. 1887. All rights reserved.

¶ 12mo. Pp. xlix. 1 unnumbered page. Appendix, 1 unnumbered leaf. Pp. 203 (verso blank). To this Stevenson first contributed his poem called "Ad Matrem." Pp. 199–201.

XXXV.

TICONDEROGA. By Robert Louis Stevenson. Printed for the author by R. & R. Clark, Edinburgh. 1887.

¶ 4to. Pp. 27. Printed on hand-made paper. [50 issued.] Originally issued in "Scribner's Magazine," December, 1887.

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XXXVI.

THE BLACK ARROW: A Tale of the Two Roses. By Robert Louis Stevenson, Author of "Treasure Island," "Kidnapped," &c. Cassell & Company, Limited: London, Paris, New York, and Melbourne. 1888.

¶ 12mo. 1 unnumbered leaf. Pp. viii.–324. Advertisements, 10 pp. Originally published in "Young Folks," June 30th to October 30th, 1883.

XXXVII.

MEMOIR OF FLEEMING JENKIN. By Robert Louis Stevenson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1888.

¶ 12mo. Pp. viii.–302. Advertisements. This is the first separate edition of the memoir for which Mr. Stevenson wrote a new preface dated Saranac, October, 1887. It was not issued, however, until January 7, following year.

XXXVIII.

THE MASTER OF BALLANTRAE: A Winter's Tale. By Robert Louis Stevenson, Author of "Kidnapped," "Treasure Island," &c., &c., &c. Cassell & Company, Limited: London, Paris, New York, and Melbourne. 1889. All rights reserved.

¶ 12mo. 1 unnumbered leaf. Pp. viii.–332. Advertisements, 10 pages. Originally published in "Scribner's Magazine," between November, 1888, and October, 1889.

XXXIX.

THE WRONG BOX. By Robert Louis Stevenson, Author of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," &c., and Lloyd Osbourne. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1889. All rights reserved.

¶ 12mo. Title, Preface, 2 unnumbered leaves. Pp. 283. Advertisements, 16 pp. Issued in red cloth.

XL.

THE SOUTH SEAS: A Record of Three Cruises. By Robert Louis Stevenson. London: Cassell & Co. 1890.

¶ 8vo. Pp. iv.–123. Twenty-two copies were printed to secure copyright. Of these 15 were cut up for serial use. Issued in red cloth.

XLI.

BALLADS. By Robert Louis Stevenson. [Ornament.] London: Chatto & Windus, Piccadilly. 1890.

¶ 12mo. Pp. vi. 1 unnumbered leaf. Pp. 137. 1 unnumbered leaf. Issued in blue cloth. Large paper issued (100 printed).

XLII.

With Mr. R. L. Stevenson's compliments. FATHER DAMIEN. An open letter to the Reverend Dr. Hyde of Honolulu from Robert Louis Stevenson. Sydney. 1890.

¶ 12mo. Pp. 32. This was privately printed for presentation only at Sydney, March 27th, 1890. It appeared in the "Scots Observer," May 3d and 10th, 1890. The second issue was a thin 4to printed on Japan paper (of which only 30 copies were issued, with a *Portrait of Father Damien*) by Messrs. Constable & Co., Edinburgh. The third issue was a small 4to in brown wrappers, published at a shilling.

XLIII.

THE WRECKER. By Robert Louis Stevenson and Lloyd Osbourne. Illustrated by William Hole and W. L. Metcalf. Cassell & Company, Limited: London, Paris, and Melbourne. 1892. All rights reserved.

¶ 12mo. Pp. vi. List of Illustrations, 1 unnumbered leaf. Pp. 427. Advertisements, 12 pp. Originally published as a serial in "Scribner's Magazine," August, 1891, to July, 1892. The text was revised for the Edinburgh Edition.

XLIV.

ACROSS THE PLAINS, with other Memories and Essays. By Robert Louis Stevenson. [Ornament.] London: Chatto & Windus, Piccadilly. 1892.

¶ 12mo. Pp. viii. Contents, 1 unnumbered leaf. Pp. 317. Issued in black cloth. No. III. was issued originally in "The Magazine of Art," 1883–1884. No. IV., "Scribner's," August, 1888. No. V.–XII., "Scribner's," 1888. Large paper issued (100 printed).

XLV.

A FOOTNOTE TO HISTORY: Eight Years of Trouble in Samoa. By Robert Louis Stevenson. [Motto.] Cassell & Company, Limited: London, Paris and Melbourne. 1892. All rights reserved.

¶ 12mo. Pp. viii.–322. Advertisements, pp. 14. Issued in dark green cloth.

XLVI.

THREE PLAYS. By W. E. Henley and R. L. Stevenson. Deacon Brodie, Beau Austin, Admiral Guinea. [Ornament.] London: Published by David Nutt in the Strand. 1892.

¶ 12mo. Pp. xii.–250. Printer's imprint, 1 unnumbered leaf. Issued in three styles—undressed kid, large paper (100 printed), Japan paper (30 printed).

XLVII.

ISLAND NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS, consisting of The Beach of Falesá, The Bottle Imp, The Isle of Voices. By Robert Louis Stevenson, with illustrations by Gordon Browne and W. Hatherell. Cassell & Company, Limited: London, Paris, Melbourne. 1893. All rights reserved.

¶ 12mo. Pp. x. 2 unnumbered leaves. Pp. 227. Advertisements, 16 pp. Issued in blue cloth. No. I. originally issued in "Illustrated London News," March 28 to April 4, 1891; No. II., "Black and White," March 28 to April 4, 1891; No. III., "National Observer," February 4 to 25, 1893.

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XLVIII.

CATRIONA. A sequel to "Kidnapped," being Memoirs of the further adventures of David Balfour at Home and Abroad. In which are set forth his Misfortunes anent the Appin Murder; his Troubles with Lord Advocate Grant; Captivity on the Bass Rock; Journey into Holland and France; and Singular Relations with James More Drummond or MacGregor, a son of the notorious Rob Roy, and his daughter Catriona. Written by Himself and now set forth by Robert Louis Stevenson. Cassell & Company, Limited: London, Paris and Melbourne. 1893. All rights reserved.

¶ 12mo. Pp. ix.–37. Advertisements, 18 pp. Issued in blue cloth. Originally issued under name "David Balfour," "Atalanta," January, May, 1893.

XLIX.

THE EBB-TIDE: A Trio and Quartette. By Robert Louis Stevenson and Lloyd Osbourne. "There is a tide in the affairs of men." London: William Heinemann. MDCCCXCIV.

¶ 12mo. Half Title, Title, Contents, False Title. 4 unnumbered leaves. Pp. 237, 1 unnumbered leaf. Advertisements, pp. 20. Issued in gilt cloth. Originally published in "To-day," November 11, 1893, to February 3, 1894.

L.

THE AMATEUR EMIGRANT. From the Clyde to Sandy Hook. By Robert Louis Stevenson. Chicago: Stone and Kimball. MDCCCXCV.

¶ 16mo. Half Title, Title, Dedication, Table of Contents, 4 unnumbered leaves. Pp. 180. Printers' Imprint. 1 unnumbered leaf. This was written in 1879, abridged in 1894, and here published for the first time in separate form.

LI.

MACAIRE. A Melodramatic Farce. By Robert Louis Stevenson and William Ernest Henley. Chicago: Stone and Kimball. MDCCCXCV.

¶ 16mo. Half Title, Title, Dramatic Personæ, 3 unnumbered leaves. Pp. 108. Printers' Imprint, 1 unnumbered leaf. Issued in green cloth. This was privately issued in Edinburgh in 1885.

LII.

VAILIMA LETTERS, being Correspondence addressed by Robert Louis Stevenson to Sidney Colvin. November, 1890–October, 1894. London: Methuen and Co., 36 Essex Street. 1895.

¶ 12mo. Pp. viii.–366. 1 blank leaf. Advertisements, pp. 32. Facing title is a Portrait by William Strang. Issued in red cloth. There is a large-paper edition (125 printed).

LIII.

THE PLAYS OF W. E. HENLEY AND R. L. STEVENSON. Deacon Brodie, Beau Austin, Admiral Guinea, Robert Macaire. [Ornament.] London: William Heinemann. 1896.

¶ 12mo. Pp. xii.–303. Printer's imprint, 1 unnumbered leaf. Facing half title is Sargeant's Portrait (Photogravure) of Stevenson. Facing title is Hollyer's Portrait of Henley (Photogravure).

LIV.

WEIR OF HERMISTON. An Unfinished Romance by Robert Louis Stevenson. [Ornament.] London: Chatto & Windus, Piccadilly, 1896.

¶ 12mo. Half Title, Title, Dedication, Contents. 4 unnumbered leaves. Pp. 290. Advertisements, pp. 32. Issued in dark blue cloth.

LV.

POEMS AND BALLADS by Robert Louis Stevenson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1896.

¶ 12mo. Pp. xv.–367. Facing title is photogravure Portrait from Photograph. This volume contains 42 poems not published before in book form.

SUPPLEMENTARY NOTE.

The Edinburgh Edition of Stevenson's Works, in 20 vols., for the first time contains:

Vol. III., "The Old and New Pacific Capitals" (No. II., "San Francisco"), originally published in "Magazine of Art," May, 1883.

Vol. VII., "The Story of a Lie" (first printed in the "New Quarterly Review," October, 1879).

Vol. XI.—II., A Note on Realism (first issued in "Magazine of Art," vol. vii., pp. 24). III., "Technical Elements of Style" (first issued in "Contemporary Review," April, 1885). IV., "Morality of the Profession of Letters" (first issued in "Fortnightly Review," April, 1881).

Vol. XVIII., "Records of a Family of Engineers." This was in preparation by the author during several years of his life in Samoa, and is reprinted from a MS. for the first time. This unfinished MS. is edited by Sidney Colvin.

Vol. XX., "The South Seas." This was a series of papers written by Stevenson on his various travels, and were first published in "Black and White" (February to December, 1891, in part), and fully printed in the New York "Sun" during the same year.

The supplementary volumes of the Edinburgh edition announce a volume of "Miscellanies Juvenilia," etc. A romance called "St. Ives," and unpublished fragments, viz, a play written with Mrs. Stevenson, called "The Hanging Judge," a fragment, "The Great North Road," and "Letters to a Boy." [Issued first in "St. Nicholas."]

The Thistle Edition of Stevenson's "Works," in 21 vols., for the first time contains:

Vol. VIII., "The Misadventures of John Nicholson."

Vol. XIV., Three Essays, viz.: I. "Gentlemen" ("Scribner's Magazine," May, 1888). II. "Some Gentlemen in Fiction" ("Scribner's Magazine," June, 1888). III. "Popular Authors" ("Scribner's Magazine," September, 1888).

Ernest Dressel North.

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THE BOOK MART.

FOR BOOKREADERS, BOOKBUYERS, AND BOOKSELLERS.

EASTERN LETTER.

NEW YORK, August 1, 1896.

New books this month have been few and trade in general has been light. The feature of the month has unquestionably been the publication of books on the financial problems of the day. From a general observation those in favour of free silver seem to be more largely in demand, with an increasing call for those advocating the gold standard as the necessity arises for more information on the subject. These works may very properly be divided into two classes, one consisting of pamphlets and paper-bound books written in a popular manner for general distribution, such as *Coin's Financial School*, by W. H. Harvey, on the silver side, while the gold side is represented by *A Coin Catechism*, by J. K. Upton, and *Wages, Fixed Incomes, and the Free Coinage of Silver*, by Isaac Roberts. The second class is evidently for the more thoughtful and studious, and comprises *Money and Banking*, by Horace White, and *International Bimetallism*, by Francis A. Walker. All of the above titles, together with many others both ready and in preparation, are in large demand, and bid fair to continue to be an unusual feature in the summer business.

The general excitement and uncertainty in regard to the currency has naturally affected trade, particularly in the West, from which section returning salesmen report small and unsatisfactory sales, claiming that buyers decline to purchase until the matter is definitely settled, and positive assurances of steady business are in prospect.

The noticeable decrease in this season's sales of paper-bound books mentioned in previous letters continues. There is quite a demand for good titles, but no new books of prominence have been issued to fill the need.

Text-books are beginning to show some activity. Shipments to the South and West are being made, and orders for delivery in September are coming in.

Of the books at present selling readily, *A Singular Life*, by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, *The Damnation of Theron Ware*, by Harold Frederic, and *The Seats of the Mighty*, by Gilbert Parker, are in the lead. To these may be added of this month's publications, *Mrs. Gerald*, by Maria L. Pool, *The Riddle Ring*, by Justin McCarthy, and *Under Sealed Orders*, by Grant Allen.

King Noanett, by F. S. Stimson, is a novel of which the publishers have great expectations, while from Messrs. H. S. Stone & Co. we have received *Checkers*, by H. M. Blossom, Jr., and *Prose Fancies*, by Richard Le Gallienne, both in tasteful bindings.

The following books have led in the month's sales:

Coin's Financial School. By W. H. Harvey. Paper, 25 cts.

The Damnation of Theron Ware. By Harold Frederic. $1.50.

A Singular Life. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. $1.25.

The Seats of the Mighty. By Gilbert Parker. $1.50.

Money and Banking. By Horace White. $1.50.

International Bimetallism. By Francis A. Walker. $1.25.

An Army Wife. By Captain Charles King. $1.25.

Madelon. By Mary E. Wilkins. $1.25.

A Kentucky Cardinal. By James Lane Allen. $1.00.

The Riddle Ring. By Justin McCarthy. Paper, 50 cts.; cloth, $1.00.

Briseis. By William Black. $1.25.

The Cavaliers. By S. R. Keightley. $1.50.

A Lady of Quality. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. $1.50.

Summer in Arcady. By James Lane Allen. $1.25.

WESTERN LETTER.

CHICAGO, August 1, 1896.

Business is now rather quiet, even for midsummer, but still, considering all things, the sales of all classes of literature, with a few exceptions, give cause for much encouragement. The volume of business transacted last month was perhaps a little lighter than usual, but as it exceeded expectations, it must be described as satisfactory. No one in the trade expects to do more than hold his own during "Presidential year," as the temporary check given to business at large by the election campaign affects the book trade considerably, and in common with the rest of the business world they are glad when it is over.

Last month was purchasing month in local bookselling circles for autumn supplies, and most of the travelling bookmen for Eastern houses were here showing samples of their preparations, and booking orders. The arrangements for new copyright books are perhaps the most important items upon the various programmes. Judging by the samples shown and the announcements made, the literary output this year will be fully up to the average. A good deal of attention is being paid to book covers, and some very pretty designs have been shown.

Celluloid covers appear to be very saleable, and many new lines of small books and some of the old ones will appear in this dress. Sales appear to have been as a general rule pretty good, and salesmen express themselves as being very well satisfied with their orders.

The death last month of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe has had quite a stimulating effect upon the sales of her various books, and has more than doubled the demand for them. *Uncle Tom's Cabin* is still one of the most popular books of the day, and sells largely in all the numerous editions now on the market.

By far the leading feature of last month's sales was the extraordinary demand for financial books.

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The people are evidently seeking enlightenment on the money question, and they appear also to be studying both sides of it, the demand for free silver and anti-free silver books being about equal. One of the most called for works nowadays is White's *Money and Banking*, which is having a tremendous vogue. As it is popularly written and exhaustive in its treatment of the subject, and is a simplified statement of the questions at issue, it is probably the best book on the gold side that the ordinary man can purchase. "Coin's" various books are also selling largely, and so are Francis A. Walker's several works, Laughlin's *Bimetallism*, Jevons's *Money*, Muhleman's *Monetary Systems of the World*, Del Mar's *History of Money*, and others of less importance. Last month added many new books to this class, the most important being F. A. Walker's *International Bimetallism*, McPherson's *Monetary and Banking Problem* and J. K. Upton's *Coin Catechism*. All of these are meeting with a fair sale.

Receipts of new books were rather light last month, and only a few works of more than ordinary interest appeared. Gilbert Parker's *Adventurer of the North* was perhaps the best from a selling point of view, and others which have met with more or less success are Le Gallienne's *Prose Fancies*, Lubbock's *Scenery of Switzerland*, *Mrs. Gerald*, by Marie Louise Pool, and Walter Besant's *The Master Craftsman*.

The demand for the popular books of the day was active all through last month, and such books as *Tom Grogan*, *Summer in Arcady*, *A Singular Life*, *Menticulture*, *A House Boat on the Styx*, *Cinderella*, *The Under Side of Things*, *The Red Badge of Courage*, *The Days of Auld Lang Syne*, and *A Lady of Quality*, sold remarkably well.

The leading books last month were as follows, the demand being indicated by the order in which they are placed. It may be noticed that while the titles do not differ much from last month's list, the order has changed somewhat.

Tom Grogan. By F. Hopkinson Smith. $1.50.
An Army Wife. By Captain King. $1.25.
A Singular Life. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. $1.25.
A Summer in Arcady. By James Lane Allen. $1.25.
The Under Side of Things. By Lilian Bell. $1.25.
A House Boat on the Styx. By John Kendrick Bangs. $1.25.
A Lady of Quality. By Mrs. F. Hodgson Burnett. $1.50.
Menticulture; or, the A B C of True Living. By Horace Fletcher. $1.00.
Cinderella, and Other Stories. By Richard Harding Davis. $1.00.
Out of the Woods. By George P. Fisher. Cloth, $1.00; paper, 50 cts.
The Red Badge of Courage. By Stephen Crane. $1.00.
An Adventurer of the North. By Gilbert Parker. $1.25.
The Days of Auld Lang Syne. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25.
The Damnation of Theron Ware. By Harold Frederic. $1.50.
Summer in Arcady. By James Lane Allen. $1.25.
Prose Fancies (second series). By Le Gallienne. $1.25.

ENGLISH LETTER.

LONDON, June 22 to July 18, 1896.

A month of almost uninterrupted sunshine is hardly likely to result in a very active trade in books. There has, nevertheless, been a fair business doing, and the foreign and colonial orders keep up well. With the August Bank Holiday past, matters will doubtless improve considerably for the home trade.

The day of the two-shilling boarded novel (the "Railway" or "Yellow Back," as it is variously termed) is nearly over. Not quite, though, for heavy orders are still booked for a new 2s. novel by Miss Braddon, which the publishers state will be issued by the time this is in print.

The long and narrow 1s. 6d. and 2s. novels are now in great favour, possibly from their form being adapted for the pocket. *Pseudonyms*, *Autonyms*, *Zeit Geists*, and similar publications are the order (literally) of the day.

Diary publishers are already showing specimens of forthcoming issues. It is rather like hurrying one through life to talk of 1897 publications in the summer of 1896.

Another landmark of bygone times is about to disappear. The Stationers Company's almanacks will be published this year by Messrs. Charles Letts and Co. Those who remember the Company's almanack publishing day as it was twenty or thirty years ago, to say nothing of earlier times, will experience a pang upon hearing of the change.

The contents of a "shilling shocker," padded to form a 6s. volume, is still eagerly read by the public, so strong is the hold of fashion even to the form in which literature is issued.

Trilby, although now taken off the London stage, is still in fair demand, and will probably return to something like its old popularity when the new novel by the same author is ready in the 6s. form.

Works on Natural History are still an important item, and every addition to their ranks meets with a good reception. The same remark applies generally to books on out-door country life.

Among magazines it is announced that the *Pall Mall Magazine* will, in September, return to 1s., its original price. *Chambers' Journal* still enjoys its apparently perpetual youth, illustrated periodicals notwithstanding. The reason is obvious to its readers. The *Woman at Home* is still without a rival, and the *Strand Magazine*, *Cassell's Magazine*, *Quiver*, and *Leisure Hour* keep up their sales wonderfully well. The same may also be said of the *Boy's Own Paper* and the *Girl's Own Paper*.

Anything on South Africa (this is not elegant, but expressive) is eagerly purchased. *Boer and Uitlander* and *The Transvaal and the Boers* are publications whose titles alone will make them sell.

The accompanying list of the best selling books requires little comment. A glance will show that it includes works on many topics of keen public interest and questions of the day. *Illumination* and *The Sowers* are the two favourites among the novels.

The Courtship of Morrice Buckler. By A. E. W. Mason. 6s.
Illumination. By H. Frederic. 6s.
The Sowers. By H. S. Merriman. 6s.

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The Seats of the Mighty. By G. Parker. 6s.
Briseis. By W. Black. 6s.
Cameos. By Marie Corelli. 6s.
The Mighty Atom. By Marie Corelli. 3s. 6d.
The Release. By. C. M. Yonge. 6s.
A Lady of Quality. By F. H. Burnett. 6s.
Adam Johnstone's Son. By F. M. Crawford. 6s.
An Odd Career. By G. B. Fitzgerald. 6s.
The Green Graves of Balgowrie. By J. H. Findlater. 6s.
The Limb. By X. L. 6s.
Fellow Travellers. By the author of *Mona Maclean*. 6s.
The Sin of Hagar. By Helen Mathers. 3s. 6d.
Rome. By E. Zola. 3s. 6d.
Studies Subsidiary to Butler. By W. E. Gladstone. 4s. 6d.
Boer and Uitlander. By W. F. Regan. 3s. 6d.
The Transvaal and the Boers. By W. G. Fisher. 6s.
Stock Exchange Investments. By W. H. S. Aubrey. 5s.
From Cairo to the Soudan Frontier. By H. D. Trail. 5s. net.
The Scenery of Switzerland. By Sir J. Lubbock. 6s.
Joan of Arc. By L. de Conte. 6s.
Selborne (Earl) Memorials. Part I. 2 vols. 25s. net.
The Mind of the Master. By John Watson. 6s.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order of demand, as sold between July 1 and August 1, 1896.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns named.

NEW YORK, UPTOWN.

1. An Adventurer of the North. By Parker. $1.25. (Stone & Kimball.)
2. Damnation of Theron Ware. By Frederic. $1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)
3. Under Side of Things. By Bell. $1.25. (Harper.)
4. Summer in Arcady. By Allen. $1.25. (Macmillan.)
5. Tom Grogan. By Smith. $1.50. (Houghton.)
6. Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. $1.50. (Appleton.)

NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN.

1. Coin's Financial School. By Harvey. 25 cts. (Coin Publishing Co.)
2. Money and Banking. By White. $1.50. (Ginn & Co.)
3. Money and Mechanism of Exchange. By Jevons. $1.75. (Appleton.)
4. An Army Wife. By Captain King. $1.25. (Neeley.)
5. Joan of Arc. By Twain. $1.75. (Harper.)
6. Master Craftsmen. By Besant. $1.50. (Stokes.)

ALBANY, N. Y.

1. An Army Wife. By King. $1.25. (Neely.)
2. Humble Enterprise. By Cambridge. 50 cts. (Appleton.)
3. From Whose Bourne. By Barr. 75 cts. (Stokes.)
4. Dr. Nikola. By Boothby. 50 cts. (Appleton.)
5. Mistress Dorothy Marvin. By Snaith. 50 cts. (Appleton.)
6. Crimson Sign. By Keightley. $1.50. (Harper.)

ATLANTA, GA.

1. Damnation of Theron Ware. By Frederic. $1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)
2. From Whose Bourne. By Barr. 75 cts. (Stokes.)
3. Adam Johnstone's Son. By Crawford. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
4. Venetian June. By Fuller. $1.00. (Putnam.)
5. 'Twixt Cupid and Crœsus. By Didier. $1.50. (American News Co.)
6. Scribner's Short Stories. 75 cts. (Scribner.)

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Madelon. By Wilkins. $1.25. (Harper.)
2. Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. $1.50. (Appleton.)
3. King Noanett. By Stimson. $2.00. (Lamson, Wolffe & Co.)
4. A Singular Life. By Mrs. Phelps-Ward. $1.25. (Houghton.)
5. Life and Letters of Oliver Wendell Holmes. By Morse. $4.00. (Houghton.)
6. A Lady of Quality. By Burnett. $1.50. (Scribner.)

BOSTON, MASS.

1. A Venetian June. By Fuller. $1.00. (Putnam.)
2. Life of Oliver Wendell Holmes. By Morse. $4.00 (Houghton.)
3. Damnation of Theron Ware. By Frederic. $1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)
4. Madelon. By Wilkins. $1.25. (Harper.)
5. Hon. Peter Stirling. By Ford. $1.50. (Holt.)
6. Pirate Gold. By Stimson. $1.25. (Houghton.)

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. A Singular Life. By Mrs. Phelps-Ward. $1.25. (Houghton.)
2. Wise Woman. By Burham. $1.25. (Houghton.)
3. Amos Judd. By Mitchell. 75 cts. (Scribner.)
4. Master Craftsman. By Besant. $1.50. (Stokes.)
5. White Aprons. By Goodwin. $1.25. (Little, Brown & Co.)
6. Jersey Street and Jersey Lane. By Bunner. $1.25. (Scribner.)

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